

Australian

June 4, 1969

Women's Weekly

**BILLY AND HIS
PLAYMATE ZITA**
see page 2

PRICE

15c

New Zealand 15c
New Guinea 34c
Malaysia \$1.00

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

Incorporating the
Australian Home Budget.

**Lift-out:
HOW TO
RELAX
WITH
YOGA**

THE MATING GAME—your chance to matchmake, pages 32, 33

Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 34c; New Zealand, 15c; Malaysia, \$1.00 (Malaysian currency).

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

Melbourne: Newspaper House, 347 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne 3001.

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 400P, G.P.O., Brisbane 4001.

Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 362A, G.P.O., Adelaide 5001.

Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth 6001.

Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

Printed by Compres Printing Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

JUNE 4, 1969

Vol. 37, No. 1

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OUR COVER

© Billy Naumann, 8, and his twin brother, Peter, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Heinz Naumann, Melbourne, like nothing better than a rough-and-tumble with a tigress named Zita.

Zita takes their play calmly, regally — just as any sophisticated 5½-year-old tiger should.

She gives them an occasional lick (almost an unofficial wash), pats them gently, or lies amiably on their heads when she feels drowsy.

Zita was born in the jungles of Indonesia. Her mother was shot when Zita was only three days old, and she was bought for \$30 by the boys' father, who has trained tigers for nearly 25 years.

Zita and the boys have

grown up together. They used to nurse her when she was a cub.

She was bottle-fed milk. Now she has progressed to eating 15lb. of meat a day; she likes raw eggs (good for her coat), cream, butter (will eat a whole packet at once), and ice-cream.

Zita has travelled the world with Mr. Naumann. She has become one of the family "through kindness and patience," he says.

He refused \$20,000 for her in the United States. "I wouldn't take \$50,000," he said. His wife says, "He would rather shoot himself than Zita."

Picture taken by staff photographer John Stevens at the Balzac Restaurant, East Melbourne.



IN HER DRESSING-ROOM Judith puts on make-up for her role in "The Secretary Bird."

London's footlights are shining on Judith

NO businessman worth his super-tax would employ Queensland actress Judith Arthy as a shorthand-typist. Her shorthand has never had the benefit of Mr. Pitman's exercise books. And her typing leaves a lot to be erased.

Yet she is currently doing a competent job assisting Kenneth More in a secretarial capacity in the London stage production of William Douglas-Home's "The Secretary Bird."

She plays the beguiling title role of Molly, a shrewd and intelligent secretary, in this high comedy that centres on a writer's madcap attempts to manage his marriage to an unfaithful wife.

Making her West End debut after many years of

experience in theatre, films, and television, 26-year-old Judith considers this part a "stepping-stone" in her career and a valuable lesson in acting.

"Kenneth More's marvelous to work with," she said. "Because he is one of the best high-comedy actors."

"He can hold the audience in the palm of his hand."

"At first I was nervous about the play, because my part is very hard to carry off well."

"But Kenneth has taught me to relax on stage, which gives me more confidence."

Praise

Apart from the glowing reviews, Judith's confidence has been bolstered by enthusiastic praise from leading lights of the theatre.

This she found important, for under her strong direct-

ness lies an equally strong sensitivity — "I'm a Scorpio, the great tragedy queen: very dramatic in my private life."

So she was particularly thrilled when Gloria Swanson, after seeing the show, personally asked to meet all the cast and thank them.

"People usually just rush down to Kenneth's dressing-room," explained Judith, calmly fighting an errant false eyelash as she prepared to go on-stage.

"Sybil Thorndike also came backstage, and she sent a message to 'tell that little Australian — lovely.' And Noel Coward came to see the play and said we were the most professional little company he had seen for years."

Beside these spoken congratulations, Judith hoards rows of telegrams from well-wishers, which she sticks on

her expansive dressing-room mirror.

From them, the measure of success Judith has attained since she first began acting in a Brisbane repertory company while still at school can be gauged.

One reads: "Roses are red, violets are blue, the picture's delayed to February two." And it is from a film director who wants Judith for his

By

CAMILLA BEACH

next picture — which has now been postponed again to June.

It was her first film part, Dixie, in "They're a Weird Mob," that gave Judith her first taste of international success and brought her to Britain three years ago.

A native of Brisbane, she accepted that role after playing all sorts of female parts — "tarts, bitches, girl-next-door roles, and little mousy women" — in Australian theatre and television.

And she has nothing but praise for the people who gave her her basic training in rep.

"I have had letters from them saying how thrilled they are that I am doing well now," she said affectionately.

"I got the strongest training from the Brisbane Repertory Company and the Twelfth Night Theatre, which both gave me the experience I needed."

"Also, at St. Martin's Theatre, in Melbourne, the people I worked with gave me every encouragement."

"I have complete grati-

tude for the interest they took in me."

Judith, 5ft. 3in. of shapeliness, was described by one London critic as a "pneumatic blonde."

As a child she thought of being a nun. "There was a time when I was very religious, but later I lost the gift of faith."

By the age of 14, she knew she must become part of the theatre, although she first took a teacher-training course, and claims she often still prefers the company of children to adults.

"If I wanted to play safe I would have stayed in Australia," she said. "But I don't believe in playing safe."

"I had to leave to further my career. I would always prefer to be a small fish in a big pond than a big fish in a small pond, because I always need the challenge."

London offered such a challenge.

"I am, perhaps, too ambitious," she said. "I want to go on acting all my life, and that doesn't preclude married life with children."

Her marriage to Australian actor Kerry Francis was short-lived — "At 19 I was too idealistic, but we are still friends."

Lately Judith's professional life has been far too busy for romantic attachments. As well as performing nightly at London's Savoy Theatre, she has spent her days working on a television episode.

"The Australian actress Annette Andre collapsed and I was called in," said Judith.

"It was a series called 'Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased)', and it's a joky detective series."

"I replaced Annette for a couple of weeks, but I hear she's better and back on the set now."



CARD GAME: Secretary (Judith Arthy) and boss (Kenneth More), left.



AUSTRALIAN actress Judith Arthy.

—And British stars are congratulating the Australian girl

Before daytime shooting of the television series, Judith worked on the film "The Mind of Mr. Soames" with Terence Stamp.

"I played Terence's American half-sister, a stupid and insensitive bitch," she said.

Terence Stamp lived up to his unfriendly reputation on the set.

"Because of the part he was playing, Terence withdrew from everybody in the studios. He was very quiet.

"And I found it rather hard to kiss and then fight with someone on screen that I hadn't even spoken to. But he does have this marvellous communication when he is acting — and the most extraordinary blue eyes."

Spilt coffee

"Mr. Soames" was Judith's fourth venture into films, following "The Curse of the Faithful Wife," which she prefers to forget about, and "The Shuttered Room," in which she played Oliver Reed's girlfriend.

"Oliver is far more of an eccentric extrovert than Terence. He plays bullies and very physical parts, but he is very sensitive, too.

"Yet he appears to be always a man of big gestures.

"For instance, we met again a year after finishing the film, at a dinner party — and Oliver accidentally spilt coffee down my white dress.

"He was so mortified that he poured the rest of the coffee down his white lace shirt."

The dual life of theatre and film actress is strenuous.

Judith manages a few hours sleep a night at her Bayswater (London) flat.

And each evening she has a few minutes' cat-nap on a red inflatable mattress, which dominates her dressing-room, before appearing on-stage — bright, fresh, and alert — as Mr. More's secretary bird.

Judith plans to take a study course in yoga, to combine with her rigorous health-food diet.

An exponent of daily exercises, gymnasium workouts, and hard work, she attributes much of her success to the Australian attitude to health of body and mind.

"Australians like Diane Cilento and Zoe Caldwell have that certain quality of breadth and open-mindedness," she said.

"It's a special strength. Australians also have honesty and courage, and face challenges. They don't get depressed and wait for things to happen."

Judith's future certainly looks healthy. "I persuaded Diana Dors' new husband, Alan Lake, who's a real Romany gipsy, to read my palm. He doesn't like reading palms because he once read death in a hand.

"And he told me that I had a very successful career ahead.

"But at the moment I would drop everything for a reasonable part in a film in Australia.

"I want to go back and contribute to Australian theatre or films, and I'm waiting for the opportunity, because, frankly, that is the only way I can afford to return."



JUDITH ARTHY and Kenneth More on stage in "The Secretary Bird" at the Savoy Theatre, London. Always popular, More has rocketed since playing Young Jolyon in BBC-TV's "The Forsyte Saga."

Pictures by David Graves
Page 3



EDWARD
LANSDOWNE

RETIRED FILM PEOPLE LIVE IN FREE COTTAGES, WATCH THEIR OWN OLD MOVIES



JERRY COLONNA (moustache) is seen with Bob Hope and Frances Langford in picture above, taken in 1944, when the three stars were in wartime Australia on tour. Jerry recently recalled the trip.

EDWARD in Prince Regent's regalia, in picture at left, is on stage with Vivien Leigh, then visiting the cast of "The Sleeping Prince" (in which he played the lead) at Sydney's Pocket Theatre in 1962.

CALIFORNIA'S verdant San Fernando Valley is the setting for an unusual old folks' home. All the inmates are retired Hollywood film people.

Actors and producers, writers and cameramen look back on past glories.

"The Motion Picture Country House and Hospital is just like a luxury hotel," said Sydney actor Edward Lansdowne, who saw the home during a month's visit to Hollywood last December.

With his quiet face and quiet voice he seems more like a business executive than an actor.

He said, "Everyone has his own cottage, with living-room and bedroom combined, and separate bathroom."

"They all eat together in an elegant dining-room, and can see their old movies at a cinema donated by Louis B. Mayer."

"More important, they all have the same interests and can recall past productions in the spacious lounge or library."

Anyone, star or carpenter, can enjoy these comforts — completely free.

Edward visited a friend's father, an old-time still photographer, who lived there.

"The old man is in his 80s. He worked on Marilyn Monroe's films, and thought she was a marvellous person in every way. He has a big pin-up picture of her in his cottage."

The elderly film people

By
VALERIE CARR

drew Edward into their past.

There was the matronly grande dame in her 70s who always wore a fur cape to dinner. Her name, she told Edward, was Betty Blythe.

He had never heard of her. But when he later looked her up in an old cinema magazine, he found she had once been as big a name as Theda Bara and Rudolph Valentino.

"One of her most famous movies, according to the magazine, was 'The Queen of Sheba.' It was a silent, made in 1921."

Even today, he said, age hadn't dimmed the star's charm.

"Good Earth"

Edward also made a journey into yesterday with a distinguished old gentleman who had been executive art-director of the film classic "The Good Earth."

"He told me how he had to take thousands of feet of film — farms, rice paddies, buildings, towns — in China so that he could get the right background."

"From this, he made the sets for the film, which was shot entirely in Hollywood."

Jerry Colonna, of the goggle eyes and handlebar moustache, sought Edward out, too.

The comedian, recovering in the hospital from a slight stroke, was full of his trip to Sydney with Bob Hope and Frances Langford in 1944.

"They crash-landed at Laurieton, N.S.W., on a

flight to Sydney from the New Guinea war zone, where they'd been entertaining troops.

"Jerry has never forgotten having to jettison all their luggage, including a bottle of scotch," Edward smiled. "Whisky during the war, of course, was more precious than gold."

Edward Lansdowne himself has been involved with films since early childhood.

As a teenager, a highlight of his life was his nightly vigil outside a Sydney hotel waiting for a glimpse of Vivien Leigh.

That was during Vivien's 1948 visit to Australia with her husband, Laurence Olivier. She had captured Edward's heart in "Gone with the Wind."

And even today a color picture of Vivien as the tempestuous Scarlett O'Hara hangs in his Paddington terrace house.

Fourteen years later Vivien Leigh watched the young actor play the lead in Terence Rattigan's "The Sleeping Prince" at Sydney's Pocket Theatre.

Backstage visit

Now verging on 40, with many stage plays and television films, as well as his Hollywood trip, to remember, Edward has never forgotten that night.

"Miss Leigh, who was on tour with the Old Vic Company, came backstage afterward and told us how much she had enjoyed the per-

formance. She said she had never seen such a nice blend of people working together."

Edward needn't just rely on memories of Vivien Leigh. He can see and hear her whenever he wants.

He does this simply by screening a newsreel item on his lounge wall. It shows the Oliviers speechmaking at a Sydney reception in 1948.

"In it they are thanking Australia for sending food parcels to Britain during the war. I had the item specially reprinted from an old negative."

He projected that long-ago item for me. Vivien Leigh, dead two years, spoke in her clear, high-pitched voice, smiled her exquisite smile.

The screening of films, in fact, has been Edward Lansdowne's lifelong interest.

He was eight when he used his first projector — a crude Japanese model, with a lamp inside, that cost only a few shillings.

"I bought strips of film — mostly Japanese — from the corner shop. They sold everything from confectionery to comics and magazines."

The film-struck boy also begged old posters from the local bootmaker. Consequently, his home was plastered with faded daybills advertising "The Wizard of Oz," "The Tale of Two Cities," "San Francisco."

"When I was in San Francisco last year," Edward

into Hollywood's yesterday



SYDNEY ACTOR Edward Lansdowne is pictured above with the second-hand 16mm. film projector he bought eight years ago for \$100. He had his first projector when he was a boy — only eight years old.

VIVIEN LEIGH as Scarlett O'Hara and Clark Gable as Rhett Butler in David O. Selznick's epic production "Gone with the Wind" are seen in the picture at left. Vivien captivated millions — including Edward.



SILENT-MOVIE star whom Edward met at the Motion Picture Country House and Hospital, in California, is Betty Blythe, pictured (right) in the name role in the 1921 silent "The Queen of Sheba." She's in her 70s.

said, "I visited the place where the gangster hero of 'San Francisco' (played by Clark Gable) used to hang out.

"Today it's a respectable antique shop."

This "pilgrimage" shows his interest in films is far from fading. With one exception:

As a child he could happily sit in a cinema from 11 in the morning until late at night. Last year a seven-and-a-half-hour program at a San Francisco cinema was more than even he could bear.

"All five features were based on Edgar Allan Poe horror stories," he said.

Edward's first job was connected with films. At 15 he donned a cinema page-

boy's monkey-suit. That was at Sydney's World Newsreel Theatre (now the Lido).

His "post" was outside the theatre. But he spent his lunch hours watching all the newsreels — the London blitz, the world-shattering Hiroshima tragedy, the Battle of the Coral Sea . . .

"Australian news film cameraman Damien Parer filmed part of the battle. He won an Oscar for 'The Kokoda Trail,' which was about fighting in New Guinea.

"He would take any risk to get a good shot, and was killed in action in the South Pacific. I should say his films did more than anything else for raising money for war loans."

In the early 'fifties Edward's "film career" reached new heights. After six months' training he became a projectionist at a Melbourne news theatre.

Now he was screening current events instead of merely watching them.

"In those days most of the big items concerned the Queen. There was her Coronation in 1953, and, a year later, her Australian tour."

Yet though Edward Lansdowne had been involved with filming most of his life, he hadn't been inside a studio.

This ambition was fulfilled in 1957. On a six-month working holiday in London he dubbed voices at Ealing Studios.

"In the sound studio I learnt all the technicalities of threading loops of film, with just the soundtrack on it, on to the projector."

Often this meant he would have "the pleasure" of hearing Sir Michael Redgrave and the golden-voiced Robert Donat speaking one line 30 or 40 times.

Tried his luck

This, together with his work on the tender film drama "The Divided Heart," inspired him to try his luck at acting.

From musical comedy and revue he moved to Shakespeare. His first important part was at Sydney's Independent Theatre, where he

trained for two years. It was in Shakespeare's "Richard II."

Unfortunately the audience was anything but attentive.

"We used to get a lot of children at the performances. They would hurl vegetables at the actors. One evening there were so many carrots littering the stage we had to bring down the curtain."

Smiling, he added, "Doris Fitton, in fact, went across to the grocer's shop opposite the theatre and implored them not to sell the youngsters any eggs!"

Yet nothing could discourage the budding actor. Apart from a brief break as assistant production manager

at Cinesound Studios, he has concentrated on stage and television work ever since.

His involvement with the big screen, however, is far from over.

At present he's doing research on early Australian history for a Hollywood screenwriter.

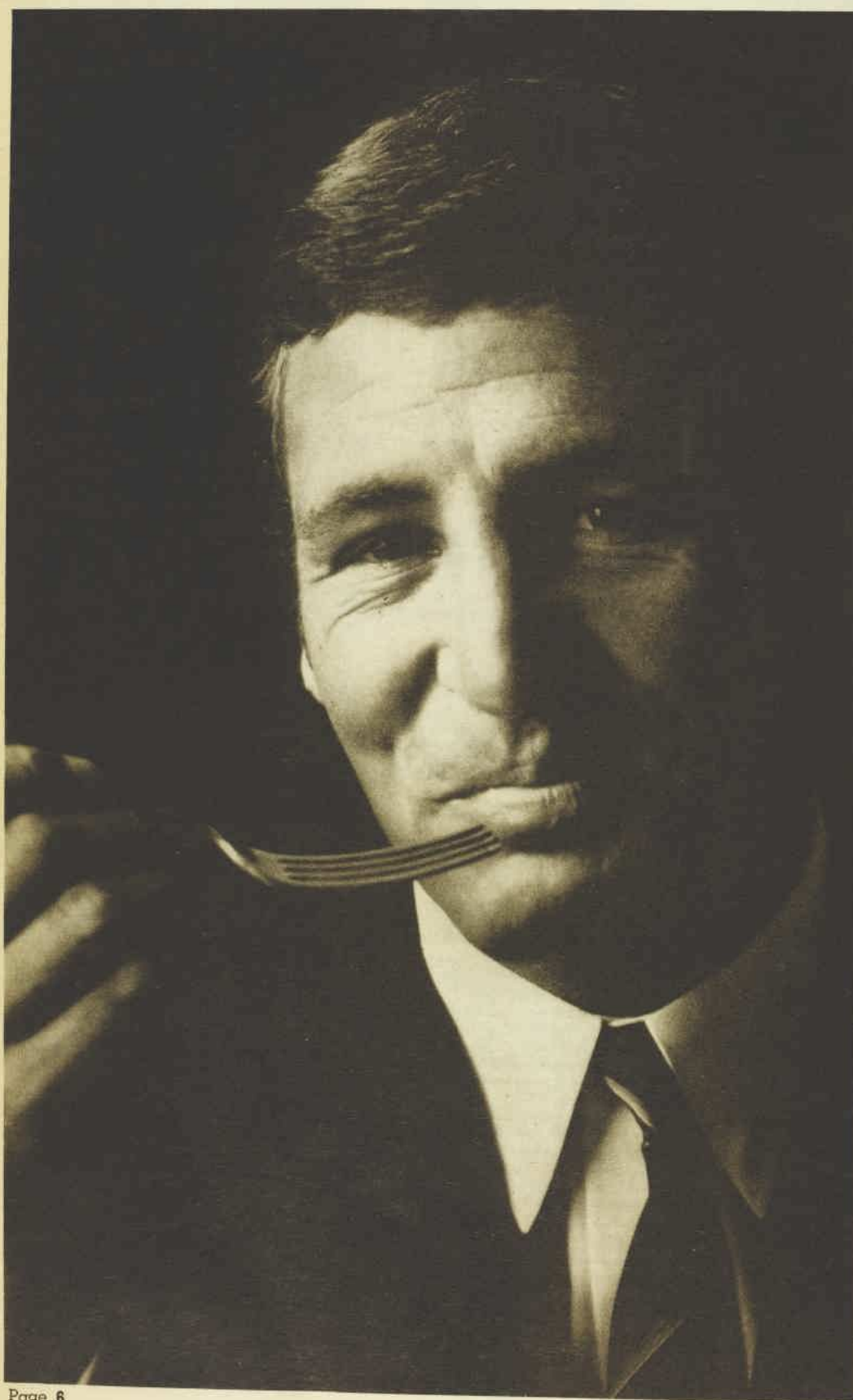
"I'm reading every book I can find on the colonisation of New South Wales, and sending him notes. I'm hoping to visit areas for location purposes, too."

He added, "I'm also testing for a part in an Australian James Bond-type film."

Which, if he is successful, would be the climax of his lifelong attachment to the film world.

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One breakfast: 12 pieces of toast, 15 slices of bacon, four eggs. "And I can't even remember it."

From "real fatty" — 11st. 5 —to 7st. 12

WHEN Nancy Richardson was in 4th grade at an all-girl school in Maryland, U.S.A., she became conscious of being much bigger than her classmates.

"There was a class photograph," Nancy said, "which showed row upon row of skinny kids, and then this one really fat kid. Me!"

"My mother used to say I was just chubby and would eventually lose my puppy fat. Well, I went right through my teenage years and that fat stayed."

"So my family tried to coax me to lose weight. They promised me everything if I

cited. But I was expected to invite a boy. One by one five all said they couldn't make it.

"But that wasn't the worst of it. On the night of the dance, rather than sit around the house and mope, I decided to go to a ball game. When I arrived, the first people I saw were those five guys sitting in the bleachers. They had preferred going to a ball game to taking a fat girl to a dance."

From time to time, Nancy would resort to dieting. She tried practically every method she read about — the egg diet, the grapefruit diet, the drinking man's diet. Once she even experimented with an ice-cream diet and ate nothing but ice-cream for three weeks.

"Of course they all worked temporarily and I would lose a few pounds. Then one day I would break the diet and back would come those pounds, plus a few extra."

"Anyway, I got fatter and fatter. At one stage I weighed 12½st. and I'm only 5ft. 1in. tall."

"At the time I was working as a secretary in Washington and writing home to my parents, telling them I was losing weight. In fact, I was gaining, and when I returned home for a weekend the family were horrified."

Quite a jolt

During this weekend, Nancy noticed her father seemed to be avoiding her. "Every time I entered a room, he would leave it," she said. "Finally I asked what was wrong."

"Frankly," he told me, "you are just so fat I cannot stand to look at you." That gave me quite a jolt.

So did a photograph taken by the boyfriend of one of her roommates. "He snapped it when I wasn't looking. It was ghastly—fat, lumpy, and gauche—but today it is my most treasured possession. One look at it and I overcome any urge to eat fattening foods."

Just when she was despairing of ever being thin,



Nancy discovered Weight Watchers.

"I read a story about the organisation in a magazine while I was sitting under the dryer at the hair-dresser's," she said. "I raced out of the salon, the rollers still in my hair, up four flights of stairs to my apartment, and dialled the phone number."

"Lady," I screamed to the woman who answered, "I am fat. Can you please help me?"

"That was the turning point of my life. I joined Weight Watchers weighing 11st. 5lb. and they set me a goal of 8st. 12lb. My weight today is 7st. 12lb.—an overall loss of 3st. 7lb."

Weight Watchers, which began in the United States almost six years ago, has more than two million members, and has spread to Britain, Canada, Israel, and Puerto Rico.

Nancy explains that Weight Watchers has no magic formula.

"I believe that people can lose weight any way they like, but for me this was the answer. Seeing a room full of people all with the same problem somehow didn't make the task of losing weight seem so impossible."

ABOVE: The photograph Nancy didn't know was being taken. **Right:** Nancy today, an attractive 7st. 12lb.—an overall loss of 3st. 7lb.



"Being fatties together means we can encourage each other to diet and maintain a weight loss. There is also considerable competition between members, especially between husband-and-wife dieting teams."

"Men seem to lose weight faster than women. This infuriates their wives, who have spent all the time supervising their husbands' diets."

Weight Watchers strongly advises that you consult your doctor before embarking on its or any other program to lose weight. Here are its recommendations:

Listed foods

1 The program has one basic rule — **NEVER SKIP A MEAL**, but eat only the listed foods in quantities specified.

2 Use as desired the following items: bouillon, carbonate beverages (non-caloric), herbs, horse-radish (red or white), lemon or lime, mustard, salt, pepper, paprika, soy sauce, tea or coffee, unflavored gelatin, vinegar, spices, wine vinegar, water.

Use sugar substitute in tea or coffee; the milk used must be part of the daily allowance.

3 Vegetables may be eaten raw or cooked, without fat or salad oil dressing, either at meals or between meals as you feel hungry. Eat

all you want of the following: asparagus, bean sprouts, broccoli, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, cucumber, endive, green and red capsicum, lettuce, mushrooms, parsley, pimento, choko, radish, rhubarb, spinach, zucchini, green beans, watercress. **BONUS:** 12oz. tomato juice per day, if desired.

4 Eat the following as indicated on your menu plan — vary your selection from day to day (4oz. serving) — artichokes, bamboo shoots, beetroot, brussels sprouts, carrots, eggplant, broad beans, onions, parsnips, peas, pumpkin, shallots, tomato, turnip.

5 Eat three fruits a day — one of which should be a citrus fruit. You may eat any fruit in season except bananas, cherries, watermelon, dried fruits, grapes, papaw, mango.

6 Grill, pan-broil, bake, or roast meat, fish, poultry. **DO NOT FRY.** Remove all visible fat before eating. Do not eat gravies or sauces. Eat at least five fish meals a week. You may choose from the following fish and meat: abalone, bass, brains, bream, fresh carp, chicken (remove skin), clams, crab meat, eels, finnan haddie, flounder, haddock, john dory, liver, lobster, mackerel, mullet, mussels, oysters, pheasant, pike, rabbit, salmon (canned), scallops, snapper, prawns or shrimp, squid,

sweetbreads (calf or lamb), trout, tuna (canned or fresh), turkey (light meat only), veal, white fish.

Select any of the following three times a week: beef, all-beef frankfurts, lamb, fresh salmon, turkey (dark meat only).

7 Liver must be eaten once a week.

8 Eat white or wholemeal packaged bread in the amount indicated on your plan.

9 Boil, poach, or scramble (without fat) eggs. Limit of four to seven a week.

10 Your menu includes two 8oz. glasses of milk (powdered skim milk or buttermilk). You may use some in beverages or drink it at or between meals.

11 DO NOT EAT OR DRINK THE FOLLOWING: alcoholic beverages, beer, avocado, bacon, butter, cream cheese, cake, sweets and chocolate, cereals, coconut, biscuits, corn, cream (sweet or sour), doughnuts, chips, fried foods, gravy, honey, ice-cream, smoked fish or meat, sugar and syrups, jam, jelly, tomato sauce, mayonnaise, crumpets, muffins, nuts, oil, olives, pancakes, peanut butter, potatoes, pies, popcorn, potato chips, pretzels, custard, blancmange, rice, rolls, special breads, salad dressings, sardines, soft drinks, spaghetti, waffles, yoghurt.

Suggested menu plan for women

BREAKFAST: 4oz. orange or grapefruit juice, or other high Vitamin C fruit (to be counted as one fruit).

1 egg OR 1oz. hard cheese OR 2oz. fish OR ¼ cup cottage cheese.

1 slice bread.

Beverage (if desired), e.g., coffee or tea, no sugar (substitute sweetener if neces-

sary), milk from daily allowance if desired.

LUNCH: 4oz. fish (canned or fresh) OR lean meat or poultry OR 2-3rd cup cottage cheese OR two eggs.

All you want of No. 3 vegetables.

1 slice bread.

Beverage (if desired).

DINNER: 6oz. cooked lean meat or fish or poultry.

1 portion of No. 4 vegetables.

All you want of No. 3 vegetables.

Beverage (if desired).

DAILY: To be taken any time of day.

2 glasses of powdered skim milk or buttermilk or 1 glass of skimmed evaporated milk.

3 fruits.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY – June 4, 1969

THE GREATEST AUSTRALIAN ... by Kay Keavney

● Who is the greatest Australian who ever lived? With a 200th birthday just over the horizon, that seems a pretty fair question. And, in my book, there's only one answer—that is, if you judge by impact on the whole human race:

Lord Florey of Adelaide and Marston, developer of the life-saver penicillin.

LORD FLOREY SAVED COUNTLESS LIVES

FLOREY'S name belongs to world history, along with Lister and Pasteur and Harvey and Jenner and the rest of the few. He did not discover this first of the miracle antibiotics. He discovered how to make it work.

Indeed, antibiotics (products of the growth of bacteria, or of moulds, which prevent other organisms from proliferating) were known from the time of Pasteur.

They were known even longer to the so-called backward Aborigines.

The late Dr. Charles Kellaway, one of the Australian pioneers in the use of penicillin, used to tell this story:

"One day in the early 1920s, an old man from the outback came into the Hall Institute in Melbourne and slapped a dirty old paper parcel on the inquiry desk. "The Abos up our way," he said, 'scrape this mould off the south side of the trees and use it to cover any cuts and sores they have, and they always heal cleanly and quickly. I thought you might like to try some.'"

Alas, nobody did.

It was left to a little white-haired Scottish genius, working in England in his little old-fashioned laboratory not far from Oxford, to see what had been right under man's nose for thousands of years.

It happened in 1929, and very nearly by accident.

Dr. Alexander Fleming, in the course of some research, was breeding staphylococci. He grew the dangerous bacteria on flat plates.

One of these plates, left too long, was contaminated.

There were the staphylococci on one side of the plate. The other half was spotted with a blue-green mould.

And this was the fantastic thing. The mould had cleared a wide area, bacteria-free, between itself and the staphylococci. Could this mould actually kill bacteria?

It was a moment of high drama. It was one of the historic breakthroughs, like Newton's observation of the falling apple.

The laconic Scot reduced it to the following terms: "I was sufficiently interested to pursue the subject."

And pursue it he did.

He named the by-product of the mould "penicillin," after the Latin word for pencil, the shape of the mould when magnified.

A "broth" made from the mould prevented staphylococci from growing at all! It inhibited the growth of many bacteria, and without harm to white blood cells.

Even Fleming became a little excited.

But he struck snags.

Penicillin was hopelessly unstable. It was toxic. Other scientists, trying to extract it, found it lost its activity in the process.

Fleming published his findings, kept the mouldy old plate as a souvenir, and passed on to other work.

The great potential life-saver was abandoned. And the years went by.

Meanwhile, into the arena stepped a new medical marvel, the sulphur drugs. They seemed to be the panacea every doctor longs for. They got top priority in research, even Fleming joining in.

But there were dangerous, toxic side-effects...

Team effort

Came 1938. World War II was casting a long shadow. Soon a safe, powerful antibacterial agent would be sorely needed, and one man who knew it was Howard Walter Florey, aged 45, born and educated in South Australia, already a pathologist of world renown.

He was modest, bespectacled, unassuming, a genius with a sense of humor and a generous heart. He believed not only in teamwork but in giving due credit to the team.

A graduate of the University of Adelaide, a Rhodes scholar, he became Professor of Pathology at Oxford in 1935, and nucleus of one of the world's great experimental schools.

Florey believed that penicillin had a future. There must be a way to extract it and make it work. He and his team would find that way.

The team included his wife, also a doctor, and the third genius in the penicillin story — Dr. Ernst Boris Chain, half-French, half-Russian, an enzyme chemist.

(In 1945 the three, Fleming, Florey, and Chain, shared the Nobel Prize for Physiology and Medicine.)

The hard grind which is 90 percent of medical research began. It took a very long time to produce enough penicillin to test on animals, but at last the moment came.

Eight mice were injected with a deadly strain of streptococcus. Four of them were given penicillin.

"We sat up through the night," said Florey, "injecting penicillin every three hours. I must confess it was one of the more exciting moments when we found in the morning that all the untreated mice were dead and all the penicillin-treated ones alive."

From mice to men... War was stalking across Europe. By unremitting labor, Florey grew enough penicillin to use on a human patient. It took months.

The first human guinea-pig was a policeman. His response was miraculous. But he died — when the supply of penicillin gave out.

So did the second.

But the next eight cases lifted the team's hearts, and became the forerunner of millions. Medicine would never be the same again. The first great antibiotic had been stabilised, the conditions of its production and use defined.

Florey watched its effects in the actual battle-lines. He travelled to the United States to interest the Americans in producing penicillin on a massive scale.

(Down in Peoria, Illinois, in a breakfast-food factory, an obscure chemist noticed that the mould grew very



well on corn-steeped liquor; an observation which greatly increased the yield.)

These were sombre days for Florey's homeland, Australia, threatened with invasion for the first time in her history. She was fighting back in the islands "up north," but casualties were heavy. Her doctors needed this miracle about which they had heard rumors and incomplete reports.

Urgent attempt

In 1943 Dr. Charles Kellaway was sent to Britain to learn all he could.

Early in 1944 a little group of Army doctors gathered at Heidelberg Military Hospital, Melbourne to conduct clinical trials. Among them, called out of the firing-line, was young Major John Loewenthal — now Professor of Surgery and Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Sydney.

Also involved was Colonel W. Morrow, the Professor's former teacher, now the distinguished physician Sir William Morrow. These two are among the few survivors of those breathless early days.

Recently I talked to both. Said the Professor: "We had so little information. Florey's few notes were so laconic. And we had to grow our own penicillin in little glass jars."

"Our colleague, Major

Bazeley, laboriously produced a brownish powder which assayed 100-125 units of active penicillin to the milligram."

"Nowadays," explained Sir William, "pure penicillin contains in excess of 2000."

"This was anything but pure," said the Professor. "In fact, it was 95 percent impure. The incredible thing is that it worked."

"We couldn't believe our eyes with that first patient," remembered Sir William. "We thought it was a fluke."

"He was a young Army officer on leave," said the Professor, "and he was brought in desperately ill with lobar pneumonia in both lungs. We gave him 15,000 units every three hours, which is just a fragment of the modern dosage. Well, he made a dramatic recovery in 36 hours."

"It had to be a fluke."

"But it happened again and again, and we knew it wasn't. We worked furiously, then, trying it out on everyone we could, including ourselves. The Borneo campaign was in the offing, and we had to be ready for it. Well, we were. It was all pretty rough and ready, but — effective."

"We thought we had a cure-all," said Sir William.

In time, of course, certain virulent organisms developed a resistance to penicillin. But other researchers developed other antibiotics. And so the process has gone on.

More than any other man, Howard Florey made it possible. Like Fleming, he made not one cent out of his historic work.

And penicillin was only one of his life's achievements. He was a great educator and administrator, President of the Royal Society, Chancellor of the Australian National Univer-

LORD FLOREY, top picture, who died last year. He developed the drug penicillin after its discovery by Alexander Fleming. Also pictured are two of the men who pioneered its use among Australian Servicemen in World War II: Professor John LOEWENTHAL, left, and Sir William MORROW.

sity, which he helped create.

Under his guidance the John Curtin School of Medical Research at the ANU became Australia's leading centre for biomedical research.

Florey died, loaded with world honors, in 1968.

Now his colleagues in Britain and Australia seek to found in his name a living memorial, to be known as the Florey Fellowships.

They will take the form of post-doctoral visiting fellowships, lasting two years, for research in the biomedical sciences, and tenable at any university, medical school, or other research institution in the U.K. or Australia.

Fitting tribute

If the appeal succeeds there will be at least two appointments, one in each country, every other year. Candidates will be young men and women under 30.

Most of you who read this owe relief, if not life, to the antibiotics. By a contribution, however small, you may help to discover another historic life-saver, another Howard Florey.

And on the eve of our 200th birthday you will pay fitting tribute to one of the greatest Australians who ever lived.

ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN MEMORIAL TO LORD FLOREY, OM, FRs

Gifts of \$2 and up are tax-deductible.

Cheques should be made payable to: THE FLOREY MEMORIAL FUND, c/o The Registrar, Australian National University, Box 4, P.O., Canberra, A.C.T. 2600.

SHOPPING—THE 1969



BAREFOOT salesgirl Veronica Kenna, above, tempting a tiny customer with a 5-cent love bangle at Queensland's newest shopping centre, Sundale, on the Gold Coast. Right, garden court area, with shoppers watching a fashion parade on rostrum.



On the Gold Coast

QUEENSLAND'S newest shopping centre, Sundale, on the Gold Coast, has an atmosphere probably as relaxed as anywhere in the world.

There is certainly nothing like it in Australia and, according to Mr. Braid Smith, Sundale's promotion manager, you would have to go as far as Hawaii to find its equal.

Dressing at Sundale, as in most places on this strip of Australia's coastline, is strictly casual.

Not the cotton dress and sandals sort of casual, but bare feet and bikinis; shorts and sombreros; girls in culottes and halter tops; blokes in board shorts and way-out shirts.

Practically anything goes at Sundale.

Woolworths have developed the shopping complex of 45 shops and boutiques round a BIG W store, the first in Queensland and the first large department store to open on the Gold Coast.

Residents and holiday-makers can find pretty well anything there from a 5-cent love bangle to a \$500 suite of furniture.

This one-stop shopping area incorporates the luxuries of its big-city counterparts, plus a carefree, colorful, tropical atmosphere designed to divert the shopper's mind

from her aching feet and convince her that a morning shopping at Sundale is nothing but fun, fun, fun.

It has amenities such as a playground and nursery to keep children out of their parents' hair while they shop and a full-size theatre showing the latest films.

The interior, with garden court area, fountains, shrubs, escalators, and covered walkways, is impressive.

And so, say Woolworths, it darn well should be. On 12 acres of land strate-

cally hear the cries of anguish at 11.40 on Saturday mornings when the merchants of Sundale are forced to close their doors on the milling throng.

Rubbing salt in their wounds is the fact that a mere 100yds. across the Nerang River shops can stay open as long as they like, whenever they like.

It seems the north side of the river is not a declared tourist area. But Sundale has applied for an extension of trading hours.

Mr. Neil Andersen, President of the Chamber of Commerce there, feels that if trading on Friday night instead of Saturday morning is introduced in Brisbane they will have a better chance of winning their appeal.

Sundale opened for business just before Easter, and crowds are flocking there. On opening day, traffic stretched for hundreds of yards in every direction.

One customer reported that it had taken him an hour and a quarter to drive from Surfers Paradise — normally about six minutes.

There's one sure way to beat the traffic problem—shop by boat. There is a public jetty only a few moments' walk from Sundale, where shoppers can tie up their craft. Residents near the river hope there soon will be a regular boat service.

By
ELIZABETH MURPHY

gically sited in one of the most popular playgrounds in the Pacific, it set them back about \$7½ million.

But Woolies aren't worried. They are well aware that about three million tourists romp to the Gold Coast each year, many with pockets bulging and most determined that, for a few weeks anyway, they'll leave their budgets behind and let their heads go.

The exterior, although at present somewhat austere, with its massive concrete car parks for 7000 cars (2000 under cover), will improve greatly as palms, banana trees, and shrubs grow.

They say you can practi-



SHOPPING by boat. Mrs. Braid Smith, of Chevron Island, hands down her parcels to Miss Gail Douglas, of Surfers Paradise.

—Pictures by NORMAN LYE

Mrs. Lloyd Gill, of Rio Vista, intends shopping by private motor-boat and recently got a licence.

"What we really need," suggested a bystander, "is a floating pontoon, as it's a devil of a long way to jump from the jetty down into a motor-boat when it's low tide and you're loaded with parcels."

"And it wouldn't do the eggs much good either," said his friend, grinning.

Occasionally the hydrofoil calls in at Sundale's jetty, and Mr. Alan Pryor, who owns the coast's only paddle-boat, which seats 45 passengers, said he would just love to run regular services from Surfers if Sundale

would advertise the proposed timetable.

Sundale recently received a scroll from the 155 merchants of the enormous Ala Moana shopping centre in Honolulu, bidding them "Aloha."

The message read: "May the Pacific waters that touch your shores and ours flow always with friendship."

WAY

Each cost \$7½ million, two giant shopping complexes, one in a N.S.W. industrial area, the other on the Gold Coast.

WARRAWONG Regional Centre, right, is air-conditioned in summer, also centrally heated in winter.

At Warrawong

WOOLWORTHS' new \$7½-million, two-floor shopping centre at Warrawong, a satellite town about six miles from Port Kembla, N.S.W., was specially designed to serve the district's some 200,000 population.

The phenomenal growth of the Greater Wollongong area, spurred on by the industrial expansion at the Port Kembla steelworks, has made the population one of the most colorful and cosmopolitan in the State.

It is said there are 39 different nationalities in the area. Others say the figure is nearer the 60 mark.

Walking around the huge centre, the blending of

A seven-acre car park area takes care of 8000 cars daily, 25 percent under cover.

There are 222ft. of frozen foods in the supermarket, the largest of any Woolworths in Australia. "Convenience" foods, such as vegetables, fruit, and ready-to-serve meals, take up 116ft. and there is 64ft. of ice-cream.

"Convenience" foods, a Woolworths spokesman said, are vitally necessary in an area where many wives work to help pay off a home.

The BIG W is the State's largest department store south of Sydney. In its some 90,000 sq. ft. a family can find everything for the home, as well as the latest in fashions and cosmetics.

But in the conference area, known as the Regal Room, the new Woolies look really emerges.

Thickly carpeted, softly lit, decorated with timber and richly colored Victorian-type wallpaper, it can hold 300 to 400 people for a conference and 200 for a reception.

Sliding doors make it divisible into three separate function rooms, which can be used simultaneously with three food serveryes, one for each.

Your wedding reception at Woolies? Once it could have been unthinkable. But reports say that the Friday and Saturday night function facilities have been booked out until 1973!

Across the large piazza-style landing, starkly simple in its elegance, is Small World, the child-minding centre, with a trained nurse in charge.

There is a large playroom with non-slip flooring scattered with all sorts of toys — blackboards to scribble on and cupboards to rummage in. There is a sleeping-room for the very small, a room for mothers for baby-feeding and nappy-changing, and a bathroom with child-sized toilets and washbowls. Cost is 25 cents an hour.

By
GLORIA NEWTON

nations can certainly be seen and heard. Most of its 600 employees speak two or more languages.

And, the staff will tell you, when the Centre puts out the flags, it looks like a junior United Nations.

With this in mind, research was done into the food that would be in demand. The result is a supermarket with one of the largest displays of Continental delicacies in Australia.

The Warrawong Regional Centre, as it is known, with its total building area of 540,000 sq. ft., is functional rather than decorative. Designed to combat the extremes of weather and the industrial smog that are part of the district, it is air-conditioned in summer, centrally heated in winter.

Spacious malls lead to Woolworths' supermarket, a two-floor BIG W department store, 65 specialty shops and services, modern conference rooms and professional suites, and a child-minding centre.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 4, 1969



—Pictures by staff photographer BOB CLARK

RIGHT: Among the staff's many nationalities, from left, Frank Hancock, U.S.A.; Daniela Bianchi, Italy; Maria Wilson, Greece; Elizabeth Juhasz, Yugoslavia; Maria Boa Vista, Portugal; Rosemary Leon, Spain; Caroline Arap Ali, Turkey; Anne Grace, Wales; Renate Andrich, Austria; Monica Lemartz, Germany. Below: Elegance of the concourse.





YVONNE PROVIS displays a folk-painting from India at a Handicrafts of Asia shop in Melbourne. Her antique pendant was a personal purchase.

Prayer wheels on her shopping list

• A six-week shopping spree travelling in exotic countries and a shopping list which included prayer wheels, goat-skins, jewellery, pewter, and wood-carvings sounds like a dream come true.

BUT all this is business for Yvonne Provis.

Yvonne is supply manager for Trade Action, the trading subsidiary of Community Aid Abroad. She returned recently from a buying trip which took her to Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand, Nepal, India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, and Bhutan.

Trade Action is an importing and wholesale firm which brings high-quality hand-made and manufactured goods from Asian countries to Australia. It has three shops in Melbourne and one in Sydney.

The profits go to CAA to help finance community and educational self-help projects in underdeveloped nations.

"The problem is that you have to keep checking the quality of goods, and the reliability of the supply sources," Yvonne said. "So it's best to have someone go personally to make the contacts."

The shopping trip is no leisurely excursion.

"You have to work from seven in the morning till 11 at night, because there are hundreds of people anxious

to contact you and sell their goods," said Yvonne.

She was snowed under by people — and real snow. "We were stuck in Kabul, in Afghanistan."

"There were no planes out for three days, but I had to be in Pakistan, so the airline company organised a car to drive us through the Khyber Pass."

"I was disappointed, because it was so like a cinema film, where the Holly-

By SALLY WHITE

wood boys had mocked up lots of cardboard forts."

Riots were another incidental danger. "There were riots in Calcutta while I was there, because a newspaper had published a scathing article on Gandhi. It was quite difficult for two or three days, but life went on."

For Yvonne, business went on, too. Among the goods she ordered were clothing, woodwork, metalwork, woolen goods, and prayer wheels from Nepal.

In Afghanistan she bought sheepskin articles. "But it

was most puzzling. They had so many sheepskin things, but I never saw any sheep, only goats. The sheep were up in the mountains."

In Pakistan she stocked up on beads, jewellery, and intricate embroidered mirror work. In Malaysia she bought pewter and fabrics, mainly batiks. In Singapore there were handicrafts and some silks.

In Bangkok she ordered teak goods. "Unfortunately, we can't import any of the beautifully designed large furniture, because freight and damage costs are too high," she explained.

Yvonne's biggest buying was in India — musical instruments like sitars and tambors, and clothing, jewellery, carvings, brass, silks.

"We got a lot from India, partly because the sources of supply are more reliable, and partly because it was the first place we tried when we began importing in 1965."

"The Indians are very anxious for information and are beginning to adapt to the needs of the market. For instance, it's no good making cigarette boxes only 3in. long for Australia. They have to be 4in. for king-size cigarettes."

"Then, of course, Australian tastes are changing, too. The hippie cult has had a big impact on the acceptance of oriental designs."

CHARITY PREMIERE. Mrs. Bruce Davison (at left), president of the St. George district ladies' committee of the National Heart Foundation, with Mrs. W. C. Wentworth, wife of the Minister for Social Services and Minister in Charge of Aboriginal Affairs, at a gala charity premiere of The Frank Fontaine Show at the St. George Leagues Club, when a cheque for \$4000 was handed to Lady MacArthur Onslow, who is the chairman of the N.S.W. ladies' committee, as part of the district's \$50,000 quota.



SOCIAL ROUNDOABOUT

MASSES of glamor at the first night of the opera season, but my vote for the most elegantly dressed woman went to Melbourne visitor Mrs. Tony Osborne in a delicious mandarin-colored silk A-line gown. Her fair hair looked so cute, with one little "corkscrew" curl hanging below each ear.

DATE for your diary . . . May 29, when the women's auxiliary of the Royal Art Society has arranged an inspection of two of Lavender Bay's historic churches.

AND a second one, June 8, when a performance of the New Dance Theatre at the Union Theatre at Sydney University has been arranged by the Rum Runners to aid Sydney Hospital.

AFTER speaking with Mrs. Armand George just hours after she and her daughter Natalie arrived home from their fortnight in Melbourne, I felt positively exhausted. They drove down, and on the way stayed with the Gordon Dowlings at "Milo," Young, for the Young Picnics. In Melbourne they were the guests of the David Woodhills in their new home at Kew; and on the way back they called in to see Mrs. George's sister, Mrs. Ken Kelly, and her family at "Wallah," Boorowa. Extra passenger back to Sydney with them was her mother, Mrs. Joyce Snelling, who had been staying with the Kellys for the Cowra Picnics. Other member of the family on the move was daughter Caroline, who took herself off to Quirindi to stay with the Jim Gudmores on "Weblands" for a fortnight.

HEAR there'll be lots of youngies heading for Killara Golf Club on June 6 to help pilot Stewart Fraser celebrate his twenty-first birthday. His parents, the Gordon Frasers, have asked guests for 7.30 p.m. for a black-tie party.

NEW addition to the Ken Churcher family with the arrival of a baby boy, whom they'll call Guy Kendel. The Churchers' other children, Kenneth, Gina-Marce, and Brett, are looking forward to welcoming home their new brother from the Mater Hospital (where he was born), as they've been told he looks very much like them.

ENGAGED . . . Margaret Clark and Athol Davis, who celebrated at a party which Margaret's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Clark, gave for them at their home, "Silverwood," Rugby.

GREAT excitement in the Harvey-Smith household at Strathfield when son Dr. Warwick Harvey-Smith arrives home for three weeks after globetrotting and post-graduate work which has taken him to England and Europe, and also Zambia, where he did a spell with the Flying Doctor Service. When he leaves here he will take up an appointment at the University of Colorado, in Denver, in the United States.

LOOKING forward to this year's University Club luncheon at Randwick on June 14. The flowers are always a feature of this day, and club secretary Clarrie Ward tells me that there'll be festoons of gladioli, daffodils, and stocks in the club colors in the dining-room.

— By Mollie Lyons

AT LEFT: Variety in outfits for Mrs. M. Gelbert, of Centennial Park, Mrs. John Moore, of Carcoar, and Mrs. J. Macauley, of Bathurst (left to right), pictured at the Cowra Picnic Races.

BELOW: Mr. Rex Spafford, president of the Pharmaceutical Association of Australia, with Mrs. Spafford (at left) and Mrs. Gerry Benjamin at a reception held at the Hotel Australia during the Association's 26th Conference.





BELOW: Mr. and Mrs. John Messenger after their marriage at Scots College Chapel, with their attendants, Mrs. John Dalton, flowergirl Sally Howes, Mrs. Dugald Walker, Miss Christian Whitaker, and Miss Catherine Balmer (left to right). The bride was Miss Sally Fuller, daughter of Mr. John B. Fuller, Minister for Decentralisation and Development and vice-president of the Executive Council, and Mrs. Fuller. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Messenger, of Double Bay.

MARRIED. Just-wed Mr. and Mrs. Alan Brown outside the Gordon Methodist Church after their marriage. The bride was Miss Margaret Waterhouse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Waterhouse, of Kirribilli. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. Francis Brown, of Pymble, and of the late Mr. Brown. BELOW: The bride and bridegroom with her bridesmaids (from left), Miss Jackie Fitzpatrick, Miss Carol Wilshire, Miss Sue Barnes, and Miss Janis Brown. A reception at the Royal Yacht Squadron at Kirribilli followed the ceremony.



JUST WED. Dr. David Hull and his bride leaving The Kings School Chapel, Parramatta, following their marriage, with her attendants (from left to right), Miss Penelope Wild, Mrs. Debraune Stephenson, and Miss Annette Biggs. Mrs. Hull was Miss Margaret Morris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Morris, of "Hillvue," Mullumbimby. The bridegroom is the son of Dr. W. J. Hull, of Burwood, and of the late Mrs. Hull. They will honeymoon in the East.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. John Vial outside St. Thomas Aquinas' Church, St. Lucia, Brisbane, after their marriage. The bride, who was Miss Cecily Barns, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Barns, of Kenmore, Brisbane. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. A. C. Collins, of Brighton, Victoria, and of the late Mr. S. Vial. They will honeymoon in Canberra and make their home at Point Piper.

NEXT WEEK



MILK COOK BOOK

... including soups, vegetable dishes, entrees, main courses, with milk as the important ingredient, plus fun biscuits children can paint in milk.

and ...

QUICK AND EASY TO KNIT SWEATER



Are you generous? Do you attract people? Your answers to quiz questions will reveal the REAL you.



AUSTRALIA'S MISS UNIVERSE ENTRANT MODELS HER WARDROBE FOR THE QUEST

Our traveller's tale about Portugal takes a look into the lives of the aristocracy.

Of special interest to pet owners: How to rear a healthy, happy budgerigar.



A 60-year-old house (above) has been transformed with thoughtfully chosen furniture, interesting wallpapers, and charming furnishings.

TOP-EXPERT FUND-RAISER

Mrs. Ross raised nearly \$20,000,000 in three years

ONE of America's most successful experts in separating rich people from their money — and making them like it — will spend a fortnight in Australia giving lessons in the art.

The practitioner of painless extraction is, of course, a woman—a towering beauty but hardly the gold-digger type.

She is Blanche Ross, a brunette housewife and mother of two grown children, who looks every inch (that's 5ft. 10in.) the well-bred society matron she is.

In contrast to most of her Fifth Avenue neighbors, however, Mrs. Ross puts in a full working day, unsalaried, as the women's director of New York's United Jewish Appeal.

In three years of coaxing money out of the wealthy and just well-to-do, she has come away with nearly \$20 million of other women's housekeeping money. (It is claimed that more wealth is owned in America by women than by men.)

After adding her own considerable contribution, Mrs. Ross' total has gone to swell the world tide of private treasure that has helped Israel stay on its economic feet since 1948.

With husband

But Mrs. Ross has no intention of personally raiding Australian housewives. She is taking the trip to be with her husband, Chester Ross, president of Novo Services, a conglomerate with interests in Australia. They arrive on June 1.

She hopes she will have time to see something of

Sydney, Melbourne, and the Outback between the speaking engagements and conferences that have been scheduled for her.

"The secret of successful fund-raising," Mrs. Ross confided, "is sincerity and intelligence."

"You can establish rapport with your prospect only if he or she knows you are a volunteer, that you are not asking for yourself."

"You should know what you're talking about, in specific terms. And you listen to what your prospect is saying—that's very important, listening."

Enthusiasm

"If she is, for example, a young mother, then you might tell her that her contribution can be earmarked for kindergartens."

"Of course, it helps if you have been to Israel and can convey your enthusiasm in a special way."

"You don't hit people on the head if you see they can't afford to give. But if you



BLANCHE ROSS, who will give talks here.

something not saying something."

Mrs. Ross has trained her volunteers, corps of fund-raisers in what is politely called "group dynamics." This consists of using the baser emotion of vanity to get contributors to out-do each other.

"Group dynamics" works

then Mrs. Levy, her neighbor, cannot be far behind," explained Mrs. Ross. "And, after her husband recovers from the shock that night, hopefully they'll both feel good about it the next day."

Mrs. Ross was born Blanche Shirley Goldstein in Atlanta, Georgia, and was married at the age of 18 to Chester Ross, then just out of Harvard Law School and a Government lawyer in wartime Washington.

She continued her education at George Washington University, obtaining a degree in Humanities.

The Rosses' two children are Arthur, 24, who graduated from the University of California last year ("He has long hair and wears beads," Mrs. Ross affirmed), and daughter Dorien, 22, a student at Washington University, in St. Louis.

"Square"

On a recent visit to Sydney with his father, Arthur disdained the "square" company he found himself in and flew off to New Guinea, camping out there and playing his flute to the natives.

The heavy support of American Jews for Israel has led to repeated charges of their "dual citizenship."

"That's not the way I feel at all," Blanche Ross said. "I am an American and I love my country, but Israel is a special place, a nation built on heart alone, a laboratory experiment to see what the human race is made of."

"I hope the experiment succeeds, and for that reason I am giving it all the energy I've got."

URN dating from about 600 BC was a gift to Mr. and Mrs. Ross (pictured) from Israel's General Moshe Dayan.

By ROBERT FELDMAN,
of our New York staff

approximately as follows:

The women's division invites 100 rich women to a \$36-a-plate benefit luncheon for the UJA.

After dessert, Mrs. Ross makes her eloquent pitch. Then the card-calling begins, and as each name is called the women are given a chance to raise their ante from \$36.

"If Mrs. Schwartz announces she will give \$100,

know that they have money, but are of a miserly nature, then you steer the talk round to philosophical questions, like what is money for, you can eat only so much, you can put only so many clothes in your closet, and so forth.

"You might tell them that among the Hindus there is no word for 'thank you,' that the Indians believe that the feeling of gratitude should be expressed by doing



ONCE MORE— CON AMORE

Intellect is not enough; music needs emotion, says famous visiting conductor. Audiences must find avant-garde works "a big bore."

By MAUREEN BANG



HUNGARIAN-DUTCH conductor Peter Eros, who is touring Australia for the ABC, pictured with his wife in Melbourne.

HUNGARIAN-DUTCH conductor Peter Eros hasn't much time for anything except music. He travels the world giving concerts, more than 100 a year. But when he has a day off he likes to relax by listening to opera—unless there is a very good movie showing.

And to Mr. Eros a "very good" film is "any crazy film with lots of shooting."

To his wife, his taste in films is "just terrible."

"His taste in music, literature—yes, but in films—no," she said with almost a shudder.

"She doesn't like the tension," said her husband. "She enjoys good Italian, French, and English comedies."

"He finds them boring," she said.

In the United States, Mr. Eros gets his fill of films on television. "The good ones are always on the late, late show, and when I go to rehearsal the following morning my eyes . . . I!"

But (when normal!) his eyes are clear, and very, very blue; and when he smiles his grin is shy, almost puckish.

Mr. Eros is visiting here for the ABC for nearly three months to conduct State orchestras.

His wife travels with him whenever she can, but they have two young sons, Andras, 9, and Otto, 6, at home in Amsterdam, and "if they can't have a father all the time, they must have a mother," she said.

She will stay in Australia for a month.

Dark-haired and attractive, she arrived a few days after him and spent the first day sorting out his clothes. "He hasn't time to do that himself," she said.

And then, to her wifely horror, noticed that the cuffs on his shirt were closed with large safety-pins.

"I couldn't find the cuff links," he said simply, brushing aside her protests.

At 36 Mr. Eros (his name is pronounced airish) has achieved international fame. Aged five, in his native Hungary, he began piano lessons. "I was always playing, improvising, but never practising. People would say how sad it was . . . I!"

Inherited gift

His mother had been a child prodigy violinist, his father an architect.

When he was about 13 he began to study music more seriously. "I had no talent for anything else. Other subjects at school were always terrible."

He studied the piano, bass, composition, and conducting, and finally concentrated on conducting when he was 18. "I was always impressed by orchestra sounds."

He plays the piano "like

graceful—from his head to his toes, which he occasionally points during an uplifting part in the music.)

When he was younger he thought he would like to be a composer, "but you can't MAKE a composer; you are, or you are not."

He has composed a few pieces, but his feeling for composition waned when he was a student.

In an examination he had to write a movement for a string quartet and submit it to the famous Hungarian composer Zoltan Kodaly.

"He told me it wasn't a bad piece, but I should take out about 40 bars," said Mr. Eros. "When I asked him which bars, he replied, 'It doesn't matter!'"

He hasn't composed much since.

Mr. Eros and his wife left Hungary after the revolution in 1956.

As children they lived in

sible for him to be fully trained. "Serious musical study starts much later in Holland," he said.

He spent two years with Radio Hilversum, conducting "if somebody was ill," but mostly being a piano accompanist.

After two years, he had just about decided to leave Holland when Ferenc Fricsay wanted an assistant and he got the job.

Mr. Eros never looked back. Later he became Otto Klemperer's assistant.

"That relieved suspicion,"

lectured I had the job of stopping the thrill! I had forgotten my function."

It was so slight the audience didn't notice.

Another night, halfway through a work, he found that one movement was missing from the score.

He continued without it. "I've got good nerves."

As a conductor he likes "to make good music. I don't like it when I have to teach, I can't waste time."

"I could spend as many as nine hours a day conducting,

fanatic with music—only when I'm working."

"We go to a small village in Austria. No one knows us. I play with the children, talk to them."

"I try to relax. I am young now, but in ten years' time I won't be."

Peter Eros is always in love with the music he is doing at the moment, but Mozart is "always a great pleasure to do."

Very suspicious

He is not for or against avant-garde music. "Some of it is nice to hear. I conduct it and like some of it."

"I'm just very suspicious of it. I don't see any difference. It sounds the same if it is a Japanese piece, an Italian piece . . ."

"If I was a member of the public I would find it a big bore."

"Because it is intellectual, it is interesting. But for me music has to have emotion, too. Intellect is not enough."

"The world undergoes changes, but you can't tell me human emotions change. I don't believe it."

"They (I don't know who they are) say there are no feelings . . . no love . . . no hate. If I lost all my feelings I could perhaps understand. "But I have feelings . . . I love . . ."

And talking of love: His name Eros, the god of love?

"At Denver, Colorado, in the United States, they were very happy with my name," said Mr. Eros, with a grin. "The governor was a Mr. Love."

In Denver they relished his surname, Eros. Their governor was a Mr. Love!

a conductor. I don't hear the piano, I hear the orchestra."

He enjoys playing the piano now, but not in public. "I'm not professional enough. You need to practise at least six to eight hours a day."

He uses it to help him learn scores. He also sings, "with no voice," according to his wife.

Mr. Eros says his small hands often make the stretch difficult when playing instruments.

(But it is those hands when he is conducting which are so expressive. In fact, as a conductor, all his movements are expressive—and

the same street, but didn't meet until she was 16 and he was 20.

Mrs. Eros had studied music, but stopped "because of shortage of talent."

They nearly came to Australia, where a sister of Mr. Eros had been living since 1949, but it was a little too far away for music.

They went to Holland. They didn't know much about it, but wanted a quiet country where he could work.

There were difficulties. They didn't speak the language. He was only 24, and although he had his diploma for conducting, the Dutch couldn't believe it was pos-

sible. "You know — 'If he is good enough to be with Klemperer he must be OK.'"

After five years as assistant conductor of the Concertgebouw Orchestra, he gave up the job to concentrate on an international career.

Carried away

At one concert, he recalled, the soloist was playing a cadenza.

"He had played it beautifully the previous two nights, so I was listening — very relaxed," he said.

"Then I realised he hadn't stopped the thrill. I looked at him — and he was looking at me. Suddenly I recol-

then have to go home and study a score."

"You have to learn how to use time."

Mr. Eros has the ability (which he admits isn't altogether sociable) of sitting among a group of people not always listening to their talk.

"I try to make my most intelligent face!" he said, but his mind is far away going over scores.

But after a concert he is the one who likes to talk and talk. He is keyed up, although physically tired.

For six weeks of the year he takes a holiday. It is "holy." He takes a score with him only when absolutely necessary. "I try not to be a



add a little sunshine...



Pineapple Hawaiian Pie

1, 8" pie shell
1, 15 oz can Golden Circle
Crushed Pineapple drained
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fruit mince or
mixed dry fruit*
1 teaspoon dark rum—opt.
For meringue—2 egg whites,
4 tablespoons castor sugar.

Combine pineapple, fruit mince and rum
in saucepan and heat. When starting to
bubble remove from heat and pour into
pie shell. Cool. Make meringue with
egg whites and sugar and spoon on
top. Place in hot oven for a few minutes
to set and lightly brown meringue.

*If using mixed fruit, thicken mixture with 1 teaspoon
cornflour mixed to a paste with a little pineapple juice.



TROPICAL SUNSHINE IN A CAN

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S W

• We found quite fascinating these two comments, on depression and tension, in recent BBC broadcasts.

A woman said:

"A friend of mine, who weighs 7st., moves her grandfather clock from one end of the hall to the other when she feels depressed. She claims this creases her with giggles, especially if she looks in the mirror while she has her arms round it."

And a man said:

"There's nothing quite as effective as hurling crockery at the wall for unscrambling your nerves and ridding you of your complexes. Which helps to explain why people who potter around in potteries never go home and beat their wives. They shatter an armful of cracked cups and saucers instead."

COMPACT

• Unusual jewellery made by Ray Tyrer. Pendants (left and right) are of beaten horseshoe nails; medallion (centre) is made from beaten copper. Mr. Tyrer says he is inspired by old Norse designs.

Jeweller hits nail right on the head...

WHO would have thought that humble horseshoe nails could cut such a dash?

A Melbourne taxi-truck operator uses them to make unusual jewellery with the "hardware look," which is so "in" to wear with leather and knitted gear.

"I get my inspiration from old Norse designs," said Mr. Ray Tyrer, 42, who has set up a kind of blacksmith's forge at the back of

his home in the outer suburb of Broadmeadows.

He is self-taught and at present makes jewellery only in his spare time to sell at one or two Melbourne shops.

"Eventually I'd like to give up my taxi-truck business and concentrate on it full time," he said.

Besides pendants, he makes ornamental wall plaques from beaten nails, medallions from beaten copper, statuettes, and fireside accessories like pokers and tongs.



• RAY TYRER

WHAT OUR READERS TALKED ABOUT...

25 YEARS AGO

• JUNE 3, 1944: "As Time Goes By" was perhaps the top "pop" tune on the lips of people... Also high on "hit parades" were songs from the film "Naughty Marietta," starring Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald... Nancy Sinatra's boots were a tiny size — and not long made for walking. She was four years old... A manufacturer was assuring customers that his fabric was controlled only in quantity — not in quality... Stage star Minnie Love was working again — after an illness... In "The North Star," Eric von Stroheim played an evil Nazi... Joseph Stalin had approved the film, about Russia at war... In the same production Anne Baxter was a new young discovery...

■ Did you know that the life of the worker honey bee depends on good dancing?

This swinging proposition, outlined recently by the Honey Information Service, really fascinated us.

The Service reported that an Austrian scientist, Dr. Karl von Frisch, has spent 25 years investigating bees and has finally learned how they communicate with each other about vital nectar supplies.

It seems he was fascinated by the method the "scout" bee uses to inform the rest of the hive of the exact location of a source of nectar which she has discovered.

The scout manages to pass the information to the worker bees of the hive by motion and sound.

The scout first gives each worker bee a minute sample of the nectar she has discovered and then performs a figure-eight dance.

If the workers are to fly

directly toward the sun, the scout dances up toward the combs; if away from the sun, she goes in the reverse direction.

Bees seem able to allow for the changing direction of the sun as the day advances, and the scout, by varying the angle of the dance, can indicate the direction the workers should travel.

The intensity with which she "waggles" her abdomen indicates the sugar content of the food.

To indicate distance, the scout uses an audible code of buzzes.

The length of time on the "waggle run" and the number of pulses of sound in each buzz together tell the worker bees where and how far to fly for the nectar.

The worker bee depends for her life on the accuracy of the information.

If she has eaten insufficient honey to reach the food source she will die.

Artist isn't barking up wrong tree

IF there is one thing Mrs. Joan Daniels dislikes, it is having nothing to do.

For the past three years she and her husband, a building worker, have been travelling around Queensland in a caravan, following the good weather.

On her travels Mrs. Daniels has taught herself hobbies that keep her hard at work when the couple come to rest.

They are currently living in a caravan park at Pialba, Queensland, "home" since last September.

Their trek started from Cessnock, N.S.W.

Mrs. Daniels spends most of her time making remarkably effective pictures out of bark and ferns.

She learnt the art from a Melbourne man about a year ago, and began purely as a hobby.

But her bark scenes are so good, and her caravan park neighbors so curious when they see her carrying around loads of bark, that making pictures has become nearly a full-time — and paying — job.

Her work has been sold all over Australia, and soon will be going overseas as well.

One outstanding landscape she has kept for herself is of Ayers Rock, fashioned out of a piece of red fungus.

In many others, water is a predominant feature, with waterfalls made out of silky

wild cotton and river rapids out of puff balls.

She collects most of her materials when she and Mr. Daniels travel north.

"The heat and damp of northern Queensland seem to bring out wonderful colors in the bark," she said.

"Natural colors are so good and varied, in fact, that I never have to tint or touch-up my pictures with paint to get a realistic effect."

She does, however, burn the edges of the bark to give definition to her pictures.

She is now preparing to do a mural at least 6ft. long for a friend.

ROCKS GONE

"Making up the scenes — most of them are fantasy — can give me quite a headache at times," said Mrs. Daniels.

When that happens she turns to crochet work for a break. She crocheted the dress she is wearing in our picture and has a wardrobe of crocheted tops.

"I used to collect semi-precious rocks," she said, "but the weight of the collection was such that my husband said we could not possibly go on carrying it around with us."

"At least, bark is lighter, if a lot bulkier."

So she is wondering just how long it will be before she has to think up another idea — on her husband's instructions!



• Mrs. Joan Daniels at work on a bark picture.

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comfortable, freedom-loving cotton.
Small and smooth under everything
that's going. In breezeweight
and Interlock. SSW — XOS 79c

BOND'S
Cottonails

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 4, 1969

STUART IS CALMEST COMPERE

● Stuart Wagstaff, whose TCN9 "Tonight" show has its premiere on June 3 at 9.30 p.m., has a very different picture of himself from the suave and sophisticated TV image bestowed on him by some famous cigarettes.

By NAN MUSGROVE



STUART WAGSTAFF — viewers never see him ruffled.

I BELIEVE I have ordinary tastes," he said, "tastes like Mr. and Mrs. Public, tastes like the people out there watching TV."

Wagstaff talked to me just before he jetted off to Fiji for a break before taking over his new TCN9 show. He was very calm about it all. There was no showbiz hysteria or "star" meddling in fields outside his orbit.

It is unusual these days to strike a compere as calm as he appeared to be, one prepared to leave writing, production, and music to the acknowledged experts, without putting his oar in.

Having absorbed a lot of the sophisticated TV Wagstaff image myself, I expected a conversation with him to be sharp, brittle, full of Noel Coward-like repartee, and

was armed with well-sharpened pencils to cope. Instead, I found a man who, as I expected, was courteous and friendly—but, as I didn't expect, was homely.

In "Tonight" show circles, round all channels, I have always rated Wagstaff as the best interviewer. He is quiet, polite, and charmingly tenacious, as he pursues information for viewers.

I asked him how he did it. Did he have to do much homework, know the people well before he tackled a TV interview, surely the most difficult of TV tasks?

"My research people do most of my homework for me," he said. "I just skim through it, don't go into it too deeply, don't like to meet the people beforehand and get to know them."

"When I'm interviewing people on TV, I like to be in the same seat as the view-

ing audience — to ask the questions they would ask themselves.

"I am not by nature a good interviewer; I had to learn to interview. I had a couple of years with 'Beauty and the Beast,' and as a staff interviewer on ATN7 news, which was a very good way to learn."

"I have ordinary tastes, think like ordinary people. I am not an esoteric type probing round for inner meanings."

"The new show will mainly have interviews and some comedy. I may do an

Television

occasional monologue, but not every week."

Wagstaff is obviously determined not to strait-jacket himself into a rigid formula.

"I enjoy doing monologues," he said, "but only on occasions when a really good one comes along — not every week, whatever happens."

Although Wagstaff's first invited guest star is showbiz comedian and TV star, Frank Fontaine — in Australia for a season at the St. George Leagues Club — emphasis will not be on showbiz interviews in the show.

Butcher's views

"I'd like to talk to people in the news, people with something to say, also people we take for granted and expect to be around doing their routine jobs — people like the bus conductor, garbage man, and butcher."

"These are 'real' people. I will try not to have too many show people, but I'll be discriminating about it. There are some showbiz people you must talk to."

Wagstaff has transplanted to TCN9 without any apparent side effects.

"I have only spent a few days at the channel so far, but I have found everyone marvellous. I have had no trouble at all settling in."

The "help" at TCN9 — from producers down through technicians, prop men, script girls — all like Wagstaff, which is always a good sign. They enjoy working with him, and are all doing that bit extra to make the opening show riveting.

I hear the set will be really something — very

Spanish — the music a five-piece jazz combo, to be augmented when necessary, and the scripts and comedy the best around.

Frank Fontaine, Wagstaff's first guest, is a man with two showbiz faces, a splendid singing voice and a terrific talent for comedy.

I always feel like saying plaintively, "Will the real Frank Fontaine please stand up?" when I see him. I don't know which is the real Frank Fontaine.

Australian viewers first got a crush on Fontaine when he played Crazy Guggenheim, the mumbling, indiarubber-faced bar-fly in the original "Jackie Gleason Show." He used to plague Gleason, the barman, with his rambling discourses.

Since those days he has had several Australian seasons, and indeed Australia has become one of his favorite places. He's a good guest to have around — a solid professional whom audiences love.

He's the kind of guest star who would be a big confidence-builder to have at a premiere.

Not that Wagstaff needs confidence. Anytime I've seen him on-camera, he goes his unflappable way, turning in a performance notable for its poise.

ENGLISHMEN I have met have never prepared me for the rich vein of humor that obviously is hidden behind their stiff upper lips, for no people on earth produce better comedy than the English.

The latest on ABC-TV, on Fridays at 8.52 p.m. (one of those weird time-slot jokes the ABC is famous for), is "The World of Beachcomber," with Spike Milligan, wearing a beaded velvet smoking cap, no less, as Beachcomber.

It is a glorious, hilarious, mad half-hour. Where else, except from a show with Milligan in charge, could you learn to eat spaghetti through a saxophone or watch the trial of 14 red-headed, bearded dwarfs found lurking in a letterbox?

"Educational" Forsyte Saga

"THE FORSYTE SAGA" (ABC-TV, Wednesdays, 8.30 p.m.) is both wonderful and weird — weird because, wherever it is telecast in the world, it rates higher in popularity in its repeat showing than in its first.

Australia follows suit — more viewers are watching it here for the repeat season than watched the first.

Later this year it has its Russian premiere and, according to forecasts from Russian channel experts, this means 60,000,000 Russians will revel in the grandeur and intrigue of the Forsytes.

Russians, apparently, are suckers for Victoriana and all the family poms of the period.

The only people to hold out against the blandishments of TV's Forsytes are the Americans. The big networks there, CBS, ABC, and NBC, turned it down, said it had no mass appeal, no one would care to see it, thank you very much.

Despite this, America is going to see it on — of all things — the American education system, known as NET for National Education Television.

NET made overtures to the BBC about the Saga, and although their offer was far below what the BBC originally expected to get from America they snapped it up.

So far, its American release is unscheduled, except by a vague "mid-autumn," but already the American rating services, using it as a test case, are planning a special check to see just what sort of an audience it pulls in. Maybe NET will find it does have mass appeal.

It's later than you think



● Latest Hollywood movie hero is one M. K. Douglas, known as M.K., son of long-time heart-throb Kirk Douglas.

M.K. made a 90-minute play for CBS-TV called "The Experiment," turned his appearance into Instant Impact, and catapulted into a movie called "Hail Hero." In the movie his co-star is Trisha Sterling, Ann Sothern's pretty and talented daughter. They are seen together above.

Remember Ann Sothern in the "Ann Sothern Show," with Don Porter, in TV's early days? Ann is the only star who has literally eaten her way off TV. Sadly she became too fat to play her role. Daughter Trish doesn't look as if she'll make the same mistake.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



THIS WEEK AND EVERY WEEK

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in
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TV TIMES



BARRY CROCKER, compere of "Sound of Music," is in his mid-thirties, married, with five children—four daughters and a son.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 4, 1969

"SOUND OF MUSIC"

● TV personality Barry Crocker has everything going for him now. He has joined the starmakers, the National Nine Network, and he has his own national show, seen across the land.

THE National Nine Network have made a lot of stars. Think of some of them: Graham Kennedy, Brian Henderson, Dave Allen, Don Lane. Crocker has been taken over, and is being given the same treatment that has made these people TV favorites.

Crocker is enjoying every minute of it and so is the Network.

The National Nine Network feel they are already well on the way with Crocker, for he is specially endowed — he has a magnificent singing voice, dramatic and comedy talent, is a package deal in himself.

The show, "Sound of Music," with Barry Crocker, has begun its first season in rousing style with American guest star Howard Keel.

Co-star Kathryn Grayson was to have partnered Keel on the first five "Sound of Music" shows. How-

By NAN MUSGROVE

ever, a back injury, thought at first to be minor, caused her withdrawal from the show. She had to return to the U.S.

To Barry Crocker this was a double disappointment. She is one of his pin-up showbiz people.

When she visited Australia in 1967 she met Barry for the first time, liked him, and in an unprecedented gesture appeared on his TV show the same day.

Barry still rates that night one of the biggest of his life — "We sang two duets," he said. "Make Believe" and "Why Do I Love You?" I couldn't believe I was singing with Kathryn Grayson.

"When I was starting in show business, I used to go and see her films, the ones she made with Howard Keel, 'Showboat,' 'Lovely To Look At,' and 'Kiss Me Kate'."

Kathryn and Howard came to Australia for a season at the South Sydney Leagues Club and on the National Nine Network, straight from big successes with their new nightclub act.

They had not appeared together since making "Kiss Me Kate," in 1953, until this year, when they decided to collaborate in a nightclub act.

The enchanting picture of them at right was taken during their act at Los Angeles' well-known Coconut Grove, where — according to reviews — they "set a standard touching on perfection."

"Sound of Music" hasn't only big overseas talent to make it good. It has Barry Crocker himself, the old familiar segments beloved by viewers, the evergreens, the requests, and appealing Bill Newman.

I particularly like the old-fashioned end of the show, when the audience joins the cast round the piano in an enthusiastic sing-song.

Adding polish to "Sound of Music" is the superb dancing of Carlu Carter and Bill McGrath and the singing of Toni Lamond, back from England for special appearances.

Television

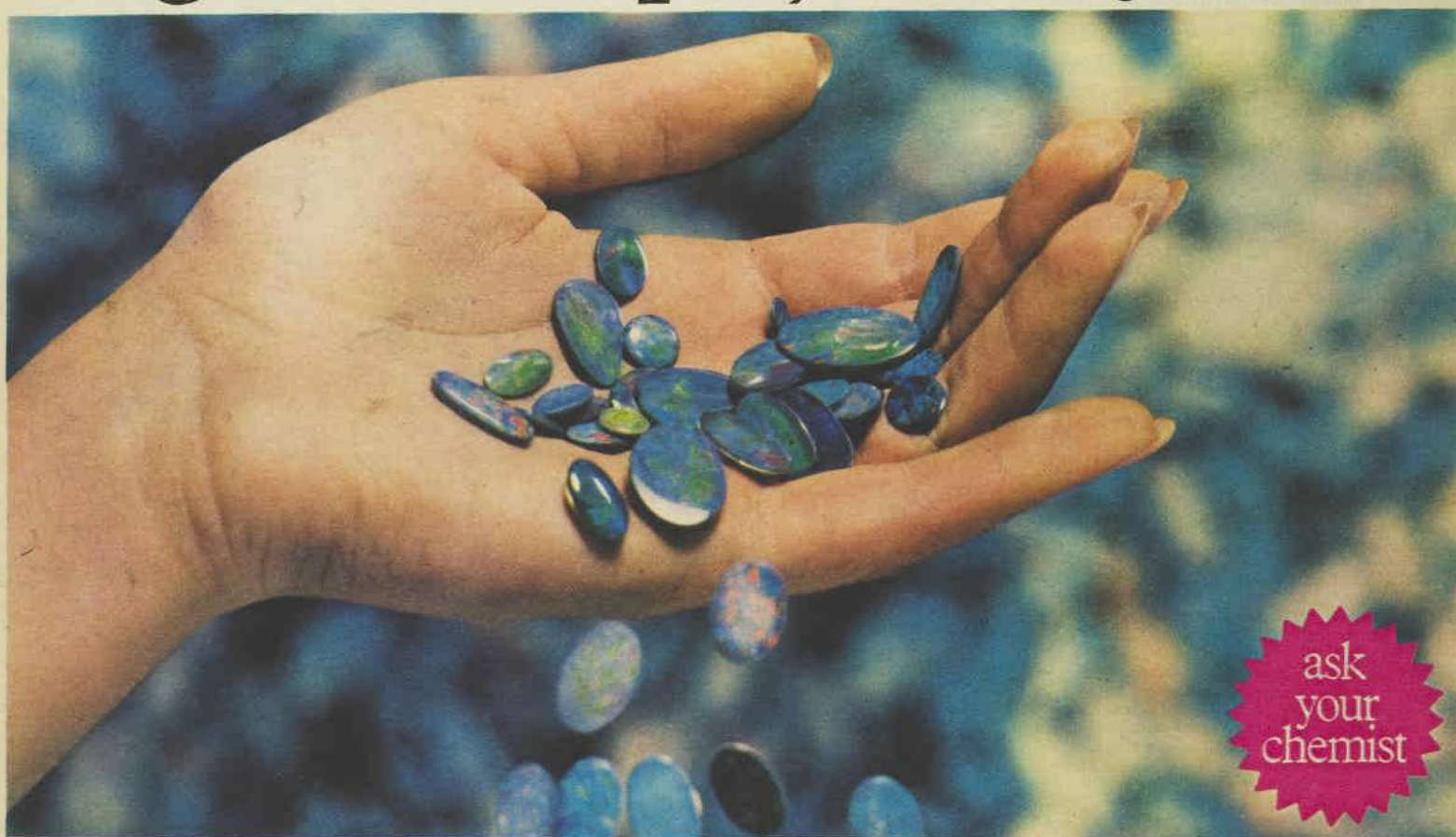
● "Sound of Music," with Barry Crocker, is on TCN9, Sydney, Fridays, 8 p.m.; GTV9 Melbourne, Fridays, 7.30 p.m.; QTQ9 Brisbane, Fridays, 8.30 p.m.; NWS9 Adelaide, Saturdays, 8.30 p.m.; TVT6 Hobart, Fridays, 7 p.m.; Perth later.



KATHRYN GRAYSON and Howard Keel, famous romantic partners in movie musicals "Kiss Me Kate," "Lovely To Look At." Through illness, she had to cancel her date with the show.

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MAKING FACES

● Many women don't quite believe that cosmetics change as quickly as any other branch of fashion — and so they get left behind in the way they make up their faces.

1969

This is the face of 1969—the end result of all the color blending, texture testing, and inventing of the modern cosmetics business—applied on model-girl Nerida by Guy Nicolet, beauty director of an international cosmetics firm.

As a historical exercise, to trace the changing style of the modern beauty business and as a cautionary tale to pinpoint the cosmetic techniques that really date a woman, Guy Nicolet took the same model, Nerida, and made her up the style of each decade of this century.

On the following pages is the astonishing result. In every case, the shape of the mouth, and its color, played a key role. So did the eye, of course, even in such apparently minor details as whether eyeliner was used or not (yes in 1959, no in 1969).

The art of adornment goes back at least as far as the ancient Egyptians, but it is only in this century that it has been for everyone. Before that, both cost and custom assured that if a woman was wearing color on her face, she was either royalty, upper-class fashionable — or a tart.

Today, color is creamed, powdered, painted with water, sprayed, and brushed on from a battery of products on which women spend millions of dollars every year.

Today's ideal is an unmade-up look, a glossy, unpowdered skin, a soft beige mouth, healthy long hair. Though a heavily emphasised eye and "contouring" are unique to the 1960s, the look is not so different from 1919 (see overleaf)—and very different from 1929—but it is now available not just to those women who were born with an easy skin and naturally dark, long lashes. It's there for anyone who wants to make the effort.

To get his version of the perfect face of 1969, shown below, Guy Nicolet first applied moisture lotion in an apricot shade, then a liquid foundation in Tuscan beige. No powder. Eyebrows have a brushed-up, surprised look, achieved by lightly dousing them with hairspray and then brushing them up in separate straight lines. Bronze eyeshadow covers the lid completely, and above the lid and around the side of the eye is platinum bronze eyeshadow. No eyeliner. False eyelashes, in their now most fashionable form, were cut off in little bunches of two and three and attached to the model's own lashes on both the top and bottom lids. The whole face was then "glossed" by touching-up temples, cheekbones, and chin with a new product which gives the skin a shiny glow. The final touch was a pale beige lipstick. Hair is a simple, smooth Florentine pageboy cut.

Overleaf Guy Nicolet traces the growth and changing styles of make-up from 1919.



MAKING FACES (Continued from page 23)

1919 ▶

The very few cosmetics that existed were a dark secret. Most people had to do without. Girls pinched their cheeks and bit their lips to give them color as they entered a party, country girls used beetroot and even soot. The major change in a young girl's appearance was when she was allowed to put her hair up.

Fashionable ladies in London society who visited the few tiny beauty salons to ask for their newly invented skin creams, arrived heavily veiled from their carriages and insisted on secrecy. These salons would not have thought of advising make-up at that time—it was used exclusively on the stage, and actresses were the only people who would dare to be seen wearing it in public. Other women wore only a light film of rice powder, applied with a hare's foot or rabbit's paw, or powder from leaves called "papier poudre."



◀ 1939

In the 1930s, many women simply wanted to look as much like Greta Garbo as they could possibly manage. Garbo's eyebrows were plucked into a thin line and lengthened with eyebrow pencil, her eyes hooded with shadow, her mouth drawn into a thin cupid's bow. Her hair was medium length and softly parted.

More cosmetics were available to give other women the chance to try for this look — foundation creams, tinted face powder, eyeshadow, mascara, and eyebrow pencil. There were color charts to show how these should be matched. But mascara was worn only in the evening. During the day the eyes were just glossed with petroleum jelly.

Nail lacquer made its first appearance in the 1930s, but it was thought "rather fast" to wear anything but colorless until after 1936. Then dark red nail polish came in.



1949 ▶

During the war, the favorite lipstick color was a dark mauve red. Perhaps because of austerity, women grew their hair long and free, and still looked to Hollywood for their idea of glamor.

In our photograph, model Nerida is made up in the Rita Hayworth look of the late 1940s, wearing a thick, opaque, slightly yellowish foundation, a hard red, square mouth, mascara, and false eyelashes (but this was copied only by the very bold). These and all eye emphasis were applied to the top lid only. Eyebrows were plucked at the outer edges only. There were few innovations, for the war years had seen the cosmetics factories and their products put to other uses. Pancake make-up was produced in special colors for facial camouflage in jungle warfare. One cosmetics factory made sea-water purifiers, another manufactured preparations for treating burns.

By the mid-1920s, a revolution had taken place in women's appearance, as well as in their general aspirations. Mademoiselle Chanel in Paris had bobbed her hair (legend says after accidentally singeing her long hair with tongs and wondering what to do). Suddenly, with bobbed hair, it was respectable to be seen going to a hair salon to have it cut in a fiercely masculine "Eton crop" and "permanent" waved. It was also now permitted to wear vanishing cream, powder, lip and face color. Because the tips of the ears

were revealed for the first time, they, too, were rouged. The more adventurous used eyeshadow and plucked their brows into a thin line. One critic commented in 1923: "The painted faces pass well enough when seen in repose, but in animation or at close range their artificiality is painfully apparent." But by 1926, although one colorless lip salve was still marketed, most lipsticks were unashamedly colored. Color choice was very limited—there were two powder shades, and vanishing cream was barely tinted.

➡ 1929



1959 ➡

The 1950s saw the demise of the scarlet mouth; for the first time the eye was emphasised all round with eyeliner; the skin was pampered with new inventions, including thinner, clearer foundations. With the invention of hair lacquer, wilder, back-combed styles were attempted.

After the restrictions of the 1940s, the cosmetics industry got back into gear and a host of innovations poured into the market. Moisturising cream was invented, and has remained most women's top purchase ever since. All-in-one fluid foundations were produced; the first combined cream and powder came out in 1953; fluid eyeliners (until then girls used their eyebrow pencils), liquid brush-on mascaras, and full ranges of eyeshadows. Lipstick stopped being just red; subtle colors won popularity. Rouge had died. Eyebrows were back to their thick, natural line.

Girls no longer looked to Hollywood but to Brigitte Bardot in France for their pattern. The spate of inventions has continued into the 1960s with finer and more translucent foundations, "pearlised" lipsticks (following the discovery of non-poisonous ingredients), and a vast array of eye make-up. Rouge, which had largely disappeared from the market, returned as a whole range of contouring colors.



Banquet...the new frozen family pie with French style puff pastry



From fridge to family in 35 minutes!

Just two easy steps to bake a Banquet like this.

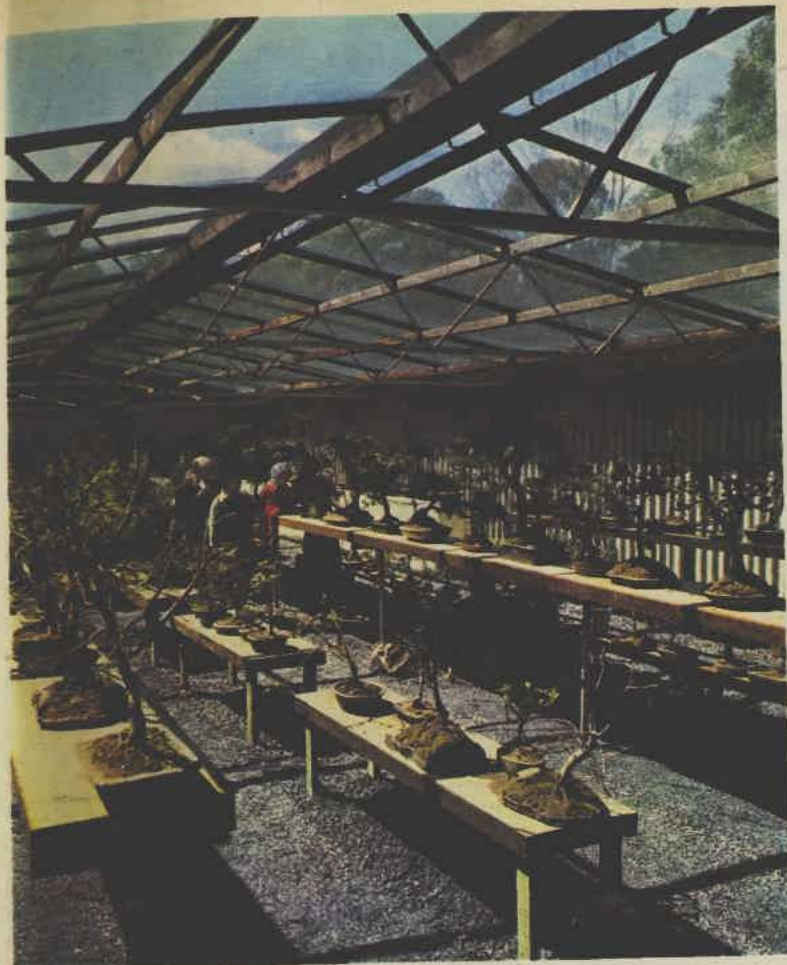
First: open your refrigerator and take out Banquet, the new deep-frozen family pie.

Second: put Banquet straight in the oven. About 35 minutes later you're serving four or more with generous slices of golden pie.

Look at that puff pastry. So light and fluffy it melts in your mouth. And taste those Banquet fillings. Tender chicken, juicy beef-steak or succulent steak and kidney. Why not put on a Banquet for your family every week?

All leading supermarkets have Banquet frozen pies.

Try all three varieties—Chicken, Beef-steak and Steak and Kidney.



● Mr. and Mrs. Vita Koreshoff, at right, and some of the dwarf trees in their big shed at Castle Hill, N.S.W.

Bonsai enthusiasts captivated by THAT SLOW, SLOW ART FROM ASIA

By JACQUELINE SMITH

FOR 30 years Mr. Vita Koreshoff has observed the old Chinese proverb:

*"Do not be afraid to go slowly,
Be afraid to stand still."*

It has, he explains, encouraged him and his wife, Dot, to persevere with three time-consuming, painstaking hobbies — mosaics, ceramics, and, more especially, bonsai.

The proverb, now the motto of the Koreshoffs' school of traditional bonsai at Castle Hill, near Sydney, serves as a warning to impatient students.

"Bonsai," Dot Koreshoff explained, "either attracts you strongly or leaves you cold. Only people who feel this attraction can learn the art of bonsai successfully."

Russian-born Vita Koreshoff came to Australia from China in 1928 and began practising bonsai a few years later. "When I was very young my family had an old Chinese gardener, who was expert in bonsai," he said. "Although I wasn't particularly interested in the art then, I managed to retain most of the pointers the gardener had taught me."

And for Dot Koreshoff the fascination of growing such perfectly formed miniature plants "came with the husband." "Vita said if I promised to look after his trees he would marry me," she said, smiling.

Today the Koreshoffs have what is thought to be the oldest and largest col-

lection of bonsai in Australia — 1250 trees at last count.

"Originally it was quite a small collection and we were living happily in a small house at Pagewood. Then we received a load of seeds — black and red pines, special plum trees, and five-needle pine trees — from a fellow gardening enthusiast in Japan," Mr. Koreshoff said.

"It was quite a tussle getting the seeds through Customs, and when we eventually did succeed we just prayed that only some of them would grow. But every one of them came up!

"It's strange just how fond one becomes of the little trees. We couldn't bear to part with any and instead decided to move to a much larger home surrounded by a lot of land at Castle Hill."

Very little is known in Australia about traditional Japanese and Chinese bonsai, Mr. and Mrs. Koreshoff told me. Many people attempt it without any feeling for Eastern art and philosophy, and the Western influence makes the results look like "little trees in rather large pots."

"Bonsai growing is a long-term hobby," Vita Koreshoff explained, "and it requires some artistic ability to shape the plant."

"It is a popular fallacy in Australia that you begin cultivating bonsai from the seedling. Actually, you select a tree which is already the size you require, and once in a pot the growth is negligible."

Continued overleaf



● Outside the shed are more benches of bonsai, and rows upon rows of bopsaid trees, shrubs, and vines. Below: Vita and Dot Koreshoff and their daughters, Deborah, 12, and Ruslana, 2.



Revlon introduces 'Natural Wonder'

'BLOTTING BLUSHER'



The first oil-free fluff of color for the face.

Up to now, blushers and oily skin didn't mix, did they? Blush on a pretty cheek and right away, oil changes it to blotchy, cakey color. Right? Well, no more! Now Natural Wonder 'Blotting Blusher' is here, to blot up oil as it blushes on color. It's oil-free. Medicated. And it's specially designed to put down shine. So, fluff on a glow of Pink or Peach or Rose or Amber, or contour your cheeks with Shading Brown. And no oil will break through. That's a promise. From Revlon.

New Natural Wonder 'Blotting Blusher' by Revlon

From the first complete collection of medicated treatments and makeup.



THAT SLOW, SLOW ART FROM ASIA

From page 27

"The aim is to keep the tree in the same pot always. Each spring and autumn the roots of the plant are cut back to allow enough new soil to be placed in the pot to nourish the plant for the next season.

"However, each time the roots are cut, the top of the plant must also be cut back. This allows a balance of 'blood pressure' and enables the roots and tops to expand proportionately."

Bonsai, despite its minute size and apparent fragility, is sturdy and requires special care only in exceptionally hot or windy weather, when it needs to be watered three or four times daily.

"The most baffling aspect of bonsai," Dot Koreshoff said, "is that although one can reduce the leaf size, the size of the fruit never alters. It's fascinating to see a tiny mulberry tree bearing full-size mulberries."

The Koreshoffs find aesthetic satisfaction in bonsai, but add that, "no matter how interesting a hobby, one cannot devote all spare time to it in case it becomes dull."

So some 12 years ago they began to make portraits in mosaic glass and tiles. It was originally "just a hobby," but has developed into something bigger. They have already had one city exhibition.

"There is some difficulty in making mosaics in Australia because of the limited number of colors available. While mosaics are often imported, it is usually for use in architecture—facades of buildings—and the colors are strong and limited. Flesh colors are not available and make portrait 'painting' very difficult," Mrs. Koreshoff said.

They also began to make ceramics in stoneware, with old Northern Chinese techniques.

It is bonsai, however, that the Koreshoffs find the most stimulating and demanding pastime. Even their 12-year-old daughter,

Deborah, has begun her own collection and the baby, two-year-old Ruslana, is already showing an interest in the tiny plants.

"We do not have much hope of ever possessing a fully finished bonsai," Mr. Koreshoff said. "It takes generations. But young adult bonsai, if properly created, gives great pleasure.

"Soon we hope to find trees native to Australia that are fully matured and of good shape. Then the enjoyment of bonsai in Australia will equal that of the Japanese."

● *Banksia: an experimental subject for the Koreshoffs.*



new Chocolate Minicakes stay Fresh 'n Fancy in Tupperware

(that's if you can keep them that long)

You'll love White Wings new Chocolate Minicakes. Flavourmoist...best home-made you can make...expertly blended from the best ingredients—and you add the goodness of butter. Plenty to go 'round. 24 to a pack with its own scrumptious filling and patty cases. Bake some soon.

Tupperware's new Fresh 'n Fancy (as illustrated) with its exclusive airtight seal, locks in freshness—keeps your cakes fresh to the last crumb. Go to a Tupperware party soon and see the large range of Tupperware food storers. For full information phone your nearest Tupperware distributors listed in the Pink Pages under "Plastics."



show you love 'em with White Wings—best home-made you can make.



TUPPERWARE



● One of Mr. and Mrs. Koreshoff's mosaics, a picture of Saint Benildus.



**Over 27?
Your beauty
is in the
balance**

**Tip the scales your way with
the unique moisture-balance
of palm oil and lanolin in
POND'S DRY SKIN CREAM.**

An extract from crushed palm kernels blended with lanolin creates a remarkable moisture-balance, closely resembling the natural 'replenishment cycle' of young skin.

Cream away the years while you sleep. Each night, nourish and replenish with Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Soon, tiny lines caused by lack of moisture will soften and fade. New ones will be discouraged. Your skin will feel fresh and soft like it used to. You'll have tipped the scales your way. Such a lovely, lovely feeling. And only a woman could understand it.



JOHN ORRELL at home at Smithfield, Queensland. At right is a fine Atlas Moth (*Coscinocera hercules*) with 8½ in. wingspan.

You can't keep a naturalist down!

• Queensland naturalist John Orrell says there is great interest in nature study: a story in our April 2 issue brought him a deluge of correspondence.

THE story was an interview with Mr.

Orrell about the re-establishment in the Cairns district by Stan Stirling (see story below) of the *Ornithoptera priamus euphorien*, or Cairns Birdwing butterfly.

"Look at that lot," said Mr. Orrell, pointing to a neat pile of letters beside his microscope (someone had mailed a "wog" for identification). "Fifty of 'em. When a short article brings a response like that, I think you have the answer."

"They came from all over Australia. There's even one from a Brazilian, temporarily resident in Hobart."

By
JANE WILKINSON

John Orrell was North Queensland's best-known field naturalist until an industrial accident almost three years ago made it seem

that excursions into nature study would have to be on a very limited scale.

The cramped restraint of a spinal brace is not conducive to long expeditions into the back country to seek the nesting site of the golden shouldered parrot. Scrambles through rock caves on off-shore islands to photograph the breeding caverns of the little grey swiftlet were definitely out.

But you can't keep a good naturalist down. Denied long expeditions, John Orrell found a new world to explore—the insect world in his garden at Smithfield, North Queensland.

London Zoo has exhibited spiny leaf insects raised from eggs he bred and sent them. Two American universities and the British Museum regularly get his research reports on northern lepidoptera. He keeps up correspondence with entomologists all over the world.

John Orrell thinks nature study should be a curricular subject in all schools.

"Conservation of our natural resources and the protection of our unique flora and fauna should be a matter of the people wanting to conserve not a case of 'You'll get fined if you don't.'"

"And you'll never get that unless you start at the grass roots—in the schoolroom."

He loves demonstrating to children.

"Once I gave a talk on the barn owl to some youngsters. I'd really done my 'ekker' and answered every question off pat. Then one little girl asked, 'Please, sir! Is it dark-fleshed or white-fleshed?'"

"Frankly, I didn't know, but I knew that every kid there was longing to handle it. So I let her look for herself. She turned the breast-feathers back and said, 'It's dark-fleshed, sir.' Well—I'd learned something."

"And there was the lad I chided for calling a fig bird a 'yellowbelly.' He asked cheekily, 'What's the flash name?' I threw the ornithological textbook at him with: *Specotheres flaviventris*.

"*Spechos* is Greek for a wasp; and *theros* means to eat. So the bird's a wasp-eater. Then, *flavus* means yellow, and *ventris* (you've guessed it!) means belly!"

"You can't win, can you?"

STAN STIRLING, who is re-establishing the Cairns Birdwing butterfly for North Queensland, is moving house.

Take three crocodiles (saltwater variety); six ditto (freshwater); 50 snakes; a few dozen possums; an aviary which ranges from finches to cassowaries; add a collection of butterflies and a few aquariums full of freshwater fish—and you'll have quite a moving day!

But that's exactly what Mr. Stirling is doing.

His wildlife sanctuary, Macrozamia Park, five miles from Cairns, Qld., has been bought for building subdivision, so the sanctuary has to be moved.

It will be re-located at Kuranda—eight miles away—where he is converting 14 acres of virgin rainforest into a natural habitat for his animals.

Growing profusely through-



STAN STIRLING, who is moving his wildlife sanctuary to Kuranda, Queensland. The butterflies are male Cairns Birdwing.

out the area will be the native aristolochia—the plant on which the Cairns Birdwing butterfly lays its eggs. Natural history isn't his only interest. A side-table in

his study is well stocked with silver trophies of his prowess as a yachting skipper more than a decade ago before he forsook Melbourne for Cairns.



INTERNATIONAL CLAIROL FOR BEAUTY IN COLOUR

Clairol says:
"Getting the hair colour you want is only half the story"

The other half is keeping your hair in shining condition.
Nice 'n Easy* colour conditions naturally.

At last you can have a gorgeous new hair colour—and still keep your own hair's supple softness and shine. Because Nice 'n Easy conditions your hair as it colours.

Naturally glowing permanent hair-colouring

It's a permanent hair-colouring that won't wash out, rub off or stain the skin. By penetrating inside each hair, Nice 'n Easy colours hair nature's way... glowing through, as naturally as the colour you were born with.

Naturally shining hair conditioning

As it colours, Nice 'n Easy conditions your hair too. Gives it a

new lease of shining, healthy life. (In fact, if your hair was a bit dull before, it actually improves the hair quality, giving **more** body and shine.) Nice 'n Easy is Clairol's balanced formulation of hair-colouring plus hair conditioner combined. So you perform one simple operation.

The Nice 'n Easy way to natural colour

Just pour the mix into your dry hair. Work into a lather and wait a little. While the colour is taking, the conditioner is working a shining miracle. Then rinse and shampoo.

All the other built-in benefits

You can use Nice 'n Easy within a week of having a perm. You won't need another conditioner. To colour new growth, repeat the same simple operation.

16 Natural colours, from gorgeous to subtle

Clairol makes Nice 'n Easy in 16 natural colours. You can change your hair colour dramatically. Lighten or darken your own hair colour. Or permanently wash away those too-early grey hairs. Choose your colour from the Nice 'n Easy Shade Selector at your Clairol chemist or department store.





MARY'S mother died when she was very young and she grew up on her father's farm in the country, helping her father and bringing up her younger brother. In her teens she had to shoulder considerable responsibility for managing the household and had at the same time to be a wife and a mother substitute. She describes her father as a robust "man's man." She says that they both like responsibility. She was always fond of animals and recalls that she used to mend a bird's leg with her child's nursing kit. She finally became a nurse; she says she never thought of becoming a doctor, because she felt that was probably unfeminine. She wanted to marry, but was content with her job and would only marry if she found the right person.



VICKY, small and delicate, is an only child, her father a solicitor, her mother a legal secretary. From as early as Vicky could remember her father was a semi-invalid, running some of his practice from home. But Vicky's mother was forced to work as well. Mother was very efficient and ran the home and provided the funds without much difficulty. Because Vicky was at home with her father, she looked after him all day, got his meals, etc. She thought her father the most kind, generous, loving man imaginable. She thought her mother dominating, aggressive, vain about her appearance, critical of the way things were done for her. When she was 16, Vicky's father died. A year later she met her man.



CLARE'S parents were really poor, and she was the eighth of 12 children. She recalls her mother seldom smiling, always overworked, her father as gentle but harassed, and her elder sister as a harsh and bossy mother-substitute. In childhood she was bullied by her elder brothers and sisters and starved of affection, at the end of the line for toys and clothes. Now that she is grown up, she is pretty and mad about clothes, but she is also a nervous girl, who doesn't like to be alone in the house. She would like to get away from her large family, but she is too nervous to leave home. She is a waitress in a cafe, hoping for "a husband, a nice home, and a family." Her ideal is "a man who'll push me around just a little, not fall all over me."

THE MATING GAME:

By MAUREEN GREEN

● The 12 people in these pictures are depicted as all young, all free, all about to fall in love. But who fell for whom? And was there any pattern to be detected in the way they chose each other? Most probably there was.

PROFESSOR ROBERT F. WINCH, Professor of Sociology at Northwestern University, Chicago, believes that there is an underlying principle in love. He set up a study to test this hypothesis: That love is an expression of the needs — conscious and unconscious — developed from childhood, and that an individual seeks qualities in a mate which will

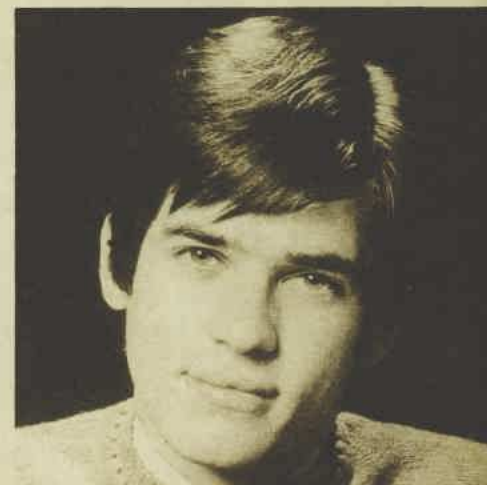
complement his or her own. In other words, that the attraction of opposites makes sound sense. That those who need to dominate will not choose others who also need to dominate, but those who enjoy submissiveness. That the strongly protective will fall in love with those who want to be protected. The exhibitionist will seek a marital audience in a mate who



WILLIAM is an amiable, nice-looking young man. Of his parents he says: "Mother was more or less queen. Father had great faith in her ability to make the right decision. Mother was careful with money. Father was generous, but used to drink heavily. I would say I would have liked my father better than my mother if it hadn't been for his drinking." As he grew up, William's ideal girl was purely physical, "good-looking, with a good figure." After a miserable time at the hands of a good-looking tease, he thought again, met a quite attractive girl at work, and soon married her. Because of her stimulus he became interested in a profession, and she was willing to work while he studied. He says: "If she criticises, it's because I'm wrong."



BURT'S parents divorced when he was three. His mother was physically attractive and lively, but exploited everyone. He says she was "bad-tempered, nasty, vicious, selfish." They moved in with her parents after the divorce. One of Burt's daydreams is that "I'm a sort of political leader with a lot of authority and power. Everyone is obedient and everything runs smooth as clockwork. I have a lot of people standing by and saluting." He tells jokes that shock a little. He hopes he will have two sons, "so that I can make them aggressive." His main reason for marrying: "I wanted a mistress, and I wasn't capable of supporting one. Also I wanted someone close." The disadvantage: "You lose the complete sense of irresponsibility."



CHRISTOPHER says: "Mother told me she didn't love Dad in any romantic way, but she knew he would always be good to her and any children they might have." But to her only son she was "very, very affectionate. I would sit and curl up on her lap and we would sit for hours and just talk." Mother was gay and attractive, with a lot of men admirers. Father was "wishy-washy" and worked in advertising. Chris did not play very much with other children when he was small, but associated much more with adults. And at school he had amiable friendships, but not deep ones. When Chris was 16 his mother died. He was shattered. "Months later I was still in a daze," he says. A year later he met a girl and four years later they married.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 4, 1969



LESLEY says she and her mother are so alike that they have been taken for sisters: "Mother has terrific verve — she can get along with anyone." Father was a charming, mild-mannered man. "Mother more or less wore the trousers. She's wilful, and I am, too." Lesley describes herself as an extrovert, slow to anger, intelligent, somewhat bossy, slightly conceited. She was a headstrong, slightly uncontrollable child. With her highly intelligent parents setting the example, there was great emphasis at home on intellectual matters. Lesley went through a rebellious adolescence, and one way of rebellion was to refuse to go to a university. She left home and got a job on a newspaper, moving from editorial assistant to reporter before marrying.



CHARLOTTE doesn't approve of being an onlooker in life. She is active and friendly and outgoing. She describes her mother as quick-tempered, domineering, witty, and generous. But she adored her father and rhapsodises about him as a man of very fine values and an even-tempered disposition. Although she identified with her mother as she grew up, she deliberately suppressed any bad temper in herself. She finds it important always to pretend to a kind, sympathetic, understanding manner. She sometimes has moods of mild depression. Charlotte wanted a man who was more or less a replica of her father, intelligent, but, above all, a blandly pleasant male. She thinks she got him, and she says, "He's very, very thoughtful."



JANE has no memory of her mother, who died when she was very young, but she remembers her father: "He always used to come home drunk. I was more or less afraid." After a while she was brought up by her aunt. Although the aunt always tried to make her feel she was one of her own children, the children tried to make her feel she wasn't wanted. Her childhood and growing-up dream was of a nice home, a nice husband, and nice children, and a nice comfortable living. Her ideal man is "one you can be proud of, one that you could look up to. Someone who'd make a nice living, so that I wouldn't have to work all the time." One boyfriend she didn't like "was always trying to do too much for me. I dislike that; it's not manly enough."

WHO MARRIES WHOM?

enjoys being a spectator, and the masochistic will seek, for a cross to bear, one who enjoys being burdensome.

Professor Winch tested this by studying the marriages of 25 newly wed middle-class American couples. After reading the individual case interviews, and long before he had met the people, he was able to pair up correctly 20

out of the 25 couples. He considers that recognition of his theory should make for greater tolerance. That instead of complaining "Why is my wife so hopelessly disorganised?" a highly practical man should be able to recognise that this was why he chose her, to organise for her. And that when friends ask why a quiet, charming girl marries a man who will pick a fight

with anyone, that is why she chose him, to fight her battles for her.

The pictures are of 12 models who acted six of the couples in the study. They are arranged here in random order. Can you work out who chose whom? Try it, and turn overleaf to see if you are right.

Continued overleaf



RODERICK is tall and slim, talkative, prim, proper, and pompous. He says he realises that he "tends to take a superior attitude" to people. He is the elder son, and his father had established a successful career in business after starting at the bottom. Father was determined his sons should get ahead. His mother was attractive, he says, but "her education was extremely limited," and he criticises her for being "overprotective." He studied accountancy. His ideal girl: "Reasonably well educated, physically attractive, capable around the house, and one who would endow my children with the basic concepts of Christianity." He used to have trouble, he says, "with teachers who marked down my papers just because they didn't like me."



NORMAN'S parents ran a prosperous family grocery business and were both sober, industrious, and capable. Father took care of the business and mother was an efficient housekeeper, an excellent cook, and did the shop accounts. Their eldest son was trained for the business, and their second, Norman, was trained to help at home working in the kitchen, dusting, and cleaning. Norman sees himself as more like his mother than his father, and he wants to be an accountant or run a restaurant. He is a keen football player. His ideal girl would be, he says, "on the order of my mother — one that is neat and would run the house as my mother did, being a good cook and taking care of my clothes."



ROBIN, second son of three, came after a brilliant and athletic elder brother. He was short and wiry and his parents were concerned to push him to be as "manly" as his brother. His father spent hours coaching him in athletics. Mother insisted he should stand and fight in any rows with other boys. Mother was pretty, lively, belligerent. Father was more affectionate, and Robin sees being affectionate as "typically masculine." He says he was a good child and always did what his mother told him. Robin thinks he is like his mother, though perhaps slightly less aggressive, but still easy to pick a quarrel with in a competitive situation. He is extrovert, intelligent, well dressed, inclined to be arrogant. He married as a student.

Exciting Savoury Fish Panjacks

(with tangy cheese sauce)



Made in minutes
with White Wings Panjacks
and ready-cooked
Sunwhite Rice

SAVOURY FISH PANJACKS

2 cups White Wings "Panjacks" Pancake Mix; 2 eggs; 1 pint milk; make up Panjacks as directed on pack for Crepes Suzette making 12-16 large Panjacks.

Filling: 3 cups ready-cooked Sunwhite Long Grain rice; 1 large onion, finely chopped; 1 small green pepper, chopped; 1 tin (10 oz.) sweet corn niblets, drained; 1 lb. Scotch haddock, cooked and flaked.

Cheese Sauce: 3 dessertspoons (1½ oz.) butter; 3 tablespoons White Wings plain flour; 1 pint milk; 1 cup grated cheese; ½ teaspoon mustard; pinch cayenne pepper, salt and pepper to taste.

Cheese Sauce: Melt butter in a small saucepan and stir in flour. Cook 1 minute. Slowly stir in milk and stir until boiling. Simmer gently for 3 minutes. Add cheese, mustard, cayenne and salt and pepper.

To complete Panjacks, place 2-3 heaped table-spoons of filling in each panjack, roll and keep warm. Serve with hot cheese sauce.

Filling. Combine filling ingredients and add ½ cup prepared cheese sauce to moisten.

FREE: All-new rice recipe book. Send 5c stamped, addressed envelope to: Rice Cookery Bureau, Box 432, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

SUNWHITE LONG GRAIN. Elegant looking, but budget priced long grain, rice. Keep it ready-cooked in the 'fridge in the approved Tupperware Pak-N-Stor container.

WHITE WINGS "PANJACKS" PANCAKE MIX. Expertly blended. Makes 30 Panjacks quickly, economically. Show you love 'em with White Wings, best home-made you can make.



THE MATING GAME: WHO MARRIED WHOM

Continued from page 33

ROBIN and LESLEY



ROBIN married Lesley, and in so doing tried to complement his needs at different levels. Robin, more passive by nature than his aggressive upbringing had allowed him to be, was attracted to a lively, competitive, active woman. Lesley was attracted by his charm (as in her father). But, having married, she gave up her job because she was afraid it was taking up too much of her attention. Now, she says, she wants "success for my husband. Men need it, and my happiness depends on his." Robin says he loves Lesley's wit and amusing intelligence, adds: "I didn't like her working. I was afraid she would become roughened, coarsened. I think career girls are tough." So although the passive side of Robin was attracted to a very active girl, he immediately set about making a more conventional complement to the kind of man he had been turned into by his own conventional upbringing. The natural complementing of these two is now being stood on its head: The wilful leader made passive, and the more passive, obedient temperament made the leader. Dangers: There will be strains, though these may lessen as he climbs up the business ladder and she becomes more and more a hostess for him.

RODERICK and MARY



THIS pair married to complement their personalities in a way that Professor Winch calls a master-servant-girl relationship. Mary was attracted to Roderick's rather well-off family: "I enjoyed going to their beautiful home. And Roderick has such nice manners." He says: "She is a good girl, morally and ethically, and would instil those qualities in my children. She is a very sociable person, she needs to develop a little more social poise, but her manners are good." (At times, Professor Winch commented, it sounded as if Roderick would give her good references.) He discusses his problems with her "not to get any help but to get a load off his mind and to inform her." Professor Winch comments that this kind of marriage has something in common with the Ibsenian except that it is the submissive wife who does the looking-after, not the dominant husband. Mary accepts this life since she was brought up in a country family where Father was the unquestioned head of the house, particularly once her mother had died. Yet underneath this complementariness is another layer: Mary's emotional strength will prop up the more touchy aspects of Roderick's personality. There are several of these.

CHRISTOPHER and VICKY



THESE two met at 17, and certainly they were made for each other. They typify what Professor Winch would call the mother-son kind of complementary needs. Chris and Vicky had each lost the emotional centre of their worlds while still young and they set about rebuilding it around each other. Chris' ideal girl was "like my mother," someone who would look after him and give his life direction. From her mother, Vicky, although she did not realise it, had learnt many lessons in dominance and leadership, and years of looking after her father had left her with the strong habit of, and liking for, looking after people. "Chris is like Dad," she says. "He has a great capacity for loving and being affectionate. And he likes children." Vicky teaches in kindergarten and has created a second nest for herself there where she is once more the dominant, nurturant mother-bird. "It's really beautiful to watch her handling children," Chris says. Chris is in college after a spell in the Army. Do they have arguments? "No," says Chris, "because I'm about the easiest person I can imagine to get along with; it doesn't make any difference to me what we eat, what movies we see, or whom we entertain."

NORMAN and CLARE



NORMAN and Clare chose each other for complementary needs that Professor Winch would call Ibsenian after the husband and wife in Ibsen's "Doll's House." In that play, Torvald, the husband, says at one point: "How warm and cosy our home is. Here is shelter for you, here I will protect you like a hunted dove..." On the surface, it would seem that Norman got the opposite to what he said he wanted, an efficient housekeeper like Mother, for Clare is frankly hopeless about the house. In fact, although Norman said he wanted a wife like Mother, he really wanted to be mother himself, and Clare is an ideal child-wife. Large, stolid, domesticated Norman creates the cosy background that pretty little Clare needs to even begin to grow up emotionally. Norman does all the cooking, and is teaching her. For the first time Clare has a mother all to herself. And this is certainly how Norman likes it to be: He is the protector and provider. Dangers: Norman is bound to get worried at Clare's helplessness and irresponsibility at some point in the future, especially when their children are small or should he be ill. Even so, his tolerance would extend well beyond another man's, so she's lucky.

BURT and JANE



HERE, the two concerned satisfied each other in what Professor Winch would define as a master-servant-girl type complementariness. Jane sees Burt's exploitive behaviour as a sign of masculine strength. Burt says: "She was so completely capable of doing things — sewing, cooking, and things like that. And she was so helpful. And I suppose flattery played some part in it. She would always listen to me attentively. She still does. And to me she was physically attractive — not as strongly as some other girls — but a fair amount." In fact, Jane is rather plain and a little older than Burt. He often makes important decisions without consulting her, but she says: "His judgment is very good. It doesn't bother me because, as a rule, if I know he wants something, I give in anyway. I think his decisions are good." She also says, "I never was much for spending. I always tried to save. But my husband, I know he likes to go places and do things and I hate him not to have what he likes. I don't mind staying at home, but I don't want him to be deprived of anything." Burt is interested in "moulding her attitude toward life. I notice more and more in listening to her that it's as if I put the words in her mouth, influencing her."

WILLIAM and CHARLOTTE



PROFESSOR WINCH would call this match Thurberian after the men and women in James Thurber's cartoons. There the men are mild and bland, the women active and dominant. Charlotte saw her mother as emotionally the stronger, though in some respects repugnant, while Father is the more loved, though pretty spineless. So she grows up active like her mother while hating the part of her she fears may become domineering. She wants a husband like Daddy, but is always going to hate the part of herself that will domineer him. Because of hating part of what she sees as the feminine role, she has some uncertainties about how much of her is "woman" and how much "man." William also came from a family in which Mother was emotionally stronger and unlikable and Father a nice but contemptible jellyfish. He has some confusions about the male role, too; is it strong and assertive, as tradition says, or weak and compliant as he has seen it in his father? Both will repeat the domination patterns of their parents' marriages; but softened because she is trying not to be as harsh as her mother and he is trying not to be irresponsible as his father, whom he found rather weak.



● The dawn wait at Nagarkote.

ON TOP OF A BUS

● Ever since Hillary climbed Mt. Everest I have had a strong desire to go there.

Not to climb it, you understand. Just to see what it looks like.

So a friend and I planned to go to Katmandu, capital of Nepal, and from there to some spot where it was possible to see it.

By ALLAN BAILLIE

THERE are only two ways of travelling to Katmandu — by plane over the Himalayan foothills, or by bus through them.

Both ways are little short of incredible in their scenery, and we rode into Katmandu on what must be the best possible travelling arrangement in Nepal, perhaps one of the best in the world.

We travelled *on* a bus.

Literally on the bus. It was a very old bus, and it had small dust-coated windows and springs pushing through the narrow seats.

To ride *in* it was to spend an entire day drumming your knees on the seat in front and breathing a dusty Turkish-bath atmosphere, and to begin to hate Nepal.

But to ride *on* it was to climb to the roof, to lie in the sun on heaps of tarpaulin and vegetables with one foot caught comfortably in a rope lashing, and to look. To look without having the scenery framed by a window or roof or a man's head. To turn in a complete circle without anything at all interrupting the view.

We spent one entire day doing this in one of the most spectacular countries in the world, and by the time the sun was setting my senses were just a little numb. Scenery can stupefy.

It is illegal to ride on the roof of a bus, but we showed the driver our cameras — and the driver was fiercely proud of Nepal.

In northern India the bus passed from the flat land to gently rolling hills. The sun grew warm and we stripped off our shirts.

The hills became tall. Perched on some was a single house, connected with the rest of the world by a rope-chair across the bend of a river.

Looking down the Great Ghat

At an eating place, we looked back along the road scribbled so absurdly across hills and valleys, and ahead to mountains which must be too steep and high to take a road.

Now there were no more farms, and the river became a torrent far below. We lay on our backs and looked straight up at the skyline.

The bus on its narrow single-track road passed into the sights of an ancient gun emplacement, and in thirty minutes we had wound round the valley to it. It would be almost impossible to invade Nepal as long as that position was there.

At about 7000ft, we stopped climbing. From this point, we

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Tangy 3



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Chocolate Peppermint Wafers



TO MT. EVEREST

TRAVELLER'S TALE

were told, we could see the Himalayas if there was no mist. It was summer. There was mist.

We descended, and suddenly were on one wall of a nearly indescribable valley, looking down.

We had entered the Great Ghat.

Imagine the Grand Canyon widened and deepened, with its walls slightly sloped, and farm terraces cut into the slopes all the way down from the rim to the river, and you have a vague idea.

The bus continued high along one side. Right beneath us would be a fine system of terraces, and below that a village, and below that more terraces and another village connected to the first by a winding goat-track. And perhaps below that another village. On the map they would appear as one village with no roads, but each one was a thousand feet apart from its neighbors, in altitude.

Farmers working on the road leant on their shovels and waved up at us, and the foreman, distinguished by the great black umbrella he carried, cleared the way for the bus to pass.

Yak steak, taxis, temple gongs

We skirted the Ghat for four hours, watching the wheels of the bus kick dust over the edge and becoming so used to the incredible that we made jokes about it and sometimes ignored it.

We didn't ignore the sun, though. We couldn't. We were brown when we started, but even brown can burn. We put on our shirts again and found our forearms were still burning. We hadn't worn sweaters for three months and they were somewhere under the tarpaulin, somewhere in our baggage.

We reached the Katmandu Valley and then Katmandu itself as the sun set behind it. We stayed at a youth hostel out of town and began to explore.

Nepal's capital is one of the oldest and most religious cities in Asia. As a concession to progress it is equipped with concrete, electricity, and taxis, but the streets and the buildings in the centre have not been changed.

When we walked through the city gates we went back a thousand years. Bullocks haul carts, markets are held beneath strips of old rag, temple gongs ring out, and food is cooked by fire.

We went to an eating place called the Tibetan and ate yak steak in almost total darkness. We were strangers there, but no one gave us more than a casual look.

The reason was the hippies. Some years ago they had discovered that Katmandu is one of the cheapest places on earth, grows Indian hemp, and is about as far from American big-city life as you can get.

The hippies were living at a place called the Globe Restaurant for as little as one rupee a day. We visited them, then planned a trip to see the mountains.

In winter the Himalayas tower over the city and must be an awesome sight. But this was summer and mists rise as the sun heats the ground, so a certain amount of effort must be used.

We were told that you could see Everest from a village called

Nagarkote at 5 o'clock every morning. Nagarkote was a bus ride and a nine-mile walk away.

Five of us started hiking in the morning with one rucksack and three bottles of carefully purified water. We had learnt that the dysentery bacteria in Nepal are the most virulent in the Indian subcontinent and love Europeans.

Nine miles of walking sounds remarkably easy and we strode past a group of Sherpas walking very slowly with bundles of sticks

on their backs. Ten minutes later they passed us, lying gasping by the track.

We were at about 8000ft. and the slope was so steep we were climbing rather than walking.

We went through our water in three miles and I asked a farmer for more. He graciously filled all the bottles.

As the sun went down we arrived at Nagarkote and collapsed in a tourist bungalow. The fittest among us took an hour to

regain the strength to climb into bed.

The Sherpa in charge of the bungalow bundled us out of bed at 4.30, and for about half an hour was the most hated man in Nepal. Then the sun began to rise.

We were on a high hill, and fold upon fold of purple earth ran before us like a sea.

As the sky lightened, we could see the massive silhouettes of the Himalayas—first dark, then blinding white as the sun caught the

snow. As the sun moved, so did the mountains. Shadows slid down to the hills, and ridges suddenly swung out from the parent peaks.

I don't think anyone said anything for quite a while, then.

The Sherpa came up beside me and pointed. "It is there," he said.

The Big One. Two peaks and Red China. Mt. Everest is 70 miles from Nagarkote, so it doesn't overwhelm you. But at 70 miles it does look big, and worth making the trip to see.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



933

No. 933. — MATERNITY DRESS

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No. 935. — SKIRT

Girl's pleated skirt with white poplin bodice is available cut out to make in aqua, navy, white, or pink terylene viscose. Sizes 4 and 6 years, \$4.35; 8 years, \$4.55. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

• Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



934



935

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE QUIZ

QUESTIONS

1. Myrrh was one of the gifts brought by the Three Wise Men to the infant Jesus. Do you know what it is?
2. Napoleon I died on St. Helena, a small island in the Atlantic. But is his tomb there?
3. What is a cooper?
4. What is the Domesday Book?
5. Who said, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"?
6. Who was the commander of the Spanish Armada, and who led the British fleet which defeated the Spaniards?
7. Racial violence has racked Malaysia lately. Do you know the name of the capital of this country and its Prime Minister?
8. What do the following initials stand for? (a) IGA? (b) IMF? (c) ACCA?
9. Who was the first explorer to reach (a) the North Pole, and (b) the South Pole?
10. What do the following people have in common? (a) Hardicanute; (b) Athelstan; (c) Ethelwulf; (d) Ethelbald.
11. Who is the patron saint of children?
12. Who was the founder of the Mormon religion?
13. What is the former name of Djakarta, capital of Indonesia?

ANSWERS

1. It is a gum resin obtained from the branches and stems of a tree, native to Arabia and Africa. It has a bitter taste and aromatic scent and is one of the components of incense.
2. No, it is in the Hotel des Invalides in Paris. Napoleon's remains were taken to France in 1840.
3. A maker of casks.
4. The Domesday Book is a detailed survey of England carried out by William the Conqueror's officials in 1086.
5. John Keats, the English poet, who died at the age of 25 in 1821.
6. The Duke of Medina Sidonia commanded the Spanish Armada, which comprised 129 ships. Lord Howard of Effingham led the British fleet of only 80 ships, which routed the Armada. Sir Francis Drake, under Lord Howard, was a leading figure in the attack.
7. Kuala Lumpur is the capital of Malaysia and its Prime Minister is Tunku Abdul Rahman.
8. (a) International Grains Agreement; (b) International Monetary Fund; (c) Associated Chambers of Commerce of Australia.
9. (a) The American explorer Robert E. Peary sledged to the North Pole with Eskimo companions in 1909. (b) The Norwegian explorer Roald Amundsen was the first to reach the South Pole on December 14, 1911.
10. They were all monarchs of England before the Norman Conquest.
11. St. Pancras, patron saint of children, was the son of a Roman noble and was put to death at the age of 14 for refusing to renounce Christianity.
12. Joseph Smith. When he was murdered (in 1844) his work was continued by Brigham Young, who, with followers, moved from New York State to Utah in 1874 and established the prosperous community of Salt Lake City.
13. Batavia.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 4, 1969

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SWINGING SWEATERS

● These two new designs to knit, one with saddle shoulders, the other with set-in sleeves, will be winners on the winter scene. Directions for both sweaters are complete on this page.



SMART STRIPES (left) outline neck and sleeves, the narrow belt emphasises a trim waist. **COLOR CONTRAST** (right) on sleeves and neckband is repeated on a band up sides of the body. See below.

SMART STRIPES

Materials: 14 (15, 16, 17) balls Emu English knit 8-ply or Emu Bri-Nylon 8-ply in main color (m.c.), 1 ball 1st contrast color (c.c.1), 1 ball 2nd contrast color (c.c.2); 1 pr. each Nos. 8 and 9 knitting needles; 1 double buckle.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; length, 22½ (22½, 23, 23½) in.; sleeve, 4in.

Tension: 11 sts. to 2in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles and m.c., cast on 94 (100, 106, 112) sts. Work 3in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in st-st. until work measures 15in.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 2 alt. rows. 74 (80, 86, 92) sts. Cont. without shaping until armholes measure 6½ (6½, 7, 7½) in., ending p row.

To Shape Neck. — **Next Row:** K 20 (23, 26, 29), turn.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge of next 3 rows.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 6 (7, 8, 9) sts. at beg. of

next and foll. alt. row, then 5 (6, 7, 8) sts. on next lt. row. Slip centre 34 sts. on to spare needle, rejoin yarn to rem. sts., and work to correspond.

FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 5½ (5½, 6, 6½) in., ending p row.

Next Row: K 23 (26, 29, 32), turn.

Dec. 1 st. inside first 2 sts. at neck edge of next row and every foll. alt. row until 17 (20, 23, 26) sts. rem.

Next Row: Shape shoulder as back. Slip centre 28 sts. on to spare needle. Rejoin yarn to rem. sts. and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles and c.c.1, cast on 54 (54, 56, 56) sts. Work in rib for 6 rows. Change to m.c., rib 4 rows, change to c.c.2, rib 2 rows. Cont. with m.c. and No. 8 needles in st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 4th rows 6 times in all. Cont. straight until work measures 4in. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k to last 5 sts., k 3 tog., k 2.

Next Row: P 2, p 3 tog. t.b.l., p to last 5 sts., p 3 tog., p 2.

Rep. these 2 rows once.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. these 2 rows 13 times. Cast off rem. sts.

NECKBAND

Join right shoulder seam. Using No. 9 needles and m.c., pick up and k 110 sts. evenly round neck edge, incl. sts. from spare needles, change to c.c.2, work 2 rows st-st., work 2 rows m.c., then 6 rows c.c.1. K next row for foldline, work 10 rows in c.c.1. Cast off loosely.

BELT

Using No. 9 needles and c.c.1, cast on 10 sts. Work in rib for 30in. Cast off. Sew buckle to each end.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Using a fine bk-st., join left shoulder and neckband, fold band to wrong side at fold-line, and sl-st. in position. Sew in sleeves, join side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

COLOR CONTRAST

Materials: 10 (11, 12) balls Emu English knit 8-ply or Emu Bri-Nylon 8-ply in main color (m.c.), 6 (6, 6) balls in contrast color (c.c.); 1 pr. each Nos. 8 and 10 needles.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 23 (23½, 24) in.; sleeve, 5in.

Tension: 11 sts. to 2in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 94 (100, 106) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3½in. Change to No. 8 needles. Work in st-st., dec. 1 st. each end of every 4th row 4 times. When work measures 8in., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row 6 times. 98 (104, 110) sts. Cont. without shaping until work measures 15in., ending p row.

To Shape Armholes — **** 1st Row:** K 2, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k to last 5 sts., k 3 tog., k 2.

2nd Row: Purl. Rep. these 2 rows twice.

7th Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

8th Row: Purl. **** Rep.** these last 2 rows

once. Cont. without shaping until armholes measure 5½ (6, 6½) in., ending p row.

To Shape Shoulders — **Next Row:** K 2 tog., k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 6 sts., k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows 8 (9, 10) times more. Cast off rem. sts.

FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and c.c., cast on 6 sts., cast on 100 sts. with m.c., then another 6 sts. with 2nd ball c.c. Work as for back, twisting yarns when changing colors. Dec. and inc. inside the c.c. strips. Cont. as back until same length to armholes. Cast off 6 c.c. sts. each end of next 2 rows, then dec. as for back. Cont. straight until armholes measure 5 (5½, 6) in., ending p row.

Next Row: K 31 (34, 37) sts., turn, dec. 1 st. inside first 2 sts. at neck edge of next 8 rows, at same time when armhole measures same as back to shoulder shaping, shape as back. Slip centre 20 sts. on to spare needle, join yarn to rem. sts., work to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and c.c., cast on 50 (50, 52) sts. Work in rib for 1½in. Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in reverse st-st., beg. p row, inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 4th row 6 times in all. Cont. straight until sleeve measures 5in., ending p row. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Rep. from **** to **** as back armhole shaping, then rep. last 2 rows until 16 sts. rem. Cont. on these sts. for shoulder, dec. 1 st. every 4th row 4 times. Cont. on rem. sts. until same length as back shoulder. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Using a fine bk-st., join sleeve seams, sew shoulders of back and front to sleeves, leaving one seam open. Using No. 10 needles and c.c., pick up and k 110 (116, 122) sts. round neck edge, incl. sts. from spare needle. Work 1in. in st-st. Work 1 p row on right side, then cont. in st-st. for 1in. Cast off loosely. Join shoulder seam and band, fold band to wrong side at p row, sl-st. in position. Join side seams. Press seams.

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Prizes, you *do* want value for your money, don't you? Well, wouldn't you agree Allowrie's got it all wrapped up?

Allowrie

Opinions on that public spanking

STRICTLY speaking, "Peace or War," a man has a right to discipline his own child, but it is unfortunate when this has to happen in public. It was wise not to let your husband interfere, as he might have been told (and rightly) to mind his own business.

\$2 to W. Anderson, Ayr, Qld.

IT is pitiful to see a parent angrily smacking his child in a public place, but no one should intervene. It shows that the parent has lost his self-respect, and, moreover, is giving his son a lesson in aggressiveness.

\$2 to Mrs. M. Smith, Penrith, N.S.W.

IF a child misbehaves when he is out, he should be dealt with then and there. It's too late to wait until he gets home.

\$2 to Mrs. E. Jarrad, Elizabeth Downs, S.A.

DISCIPLINARY methods should concern parents and teachers only—unless actual cruelty is involved. Then, surely, outside intervention is both warranted and desirable. While interference in the affairs of others is seldom rewarding, "War or Peace" should be proud that her husband is a man of courage and conscience, willing to risk unpleasantness for the sake of a defenceless child.

\$2 to Mrs. E. Pack, Monbulk, Vic.

A SLAP, no matter how "vicious" — unless, of course, around the head area — hardly constitutes cruelty to a child. The father's lack of control in public is to be deplored.

\$2 to Mrs. B. Chapman, Mackay, Qld.

THE child may have been behaving in an aggravating manner, whining on for hours before the father's patience suddenly ran out. The father probably felt deeply ashamed of himself later. If the child looked obviously ill-treated some action was probably called for. However, it is doubtful if any protest from onlookers would have helped a great deal. The proper authorities would have been the Prevention of Cruelty to Children people, had it been possible to obtain names.

\$2 to Mrs. F. Barnes, Tara, Qld.

WITHOUT knowing the reason for the slap, it is hard to form an opinion, though nothing should warrant the slap being vicious. That it was so may indicate that the man was a type who would resent interference from strangers and demonstrate it with a few more vicious slaps in their direction.

\$2 to Mrs. Eileen Smith, Campbelltown, S.A.



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● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

No drawbridge now

AN Englishman's home might be his castle, but, unfortunately, an Australian house does not seem to provide similar security and privacy. Having just given up work and moved from a flat to a suburban house, I am astonished at the steady stream of callers ringing the bell (and waking the baby), from as early as 8.30 a.m. I find it galling that in one's own home one has to argue, be ready with convincing excuses, or be downright rude when not interested.

\$2 to Mrs. D. Carmody, Roseville, N.S.W.

In the home paddock

RECENTLY my grandfather was coming to stay with us. He is a vegetarian and has never had a drink or smoked in his life. My mother was in a panic as what to feed him. My fiancé rather flippantly suggested, "There's no need to worry, just turn him out on the front lawn to graze."

\$2 to Miss Julie Ware, Glenunga, S.A.

Divorce? Forget it

BEFORE I married I asked my mother what she thought about divorce. "I don't think about it," was her reply, "and if you've any sense you won't, either. That way your marriage will stick together the same as mine has." I took her advice. Wise woman. Give or take a few crises, our marriage has stuck pretty well, and we can now celebrate our silver wedding.

\$2 to "Silver Bells" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

Do-it-yourself home show

RECENTLY my father discovered that slides or film strips projected on a window blind from inside the house could be viewed by people sitting on the lawn outside the window. This idea could be used as a novelty for children's parties, creating a sort of walk-in, drive-in theatre.

\$2 to "Flickers" (name supplied), Glen Iris, Vic.

Mum, the champ

A PETITE friend has a huge, normally well-mannered teenage son. To her horror, he told her, after a sharp exchange of opinions, to "Get out of my room — and my life!" She bounced with rage, and flung a fist in his general direction. Her son now proudly sports a black eye, and his mum has become the idol of all his friends. Who says today's youngsters don't respect a "heavy hand"? Especially when it's a small one.

\$2 to Mrs. D. Wynn, Chatswood, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

TEA FOR ONE

IT was half past eleven and I felt like a cup of tea.

I was passing a big store that said: "Peckish? Try our third-floor cafeteria." So I thought I would try it.

The cafeteria was long, with the tea up at the end where you pay your money. I tried to get there, but I was told: "You go in the other end, please."

I joined the queue at the other end in a docile manner and picked up a tray.

It was the school holidays and the queue was long. Just ahead of me two ladies had a thoughtful discussion about a slice of apple pie.

One said: "That pie looks rather nice."

Her friend replied: "I had some before and the crust was hard. I think you'd do better with the fruit flan."

"I feel more like apple pie," said the other. She put some pie on her tray and moved on a few feet.

Then she said: "No, I won't, I'll

have the fruit flan." She leaned in front of me and put the pie back.

I could see it was going to take a while to get my tea. But I was in too deep now to change my mind.

I did not intend to eat anything, being a weight-watcher. But I was stuck for a minute in front of some scones with jam and cream. The temptation was too great. I put a plate on my tray.

We were getting near the hot foods now. There was a bottleneck in front of the Special, which was curry and rice.

I decided to make a dash for the tea and coffee section. Squeezing behind the hot-food ladies I tried to break into the queue.

"Excuse me," said a man, as he pushed ahead.

I got my pot of tea at last, but I had no cup.

"They're down the other end," the cashier said.

I put my tray at a pair of tables where there was only a small boy, and went to get my cup.

When I came back a bigger boy was there. He said: "I'm sorry, this table's gone. My little brother didn't know."

However, their mother turned up and let me stay, and soon we were on good terms.

"He doesn't muck about, does he?" she said as the elder boy hoed into fish and chips.

I agreed that he did not.

There are quicker places to get a cup of tea than a cafeteria in the holidays. But you see life there.



HOLIDAY



*Down breaking. Just a gentle swell
Around the rocks. Tide's right
And — whirr — that cast's okay.
Now to sit peacefully and watch the sea.
No bites. Who cares? But — ha!
A nibble! Now a tug! And yes,
He's on. Hooray. Reel in. Oh, damn!
Under a rock? No, there he goes,
Keep winding, winding. Careful now...
Flashing and leaping with the breaking wave...
Gosh, nearly lost him. What a beaut! Two pounds?
Poor bream. Poor creature. Darn it, shut your eyes.
Humans are wretches. So am I. Oh, dear...
Thus conscience pricks, but briefly. Later on
One takes the breakfast plaudits modestly,
But beaming.
What time's tomorrow's tide?*

— Dorothy Drain

Mother's help!

LEAVING a roast baking in the oven, a friend prepared the vegetables, placing them in a bowl of water for her son to put on when he arrived home. A note read: "Put dry vegetables in oven and sprinkle with salt." On her return she found the bowl of vegetables as she had left them. A note explained: "Could find no dry vegetables, Mum, so I salted these instead."

\$2 to P. Cavanagh, East Lindfield, N.S.W.

Holiday highlight

A RELATIVE with four young children was going on a much-longed-for family holiday at a byside hotel. When I asked her how long they would be away, she replied, "For 36 meals."

\$2 to Mrs. D. A. Davy, Glen Waverley, Vic.

Early precaution

I WAS explaining to my four-year-old son that he must wash the apple before eating it, as there might be germs on the outside. He reassured me, "It's all right, Mum, it's clean, because I've licked it all over."

\$2 to Mrs. F. A. Peterson, Bexley, N.S.W.

Heavy tired legs

"I used to suffer a lot with my legs," (writes a young lady), "they felt heavy and bruised easily. I find that Mackenzies Menthoids are very good. I feel much lighter and have more energy, now that the swelling of my legs has disappeared, and I do sleep better."

If you suffer from legs that are heavy and tired, take 2 or 3 Mackenzies Menthoids every evening. They help your kidneys for they are gently diuretic and antiseptic and mildly laxative in order to help keep you in good shape.

Menthoids are a home remedy, with no unpleasant side effects.

They act like a tonic to help give you renewed energy and vitality. Start a course of Menthoids today to keep in good shape.

Free Send a stamped addressed envelope for your Mackenzies Menthoids "Way of Living Chart" to Dept. MA2, Box 31, P.O., Arncliffe, NSW, Aust. 2205.

Advertisement



Complexion Loveliness

To give your complexion a radiant loveliness, smooth a protective film of tropical moist oil over your face and neck to ease away roughness and tiny lines, and to beautify and guard the skin against the drying effects of wind and weather. Oil of Ulan is recommended because of its special isotonic properties that help nature to maintain the natural oil and moisture balance of the skin. This unique beauty fluid is also ideal for use as a beautifying base beneath make-up and as a moisturizer at night.

... Margaret Merrill

Everyone looks at your hands

Are they cracked and dry, damaged by housework? Use Rosken's SKIN REPAIR to make them soft and smooth again. This remarkable cream makes an invisible barrier to protect hands from the effects of DETERGENTS and SOAPS. You will be amazed how fast your hands improve. Use it always to KEEP your hands smooth. Tubes 69c, jars 99c from chemists.

SkinRepair

Use it also on your face, legs, body.

DRESS SENSE By BETTY KEEP

- This sleeveless, semi-fit party dress is chosen for a reader to make in white moire silk and wear for her 21st-birthday party.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, and my reply:

"I will be 21 next month and I have chosen some white moire silk for this occasion. The boys have been invited to wear formal suits and the girls are wearing street-length

party frocks. Would you choose a design for my moire? I take size 14 pattern."

Illustrated below, right, is the design I have chosen for you. The dress is semi-fitted, has a front curving seam extending into a low-waisted back. The high-in-front neckline plunges to a deep square at back. The skirt is

gathered at the side, front, and back. Under the illustration are further details.

"I want to make myself a rather tailored floor-length evening frock finished with short sleeves and accompanied by a matching stole. I have bought 47-8th yards of crepe

to make the dress. I would really like one of your lovely French patterns."

Our pattern department has a Vogue Paris original by Yves St. Laurent, which, I'm sure, is just the type of design you require. It is a high-waisted, floor-length A-line dress with a fitted bodice, scoop neckline, and short sleeves. A ribbon belt marks the high waistline. The pattern includes a triangular stole. To order, quote Vogue Paris original 2030, the price \$2.30 includes postage. Pattern from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Could you describe how to make a french seam?"

To make a french seam, stitch edges together on the right side of the garment, taking a small seam allowance. Trim away the seam allowance to approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ in. from the stitching, then stitch another seam on the wrong side of the work, taking $\frac{1}{4}$ in. seam allowance.

"Is it possible to wash nylon lace? I have a dressing-gown made in this fabric and wondered if I should have it dry-cleaned."

All nylon fabrics launder well and dry quickly. Use lukewarm water for washing and the same temperature to rinse.

"I am being married for the second time and would like to have my two best friends as bridesmaids. Would this be correct?"

For a second marriage, it is customary to have one attendant only.

"My daughter suggests I wear a cloche hat with an outfit I have just finished. Is this a hat with a small or wide brim?"

A cloche hat has a bell-shaped crown and a narrow turn-down brim all round. Cloche is the French word for bell.

"Is it correct to wear a triangular knitted shawl with street clothes?"

I don't advise it — a jacket or coat would be better fashion. Keep the shawl for at-home wear. It will look amusing worn with culotte-pants and a top, or any costume-mood dressing.

"The essentials."



No lipsticks
no shadows
no mascaras
no eyeliners
no nail enamels
no gimmicks.
We simply
specialise in
the beautiful
basics, liquid
make-up and
pressed powder.
For a basically
more beautiful
you.

all we make, all you need. *Angel Face*



5100. — One-piece dress in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31 $\frac{1}{2}$, 32 $\frac{1}{2}$, 34, 36, and 38 in. bust. Butterick pattern 5100, the price 90c includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques



● Dresden vase

ENCLOSED is a picture of a large vase (above) which appears to be divided into five sections which are secured by a rod passing through the centre. The vase has two gold-colored handles and is decorated with paintings, garlands of flowers, and figures of angels and girls holding baskets of flowers. Any information you can furnish will be greatly appreciated. — W. W. Brown, Mosman, N.S.W.

The beautiful vase which you have inherited is an example of Dresden porcelain and was made about 1855 to 1865. A firm named Meyer and Sohn, who specialised in the making of chandeliers, plaques and cabinets mounted with porcelain, also made vases decorated in the manner of your vase.

I HAVE a very old grandfather clock (illustrated) which was brought to Australia more than 80 years ago by my grandfather. It has just been repaired by the local watch-makers and they found various dates on the back of the clock which they believe to be repair dates. They are 1773, 1791, 1806, 1817, 1849 Sept. The word "Basne" also appears.

They reported that the escapement is of the "anchor" type. A recoil escapement was



● Antique clock



invented by Dr. Hooke about 1675. It is worked by a weight on an endless chain, but I understand this weight was originally on a rope. I also believe that at one time the clock had only one hand. There appears to be a name, possibly that of the maker, on the lower part of the brass dial. However, it is indistinguishable. The clock has an elliptical "bob-glass" in the door of the case. It is now 6ft. tall, but thought originally to have been at least 2ft. higher.

I enclose pictures taken recently and would be grateful if you could help me ascertain the clock's age and origin. — R. L. Hyland, Burnie, Tas.



Daytile creates flowering tiles.

Now you can bring the great outdoors indoors with the new vinyl tiles by Daytile... flowering tiles.

They'll brighten your kitchen or lighten your hall. They'll even seem to freshen-up your furnishings. (Daytile Florals are designed to harmonise with today's fashion colours.) Brighten one room or all the house. Daytile is made for floors and walls. So it sweeps clean

and wipes clean. It fights dirty feet and sticky fingers. And it stands up to everything from stiletto heels to steam.

Go see the new Daytile patterns now. They're growing wild at your store. Or write to us and we'll send you the Daytile brochure. Mrs. Adams, Daytile, Private Bag, P.O., Carlton, Victoria, 3053. Please include your name and address in block letters.



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PTV 2016

Your important tall-case oak clock, now described as a grandfather clock, was made about 1690 to 1700.

The chapter circle is engraved with Roman numerals, together with the somewhat ornate spandrels in the corners. These are salient features of the William and Mary period. The elliptical "bob-glass" in the door is another feature of the earliest tall-case clock, which did not make its appearance until about 1665. The aperture with its "bob-glass" allows one to observe the oscillation of the pendulum. The use of the aperture seems to have been discontinued by the English clockmaker during the 1730s.

It does not appear to me that the lower section of the base is missing. Either a plinth or feet would have originally been used. It is not uncommon to find these sections missing from old clocks.

PERHAPS you could tell me the age of the jug (picture not published) given to my husband when he was in England during World War II? It is Royal Doulton and was evidently made for John Dewar & Sons Ltd., Perth, Manchester, and London. On the base is the number 631 — Mrs. Eileen Cheek, Mallala, S.A.

The Doulton jug was potted in 1903.



WOW!

**She's discovered
slippery water!**

**Never again will she have
'hangover scum' in her wash
How about you?**

You don't think you've got "hangover scum" in your wash? We hate to say it, but everyone has.

Everyone, that is, who hasn't discovered New Calgon's "slippery water". It's like this: No matter what detergent you use when you wash your dishes, a ring of hangover scum is left around the sink. You see this everyday. But what you can't see so obviously is the self-same hangover scum inside your washing machine.

The more detergent you use, the worse the build-up becomes. Only "slippery water" can slip away this scum — and only Calgon makes "slippery water". That's why you'll get such a delightful surprise when you add Calgon to your wash. Clothes come out completely clean, super fluffy. And, best of all, this extra whiteness and extra fluffiness costs you not a penny more because, with Calgon, you need only half your normal amount of detergent. Makes sense, doesn't it?



AW 4542

AT HOME...

with Margaret Sydney

● There was a time — and perhaps not more than a couple of months ago — when the very most any one person could contemplate doing for another was to give them a chance of renewed life by giving them a heart.

NO matter that it was a heart the donor could, unfortunately, no longer use. It was, and is, an act of supreme generosity on the part of the donor and of his relatives that cuts across people's most basic feelings that their own bodies are unique and somehow sacrosanct.

Only a little less magnanimous (or perhaps a little more — who can really know unless they have been face to face with the need to make such a decision) are the people who have willingly and of their own choice given up one of their kidneys to preserve the life of some near relative or friend whose bodily chemistry makes acceptance of the gift a possibility.

Surgeons and medical attendants connected with these operations and the after-care of patients who have undergone them have found that there are psychological reactions to be dealt with, both in the givers and the receivers of the gift.

Psychological problems in its train

NOW it seems that in the foreseeable future a new sort of gift from one person to another may be possible, and it's one that will bring just as many psychological problems, at least to the recipient, as any organ transplant can do.

English doctors believe that before many years have passed, it will be possible for one woman to make a gift to another of a single ovum which, fertilised and implanted in the second woman's body, will grow there for the normal term of a pregnancy, and then be born to her in the normal way.

This would be a sort of reverse of the artificial insemination picture.

In artificial insemination as it is practised at present the wife carries to its birth a child that is genetically half hers and half the child of an unknown male donor.

To many childless couples the idea is not attractive, and they prefer to adopt a child. Others, who like better the idea that the child should be directly related to the mother, have settled for this means of fertilisation.

But artificial insemination is of no help to women who are infertile. For them, or at least for those of them who are psychologically set to accept it, the breakthrough may come within a few years.

A donated ovum would be fertilised in the laboratory by the husband's sperm cells, and then implanted in the wife's body. Again, the child would be genetically related to one parent—the father. But wouldn't nine months of pregnancy followed by the

child's birth make the mother's biological and psychological ties with it as broad and deep as such ties can ever be?

Already, human eggs have been fertilised satisfactorily in test tubes. The doctors doing the work realise that for many it raises ethical and moral problems.

Even at this early stage of experiment, where the object is not implantation but simply a study of the earliest hours of life in an effort to find out how and why abnormalities occur in human births, the destruction of cells, or the act of letting them die after they have been fertilised, is opposed by many on moral and religious grounds.

If the time comes when fertilisations can be made with the object of implanting the fertilised cells, the same objections will hold for many — more cells will be fertilised than are implanted, in order that the doctors can be certain that the cell chosen for implantation is normal in every checkable respect.

There is no suggestion here that cells fertilised outside the body are more likely to develop abnormalities; work already done at Cambridge suggests that as early as one day after conception about half the eggs fertilised naturally are abnormal and die unnoticed.

The scientists doing this work in England feel that one of the major problems will be a shortage of women donors, because of the physical and emotional demands that would be made on them.

The physical demand would be a minor operation for the extraction of the egg-cells. If they were willing to meet that demand, I don't see that the emotional demand on a woman would be very great, provided that the recipient was unknown to her.

There is a sort of in-built pride in most people, male and female, that makes them feel that by and large they are of pretty good stock, and that it wouldn't do the world any real harm if there were a few more of them about.

Because they foresee physical and emotional strains on the donor, these Cambridge scientists are suggesting that the ideal donors for barren women would be their sisters or their female cousins.

I think I rather doubt this, at least as far as the emotional and psychological problems go.

Would resentment tinge the gratitude?

PUT yourself, for a moment, in the recipient's position. If this was the only way in which you could bear a child, and if the donor was unknown to you, wouldn't the donation be a thing quickly done and finished with — a matter for deep gratitude, but not a thing that would ever get between you and your eventual child?

If the donor were a sister or a cousin — even a well-loved one, since any other sort would hardly be likely to make the donation — wouldn't that lifetime of knowledge of each other, with all its inevitable small differences and tensions, lead to a certain amount of conflict at times?

Close relatives tend to be around quite a lot, so that donor and recipient would always, even if the thought was unspoken, be aware that the child was "really" the donor's.

I think they'd both have to be saints if the gift, given and received, didn't make for some rather tense changes in their relationships, at times.



Our national parks

—A series by
MICHAEL
MORCOMBE

Scenic South Coast

● Cape Le Grand National Park, Nornalup National Park, Fitzgerald River Wildflower Reserve, and other south coast sanctuaries of Western Australia are in a region rich in scenic beauty. It is best seen by driving from Esperance through Albany to Bunbury, then north to Perth, skirting the coast most of the way.

Cape Le Grand National Park is a few miles east of the port of Esperance; the Fitzgerald River is midway between Albany and Esperance; Nornalup National Park is on the highway at the coastal town of Walpole, 80 miles west of Albany. Caravan and camping facilities are available at Walpole.

Accommodation and facilities are available at Esperance and Albany.

Along this coast grow many wildflowers. In summer, the spectacular Western Australian Christmas tree and many banksias bloom.

There is still much uncleared land apart from that protected in the national parks. However, with rapid agricultural development, only in Cape Le Grand National Park, the Fitzgerald River Wildflower Reserve, and similar places is seen any remnant of the original beauty of the coastline.

ON coastal hills overlooking the Southern Ocean, the Western Australian Christmas tree, here stunted by the wind and spray (right), provides brilliant color for the summer traveller.



dairy farmers recipe no.3



Dip de Louis Quinze with Sour Cream

Magnifique! Dairy Farmers Sour Cream makes a dip fit for the tables of kings. Here's the princely recipe. Dairy Farmers have more too.



Dip de Louis Quinze.

Blend together one carton (10oz) Dairy Farmers Sour Cream, 1 packet dry French Onion Soup mix, dash of fresh ground black pepper, 1 tbspn chopped chives or shallots. Serve with potato crisps, crackers or savoury vegetable "dippers".



76.129

Page 44 B

TRAVELLER, WRITER, YOGI . . .

The busiest years for Nancy Phelan



NANCY PHELAN, above — a picture taken by her husband — and in a yoga pose below.

IT'S not surprising Nancy Phelan is a writer. Just look at her family background. Two aunts were authors, another was a journalist, and her father was devoted to literature.

As a child she was surrounded by writers, artists, and academics. People such as Henry Lawson, Lionel and Norman Lindsay, "Banjo" Paterson, Christopher Brennan, and Sydney Ure Smith were friends of her aunts and her parents.

It's not surprising either to find that this young-looking mother of one grown-up daughter has a passion for travelling. Her aunts were continually on the go, to and from London or Paris.

Their activities had a great influence on Nancy Phelan, because to date she has written 15 books and travelled all over Europe, the Pacific Islands, and parts of Asia.

Her next book is the third about her travel adventures. "Pillow of Grass," an account of her experiences in Japan, will be published by Macmillan in August.

For four months she travelled several thousands of miles, living with the people of Japan.

Staying in a religious community of 350 people, who live without possessions according to the teachings of their leader; and in a cave in a sacred mountain with a friend who is a Buddhist nun; and in a Zen temple in Kyoto were just some of the out-of-the-ordinary incidents.

"I didn't go to Japan to write a book," said Mrs. Phelan. "But when I had been there and living with the locals, I realised that I'd done and seen things others hadn't.

People's surprise

"I didn't plan where to go and what to see. There were a couple of special places I had to see, but after that I just wandered from place to place in the local bus.

"This is where I struck trouble. The Japanese are mad on lists and itineraries. They were astonished when I had no fixed tour. And when they found I was on my own they tried to convince me I couldn't do it.

"I find it's the best way to get to know a country. When I'm with someone I'm partly involved with the person and only partly with the country.

"The Japanese learn English at school, but have not enough practice in speaking it. In the areas where the ancient rural life hasn't changed much for hundreds of years, most people don't understand it at all.

"With my few Japanese words, the locals' two or three English words, and much sign language, I saw many places I didn't know existed. People

tell you about so-and-so's brother or cousin who lives near an interesting local landmark.

When she goes exploring any country, Mrs. Phelan quickly learns "the words I need." She speaks French fluently and smatterings of Turkish, Russian, Japanese, Italian, and several Pacific Island languages.

She always comes back to Sydney after each trip, because she "can't write and travel at the same time." So she goes into retreat at her 1857 stone cottage in the Blue Mountains.

By JULIE KUSKO

She used this method of travelling and writing for the two previous travel books. Her first, "Atoll Holiday," published in 1958, was about the Gilbert Islands in the Pacific. Her second, "Welcome the Wayfarer" (1965), told of her adventures in Turkey — in particular, life in the Anatolian hinterland.

"In Turkey, I spent five or six months," said Mrs. Phelan, "and became one of the locals. This was good, but I was, as one of my Japanese friends would say, losing my 'fresh eyes.' And this is not good, unless I am writing a deep character study of the people — then the time isn't long enough."

Mrs. Phelan wrote a novel about the Pacific called "Serpents in Paradise" (Macmillan, 1967). She gathered the background material on her yearly trips to islands as a visual aids officer with the South Pacific Commission.

She left the Commission in 1956 to concentrate on writing. "If you don't give yourself to it completely you keep finding so many other things to do and you never write a book," she said.

How does she manage to continue the pace she's set the past ten years and still look 15 years younger than her age?

Some of the energy she probably inherited from her father. He was a practising lawyer until, at 90, he was hurt in a road accident. "One of the first things he said arriving at the hospital was 'Bring my toothbrush, my Horace, my Shakespeare.'"

But Mrs. Phelan credits yoga with keeping her fit enough, at 56, to explore the "backwoods of countries." ("At least, I think I'm 56, I'm not sure," she said, her blue eyes sparkling mischievously. "My father was so detached he omitted to register my birth.")

She became interested in yoga more than ten years ago, and has written eight books about it with her former teacher, Michael Volin.

One of the books, "Yoga For Women," caused a sensation on the



American market two years ago. The publisher, a mail-order company, sent out promotional publicity claiming it taught how to ensure "no middle age before 70," and "animal attractiveness for old-age pensioners."

"This was ridiculous," says Mrs. Phelan. "Yoga helps keep a person fit, but there was no such statement made about age in the book."

Her other book credits include another novel, this one set in Sydney, called "The River and the Brook" (1961), and a Russian cookery book, "Cooking With Nina," to be published in October.

"A friend, Nina Nicolaieff, and I wrote it for fun. She's a great entertainer and a good cook."

Further books

Is Mrs. Phelan now taking a rest from what she calls "the damned hard work" of travelling to collect material for books?

"At the moment I'm working on a book Macmillan have asked me to do about Australia," she said. "Although it wasn't intended to, its publication will coincide with the Captain Cook bicentenary."

So, with a camera slung over her shoulder, she's researching into Australia's places of past and present-day interest, its people, and how they live. Already she has travelled around South Australia and Queensland.

And after that book is completed, and the proofs for an autobiography, "Kingdom by the Sea," have been checked, she's off to explore South America.

What does her husband, Peter, manager of a company making photographic equipment, think about his wife's sudden departures into the remote areas of the world?

"He knows travel is the breath of life to me. I'm lucky he's so understanding. But I believe he wouldn't enjoy coming with me, not one bit. And he always knows I come back."

dairy farmers recipe no.4



Olé Fiesta Fruity Cream with Cottage Cheese

Dairy Farmers Creamed Cottage Cheese really adds flavourful goodness to family desserts. Try this treat tonight — the whole family will love it. Dairy Farmers have a lot more recipes too!



Fiesta Fruity Cream.

Dissolve 1 pkt. strawberry jelly in 1 cup boiling water. Cool till thickening occurs. Fold in ½ cup Dairy Farmers sieved Creamed Cottage Cheese, 1 cup whipped cream, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup drained cherries, 1 cup drained pineapple. Pour in dish. Chill to set. Cut into wedges or squares.



76.132

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 4, 1969

Everyone is so helpful when you're pregnant — but **NOBODY LIKES MOTHERS!**

● You might as well face it — while your children are small, you must expect to be treated as a second-class citizen, says **JOAN POHLE**.

It started as a sneaking suspicion, something I really didn't want to believe, but now, I fear, it is true. The public at large doesn't like mothers.

During pregnancy, mothers-to-be are welcome everywhere. For instance, wearing a large and obvious smock dress, I would arrive at the local station to be met with offers of: "May I carry your bag?" from absolute strangers. (There are an awful lot of stairs at our local station.)

Then, on reaching the platform, a fully occupied bench would be vacated swiftly by broadly smiling males as I approached.

This delightful experience would continue on the train, which, no matter how crowded, would somehow yield a seat to pregnant-me, again with smiles all round.

Arriving at any large store I would be served promptly, pleasantly, by sales assistants who inquired after my health, and asked did I want a boy or girl?

And Italian greengrocers would pile just over the required amount of food on to the scales and not charge for the extra weight.

So, I remember Sydney during my pregnancy as a delightful shopping centre, full of kind, helpful people.

But — going into town to do some shopping, no longer a pregnant lady but wheeling a stroller full of beautiful, bouncing baby boy, I arrived at the local station.

No strollers for hire

I had considered taking the stroller into town, but decided that would be foolish, with all the stairs to negotiate.

I assumed — wrongly — that I could go to any number of places in town and hire a stroller.

So I checked my stroller into the railway office. That sounds simple enough, doesn't it?

Really it should read: *So I checked my stroller into the railway office after first waiting ten minutes for someone to notice my presence, filling out a form with my most intimate details, being told that the 10-cent fee in no way guaranteed that the stroller would be looked after, and that no responsibility whatsoever would be taken if it were lost — and not one smile or look at the baby.*

Having bought my ticket, I started up the stairs with baby and bag — and so did several other people, who all started to run as they heard a train approaching.

Where were all the people who such a short while ago had offered to carry my bag?

Arriving on the platform after the train had left, I was lucky enough to be able to sit on an empty bench, because everyone else had caught the train.

So I boarded the next train, still in a happy frame of mind, expecting to meet all my friendly people of Sydney.

Again, that simple phrase: "I boarded the train" should actually read: *As the door didn't open, and even though men were standing in the train watching, I had to put down my bag, wrench the door open with my free hand (holding grimly*

on to the baby), snatch the bag from the platform, jump into the train quickly, and lurch against the wall for support as the train started — and I stood all the way into town.

That was only the beginning. Arriving in the city, I inquired of the ticket-collector the whereabouts of a stroller-hire service, only to be told that the one at the station was no longer in existence, and he didn't know of any other.

It now was quite late in the morning. Somehow, getting into town had taken longer than usual. The baby was yelling for his bottle, so I went to the nearest coffee shop.

It was there that I first experienced The Look. This is an expression which most of Sydney wears on encountering a mother with child . . . an expression of intense distaste that is somehow not personal enough to be directed at you, but goes straight through you.

I sat at a table, and, when the waitress finally came, ordered a sandwich and a bottle or jug of hot water, please, for warming baby's milk.

Well — you would have thought I had asked for a moonbeam milkshake. "We don't usually serve hot water, madam." But, after a little persuasive talk, the hot water was delivered.

After this, I headed toward a well-known store, whose advertisements claim every possible comfort for the shopper.

However, the one comfort not provided and, according to the lady at the inquiry desk, not wanted by anyone else, was a stroller-hire service.

It was then I noticed that the store was laid with all the counters very close together — so close, in fact, that on later excursions with my own stroller, it was impossible to actually look at any of the goods displayed. My eyes had to stay glued to the stroller wheels to make sure they did not knock over the display stands.

What started out as a special effort to give others the benefit of the doubt when confronted by apparent rudeness has become a habit now.

For instance, mothers, when you get The Look from shop assistants, try to realise that what they are trying to say is: *I am really very shortsighted, but if you stand there long enough for your baby to cry out in frustration, then I'll hear you and come over and serve you, after my tea break.*

Then, for those people who step in front of your stroller and turn and stare at you as if you deliberately tried to run them down, remember that The Look means: *I am sorry for being so stupid, but I don't like to admit it.*

One of the hardest attitudes to justify is that of the taxi-driver who slows down, then, on sighting your stroller and child, quickly speeds away.

Try to explain this one away by imagining that the cabbie has just remembered that his wife is having a baby and he must rush home at once.

If this "interpreting" game doesn't work for you, then at least try writing long letters to your MP about having ramps put in at the railway station.

Readers point out some of the pitfalls encountered when you have children

● Going shopping with Johnny

"JOHNNY, come on, put your toys away. Time to go shopping. Johnny JOHNNY!! If you don't come at once I'll . . ."

"There you are. Don't you look handsome. No, don't pick up the dog. He's got muddy paws. Oh, NO!! Come on, I'll change your shirt."

"Hop in the back, now. Watch that mud. Watch that mud. WATCH THAT MUD!!! You'll just have to go with dirty socks on now."

"Johnny, sit down. Sit down. Sit down. DO AS I SAY!"

"Don't pick up Mummy's purse, dear. It has a loose clasp. There, I told you. No, don't get down on the floor. I'll pick up the money later."

"Come on, we'll go to the supermarket first."

"No, darling, we do not need any icy pops. Put them back. Put them back."

"PUT THEM BACK, I SAY!"

"No, not those, we have five packets at home. I don't care if it has a different toy, we don't want any."

"All right, you may have a packet of popsies. Don't open them until I've paid for them. Come back here!"

"Charge a packet of popsies to me, miss."

"We will go and finish the rest of the shopping now. No, you can't have a ride. Don't cry, don't cry. All right, just one."

"Where did you get that car? Put it back at once."

"You're thirsty, are you? Very well. Mummy could do with a drink, too."

"Don't take the straw out, don't! Now look what you've done."

"Miss, could I have something to wipe this up, please?"

"You want what? All right, come on, quickly. Hold on, hold on. There's a queue. Right now?"

"We'll go back to the car. No, you can't have another ride. No, no." SLAP.

"Don't open those biscuits now."

"Come and help Mummy carry the groceries in. Not that, that's the eggs. No! No! Oh, no!"

"You're sleepy, are you? Well, go and have a little rest. Mummy might have one, too. I can't unders and why I feel so tired lately." — BEVERLEY KNIBB

● Do brides ever think of all THIS when they marry?

RATHER belatedly, after five children, I've decided I wasn't cut out for motherhood.

This dawned on me when I was trying to cope with a hungry baby, a shrieking toddler scared of a playful kitten, a four-year-old asking me to "Please sing the wedding of Jack and Jill again," and our budding engineering genius discussing the possibility of a reduction drive on his construction-kit windmill.

Now, by placing a bottle in baby's mouth, an apple in toddler's, removing the cat to the laundry, singing of Jack and Jill's nuptials for the sixth time in as many minutes, and convincing our five-year-old that his father is better qualified to assist with mechanical projects, I managed to placate everyone — and convinced myself that the hundreds of brides who float down aisles with rosy dreams don't realise what they are in for!

Mothers have to be able to whip up a reasonable spacesuit in minutes. They

must smile when the biscuits they've spent a long time making are eaten in short time by hordes of visiting children.

They must remain calm when told a small friend has "put green paint into the boat's petrol tank, and what will Daddy say?" (you hate to think!); and never, never break down when told on a particularly disorganised morning: "I forgot to tell you — I've got to take little cakes for tuck-shop today."

The bride, whose culinary efforts to date have been confined to coffee-making, should be warned that she may soon be called on to prepare a dinner for ten at two hours' notice.

She may also have to paint the hall wall pretty smartly, because in her efforts to remove the ballpoint she's also removed the paint; and arrange a huge bunch of weeds, presented by a beaming little girl, in a manner worthy of the spirit in which they were given.

You, whose major crises have been laddered stockings and a peeling nose, now learn to strap a gashed head and drive calmly to the doctor; run like a hare for the fire-extinguisher, without panic, as a dear little soul says: "I can turn the stove on all by myself!" (Flames leap high from the remains of a plastic salt-shaker.)

Of course your feelings are relieved as you smack, scold, and deliver your lecture on fires, electricity, etc., but will your nerves ever be the same? — J. BURTON

● Don't yell at the kids. Try 'initiative!'

I HAVE tried various ways of handling my children and, having seen the hopelessness of yelling orders and other attempts to get things done, I can report on two successful experiments.

Having two children of school age, plus a baby, mornings were nothing short of bedlam. Loud orders of, "Clean your teeth," "Put on your shoes," and other commands involved with being ready by 8.45, were given while I "did" the baby.

Yet 8.45 always found us with nothing done, and my frustration and dread of the morning became worse.

I had noticed my daughter's fascination with big words and decided to teach both children the meaning of initiative. We agreed that next morning I would not give any instructions, but that they would use initiative. Improvement was astonishing.

The part in the hair may not have been perfect, but as my daughter smiled and said, "That's initiative, Mum," I felt we had all scored a victory.

At times we have a lapse. I shout orders and nothing eventuates. Then we remind ourselves about "initiative" and all is well.

I have been asked many awkward questions after the children have been told, "God is with you all the time." They cannot believe this when they cannot see Him.

I explained to my seven-year-old son, who has erred in various ways in his short life, that the little voice which speaks inside his head before he does something wrong is God trying to help him not to be naughty.

I could tell by his eyes that he was familiar with this feeling — or conscience, as we call it. I assured him that if we take notice of this voice, we are on the right track.

Certainly we don't solve all our problems with these two methods, but the children realise how much more pleasant it is without Mummy yelling, and feel as much satisfaction as I do when we have success. — VICTORIAN READER

Is your washer modern enough for your family's clothes?

Still a good washer? Sure! But with the kind of good that meant something when first you bought it. Match it now with the moderns. Stack it up against the advances your make of washer, or similar makes, have made over the years. The better ways they've found to nurse the finest

fabrics into long years of life. The greater thoroughness they've brought to making things clean. The elegance of modern, trimline styling. Ask your washing machine retailer just how modern washing machines have improved.

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Page 46



The Home Laundry Manufacturers Association recommends RINSO and only Rinso.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 4, 1969

Washing and ironing made easier

● These \$2 prize-winning hints are all useful tips to help the housewife.

IT'S laundry month. And on that theme here are some ideas sent in by readers on those twin subjects of washing and ironing.

★ ★ ★
Before washing a colored garment, to see if it is dye-fast, damp the inside of the hem, then press between two pieces of white material with a hot iron. Should any color come out, wash the garment separately. — Mrs. E. W. Alsop, 15 Rogers St., Goodwood, S.A. 5034.

★ ★ ★
Put heavy aluminium foil over the entire surface of your ironing-board, under the cover. Dampened clothes will be quicker to iron, as the heat reflected from the foil helps dry them out. — Mrs. M. H. Bissett, 17/9 The Avenue, Randwick, N.S.W. 2031.

★ ★ ★
Run a tacking thread up both sides of a tie before washing it. This keeps the lining in place and the thread is easily removed when the tie has been ironed. — Mrs. R. Kennedy, 29 Cornorant St., Inala, Brisbane 4077.

★ ★ ★
A washable and long-lasting ironing-board pad of foam plastic under the cover is a great help if you haven't a steam iron. Water sprinkled directly on to the foam makes it easier to iron clothes, as the steam rises through the pad, dampening each garment as it is being ironed. It also protects buttons during ironing if they are placed face-down on the pad, as they sink into it. — Mrs. R. Wass, 26 Sinclair St., Riverdale, W.A. 6103.

★ ★ ★
Strain starch through an old gravy strainer before use. This will remove any skin or lumps that often form. — Mrs. G. Thompson, 58 Denman Pde., Normanhurst, N.S.W. 2076.

★ ★ ★
To wash nylon stockings in a washing machine, tuck a pair into the toe of a child's nylon sock; wash and rinse as usual, then peg the sock on the line with the stockings still inside. The stockings will dry quickly and won't snag on the line — and no more nylon stockings dripping round the bathroom. — Kirsty Owen, Box 17, Tongala, Vic. 3621.

★ ★ ★
Rub the soap on the back of a soiled shirt collar before washing it; the dirt is not rubbed into the collar, and falls out in being washed. The collar lasts longer, too, because it is not worn out with rubbing on the right side. — Mrs. A. Reid, 3 Adair St., Ballarat West, Vic. 3500.

OUR ANNUAL BAKE-OFF HAS NEW SECTION FOR MEN



STUART WAGSTAFF AND CHEF PIERRE CHARKOS



DON LANE



SIR ROBERT HELPMANN

● The "Main Course" section is open to everyone, but this year amateur male cooks have an opportunity to win a special award.

ONE sure way to get a man talking is to bring up the subject of food and a man's ability to cook it.

Talking to three celebrities, Don Lane, Sir Robert Helpmann, and Stuart Wagstaff, about the new "Men Only" section in our 1969 Butter/White Wings Bake-Off sparked a flood of recipes, reminiscences, and a surprisingly similar attitude to the subject.

Food, it seems, is a subject to be taken seriously. Worthy of intensive study. Food means "main course" dishes, not desserts and cakes — and only men can cook it!

The "Men Only" section of the Bake-Off is for a main-course dish, featuring Australian ingredients, and including butter and White Wings flour, limited to a budget of \$1 per serve. Prize for this section is \$250. So what about it, all you first-class men cooks, here's your chance to prove these celebrities correct. Details of all sections in the competition and an entry coupon are on page 49. Entries close on August 15.

Television star Don Lane, 6ft. 4in. of ebullient masculine personality, is a dedicated cook.

"I think a 'Men Only' section in a competition like this is a great idea," he said. "And the requirements of this section are just fine for a real cook. There are so many wonderful Australian foods and wines — it's a chance to show women how to cook them!"

He grinned. "I do know some wonderful women cooks," he admitted, "but on

the whole women don't take enough trouble with individual dishes.

"The budget requirements of the section are a good idea. They wouldn't worry me," he said. "I learnt to cook when I was practically starving in Hollywood years ago. You'd be surprised what you can do with a can of beans or some spaghetti."

"Even now," he said, "some of my most successful meals come from just what happens to be in the refrigerator."

"I often cook barbecues for guests," said Lane. "And that doesn't mean frying the meat on a steel plate. You don't get flames touching the meat if you turn it often — this stops the fat dripping on to the coals and seals the meat. The barbecue sauce you use is the secret of a really good barbecued steak."

"Now there's a chance for a really good Australian recipe. Think of the wonderful wines you have here, and how they blend with other flavors."

Sir Robert Helpmann claims he is a "one dish" cook.

"I have just two or three things I like to cook for friends," he said. "I haven't time to learn to cook properly and that's the only way I really like to do anything. Learn from the very best people until I thoroughly understand a subject. Then a hobby becomes a pleasure. I think cooking would then be like a very satisfactory performance in the theatre."

With all his other activities, it's a wonder Sir Robert has time even for one-dish cookery. As a dancer, actor, choreographer, and

artistic director of the Australian Ballet Company, his services are in demand all over the world and he's constantly on the move.

He is also a director of the 1970 Adelaide Festival, and is making a film in England.

Sir Robert was enthusiastic about the idea of a "Men Only" Bake-Off section.

RAISE STANDARDS

"The more men cook, the more they know about food and the higher standards they will demand in restaurant cooking," he said. "This raises standards all round."

"There must be many men who cook a few special dishes superbly. This 'Men Only' section is a wonderful challenge to them."

"Australia has fantastic foods and wines, but we need more ways of preparing them."

One of Sir Robert's favorite dishes is Veal Scallopini.

"You take thin fillets of veal," he said. "Cook very lightly in butter with a little garlic and allow to cool. Then cover with burgundy, allow to stand for some hours. When ready to serve, heat gently in the marinade, adding finely chopped steamed peppers. Pour cream with chives over individual servings and sprinkle with paprika."

Stuart Wagstaff, who starts his "Tonight" show on Channel 9 television in Sydney soon, claims he "can't boil water."

"Perhaps that's why I'm so interested in really good food," he said. "When you eat in restaurants all over the place you must know what

you are ordering and see you get it.

"I think a competition like the 'Men Only' section of the Bake-Off is terrific."

"It stimulates knowledge of good food and encourages those who can cook to try out new ways with the wonderful Australian foods. New recipes teach us to be adventurous with food, interested in more than just grilling a steak."

Tall, dark, and sophisticated, Stuart Wagstaff looks as though only the most complicated recipes would satisfy him. Not so.

"I like simple foods," he said, "steak and kidney pudding, potatoes in their jackets, that sort of thing."

"Then there's pumpkin. Did you know it's not eaten in England? They think it's cattle food. But I love it the way it's cooked in Australia — plain baked, and mouth-watering."

WANTED—NEW DISHES

"Australian foods are so good in themselves. Someone should be able to come up with a superb new dish—and I think it will take a man to do it."

Dishes selected for the finals of the "Men Only" section will be cooked by some of Australia's top professional chefs during the Bake-Off Week in Melbourne. The general public are invited to come and watch. The prizewinner's name will be announced at the Awards Dinner on October 27.

Bake-Off section details and entry coupon on page 69.



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LEFTOVER juice from canned fruit is excellent for cooking prunes. It adds extra flavor and no more sugar is needed.—Miss C. Emerton, Box 352, P.O., Goulburn, N.S.W. 2580.

To hang pictures from a nail in the wall without spoiling the wallpaper, cut a small triangular flap in the wallpaper where the nail will go, bend flap back, and hammer nail in. If the picture is later removed, simply paste flap back over nailhole.—Mrs. Kay Wilkins, Box 1393, G.P.O., Brisbane 4001.

HOME HINTS

Save time when dressing baby by keeping his booties pinned together in pairs with a small safety-pin. There will then be no need to hunt through the drawer to find a matching pair.—Mrs. J. Gallagher, 111 Anson St., Bourke, N.S.W. 2840.

Next time you bake apples, fill the centres with passionfruit pulp plus a little sugar and cinnamon.

●Hints on cooking, hanging pictures, and sewing are among this week's \$2 prizewinners.

The apples take on a new flavor.—Mrs. P. Edgerton, 49 Soldier's Rd., Bowen, Qld. 4805.

To prevent nylon or rayon yellowing soak garments in warm water to which has been added a dessertspoonful of bicarbonate of soda. Afterward wash in usual way.—Miss L. Ramsay, 13 Stewart St., Taree, N.S.W. 2430.

Mend plastic hoses by heating a soldering iron, old flat iron, or electric iron and rubbing the tip of the iron gently over the break until it seals.—Mrs. M. Matheson, 178 Cox St., Windsor, N.S.W. 2756.

Don't discard that sweater dress because it is now too long. Measure desired skirt length up from hem, and cut off straight

across at waist. Sew skirt to a wide elastic at waist, hem the sweater top, and you have a smart two-piece sweater-suit of fashionable length.—Mrs. S. A. Cook, 8 Dumaresq St., Dickson, Canberra 2602.

You can sew seams of exact uniform width if you stick to the needle plate of your machine a piece of paper ruled in 3-8th, 1/2, 5-8th, and 3/4 inch widths measured from point of needle. When sewing, place edge of material along line of width required.—Mrs. G. N. Haines, 53 Yeelanna Ave., Seaview Downs, S.A. 5049.

Irish cake wins \$10

A RECIPE from an Irish reader holidaying in Australia wins this week's prize of \$10.

DUBLIN SIDE

1lb. mixed fruit
1 1/2 cups cold tea
1 cup sugar
1 egg
3 1/4 cups self-raising flour

Place mixed fruit in mixing bowl, pour over strained tea, mix well. Cover and stand overnight.

Next day beat together egg and sugar, stir into fruit mixture with sifted flour, mix well. Turn into greased and lined 9in. by 5in. loaf tin. Bake in moderate oven 1 1/2 hours or until cooked when tested.

First Prize of \$10 to Mrs. H. Hyde, c/o Mrs. Hardy, 26 Howe St., Murrumbidgee, Vic. 3163.

VEAL AND MUSHROOMS

2 tablespoons butter
6 thin slices veal
1/2 cup brandy
1lb. sliced mushrooms
1 1/2 tablespoons plain flour
1/2 cup chicken stock
1/2 cup white wine
1 cup cream
salt, pepper

Melt butter in large frying pan, add veal, fry on both sides until almost cooked. Reduce heat, pour over brandy, and set alight. Remove veal from pan and keep hot. Add mushrooms, saute until soft. Add flour and cook, stirring, 2 minutes; gradually add chicken stock and wine. Stir until smooth and thick. Remove from heat, stir in cream, add veal, season to taste. Return to heat, cover, simmer 20 minutes or until veal is tender. Serves 4 to 6.

Consolation Prize of \$2 to Ursula Fritzl, "Wahroonga," 28 Manuka Drive, Fern Tree Gully, Vic. 3156.

LOW-CALORIE FRUIT ICE

1 banana
1 pineapple junket tablet
6 sweetening tablets
1 1/2 cups cold water
3 dessertspoons skim milk powder
3 passionfruit

Peel and slice banana. Crush junket tablet, dissolve in dessertspoon warm water. Dissolve sweetening tablets in 1 table-spoon hot water. Place all ingredients except passionfruit in blender. Blend on high speed 1 minute. Add passionfruit pulp, pour into ice-cream trays. Freeze until firm.

Note: If using rotary beater, mash bananas finely with fork before beating.

Consolation Prize of \$2 to Barbara Rickards, 24 Magnolia Ave., Epping, N.S.W. 2121.



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a White Wings cake
(Best home-made you can make)

White Wings new "Best Home-Made You Can Make" Cake and Pudding recipe book has dozens of exciting new recipes based on your favourite cake and pudding mixes. Easy to follow new recipes like this one for Chocolate-Coffee Cream Torte...based on White Wings Chocolate Cake Mix.

CHOCOLATE-COFFEE CREAM TORTE

Make up 2 packets White Wings Chocolate on Chocolate Cake mix according to directions on packet
1 packet White Wings Wonderwhip

2 teaspoons instant coffee
2 tablespoons sweet sherry or brandy
1 cup chopped walnuts

Grease two 9" sandwich tins and place prepared mixture in tins. Bake in a moderate oven—350°F gas or electric for 30-35 minutes. When cooked remove and cool. Deep freeze cakes for several hours. Cut cakes crosswise into 4 layers and make sure they are level. Sprinkle brandy on cakes. Add instant coffee to Wonderwhip and prepared as directed on packet. Sandwich cakes together with coffee cream. Prepare chocolate icing as directed on packet and using a little more than half the frosting cover sides of cakes. Roll sides in chopped walnuts and cover top of cakes with remaining icing. Allow to stand several hours in refrigerator before serving.



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A pine tree grows through the sundeck of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Youlden's boomerang-shape house at Mornington, Victoria. Five-foot-wide eaves shade the house, which faces west to sea.



HOUSE of the WEEK

Boomerang shape makes the most of sea view



Page 50

DESIGNED by architect Daryl Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Youlden's home, at Mornington, Victoria, is built on stilts in a boomerang-shape round two pine trees, one of which comes up through the sundeck.

The main living area is upstairs and there is a bedroom and a bathroom at ground level for the Youldens' son, Stephen, when he visits them.

Before Daryl Jackson decided on the final design he studied diagrams of the morning and afternoon sun at the site. As many rooms as possible had to face west to take advantage of a sea view, hence the boomerang-shape, but this also posed problems with the hot afternoon sun.

To give protection the roof was extended by 5ft. over the sundeck and the eaves recessed to accommodate a blind box. Bronze solar glass to cut glare was used for the sliding doors between the living-room and the deck.

The living-room is slightly raised on the side opposite the deck to allow morning sun to enter from the east through a window at ceiling height.

Mr. and Mrs. Youlden have happily mixed antique furnishings with the modern design of their home — with charming results.

"I thought I'd like to have an old-fashioned kind of house when we moved down to Mornington from the city," said Mrs. Youlden. "But the design didn't turn out like that. However, I put all my antiques and collection of bits and pieces into it, just the same, and the old and the new seem to blend in quite well."

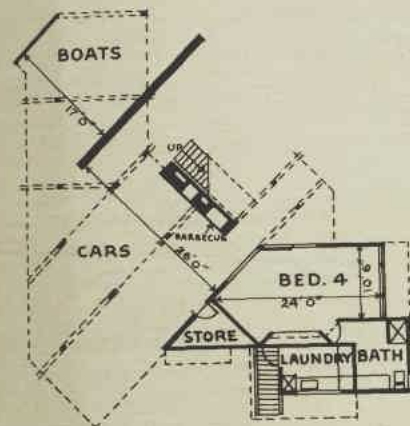
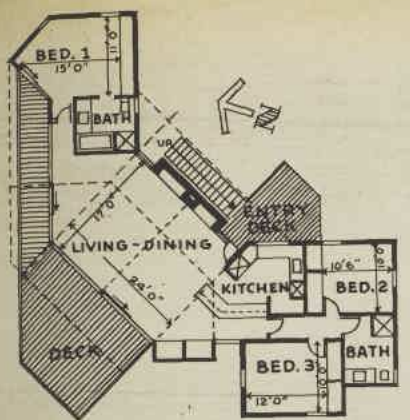
Part of the charm of the living-room — the focal point of the house — is the way furniture is grouped around a big, open fireplace. In a centrally heated and air-conditioned house a fireplace is not really necessary, but Mrs. Youlden believes it gives a cosy look to a room.

The boomerang-shape design wastes little space. Bedrooms and bathrooms are situated either side of the living-room and the kitchen is part of this room, but cleverly hidden from view.

Tall louvre-door cupboards at one end of the living-room are a special space-saving feature. The doors, stained to blend with the exposed timber beams, conceal the linen press.

BEVERLEY COOPER

Tranquil green is the color theme of Mrs. Youlden's bedroom, which opens on to the sundeck. Carved bedhead and elegant canopy are charming old-world touches in a house which is essentially contemporary.



Wall decoration in son Stephen's colorful bedroom (above) is a Japanese screen, opened out. Living-dining-room (below) has kitchen and informal meal bar at one end; louvre doors conceal linen press. High window, left, lets in the morning sun.

Pictures: LES GORRIE





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OPPOSITES ATTRACT?

By MARILYN KING

It feels quite strange to be home alone on Tuesday nights. Usually I'm at my rapid-reading class, which I hate to miss. But Ted got a phone call at the last minute from a friend who said he was desperate for someone to talk to, so, though reluctant, he went immediately.

Then I remembered the long-distance call that was coming from my girlfriend. So I have stayed home and folded some things to be ironed. It is quite pleasant, and I'm working away with the radio playing softly.

"Opposites Attract" is the theme of the song, I gather, but there are more "Yeh Yehs" than words, and I find myself grinning as I think of how different Ted and I am. On the surface, it doesn't show all that much, and we get along so well together that I can honestly say I don't know a happier couple. I break out occasionally, but Ted accepts this and doesn't mind at all.

Not that he really knows the whole truth, of course, and I'd hate him to know because it would hurt him. He trusts me implicitly, although it puzzles him. Most of the time I'm just an average girl, happy with my house and garden and lots of really mundane little interests. I force myself a bit to try something different occasionally, like this rapid-reading course, but to all intents and purposes there are millions of married women living much the same sort of life.

But I am different underneath, and this other person takes over sometimes, and I know exactly when and under what circumstances it will happen. I'm never surprised, or caught off-guard. I know my twin-selves very well. The other one is quite the little devil, and surfaces at parties after I've had a few drinks. I know when she's arrived. I get a weird feeling of confidence. I suddenly feel power to manipulate people, their actions, and thoughts, power to attract men to me.

And I feel pleased that the humdrum me will have a breathtaking memory on which she can draw comfort when those middle-aged days cloud life and make it seem weary and monotonous.

What I do appears so foolish, so sad, so childish, so ineffective, so desperate to the other cats, but is life itself to me at the time. I sip their husband's drinks, I purr when they speak to me, I arch my back with delight if they touch me, and I stretch my body, muscle by muscle, when we are dancing. And I know the other cats feel miserable and old and grey, and I care a little, but not enough to stop. I am moving alone, with a purpose and a meaning that will not be dissipated by twinges of conscience.

I see a new man arriving, and I feel my breath rising. I choose a pose with which to meet his first glance, which is already half-consciously moving on to that pretty doll two seats past me. Little does he know that he will not be looking past me, but I know. He is the one I have chosen for this, my night of nights.

I bite an olive as his eyes wander through several introductions leading up to me. I bite and show a wrinkled nose and strong little white teeth set between my pink, glossy lips. And as I sink my teeth into the olive I stare at a point to one side of him, and a little above him, to show the long white column that is my neck, one of my best features. Then I turn my eyes toward him, and, rising from the couch, stretch my hand to him, clasp his as we meet, and then laugh while my eyes glow, because he is mine and he does not know it.

The first step is accomplished and I sparkle with awareness. I decide I need a young image, so my posture changes, my movements become springy and natural, and I start dancing — for me he is not there, I am floating in outer space, he is a mere nothing — until I am ready for the next step in my drama.

I feel so alive, with such a sense of achievement; it is wonderful, this control I have; it is really superb. Oh, life is exquisite. And the delight of knowing I can play this game without losing is indescribably satisfying.

I feel ready for the next step now, and a pulse is beating at my temples and my wrists.

He is about forty-eight to fifty-three years old, very big, with a ruddy complexion, sad brown eyes, and a suggestion of virility and masculinity. He has been watching me, and now I am watching him.

I lean over him and whisper in his ear, and he caresses my arm. We look at one another, and we then stand close together and move with the music. With little movements, we tell each other of our awareness and interest.

Then I leave him again, with a laugh and a trivial excuse. After all, I must not spend all my time with him. Ted accepts mild flirtations with a kind of puzzled, sad resignation, but anything bordering on the serious or on the obvious would make him sick, not for itself but for the embarrassment of it. He would hate to think that a single soul thought of me as anything other than attractive and mildly flirtatious, who becomes romantic



with wine and music. This image he can just barely accept, and any worse would be too much for him.

Which is why I never have the frightful problems that confront other *femmes fatales*. Although life is full of the unexpected, I play the game with skill and don't neglect the little items. I make sure that Ted is not neglected; I circulate and do and say the right things; I let everyone know that two drinks make me tipsy, and then make sure they see me having five or six before 11 p.m.

I drift back to my man, take his hand, and lead him on to the terrace. I am warm and yielding and gentle. He thinks I am exciting and honest and lovely. He holds me in his arms as we sit together, and I tell him of the strange and special feeling I have for him.

Ted does not know I go even this far, of course, and the rest would horrify him. I know it is wrong, but I have no alternative, I cannot help myself. I mean, having gone so far, how can I possibly stop without appearing as foolish as a girl of sixteen. No, I go through with it, and really, it is the highlight of the evening when we plan where we'll meet and what we'll do together.

The fact that I duck out of it by way of a note or a telephone call is inconsequential — the point is that I hold the spell intact all night, with a promise of something that will never happen. Next day I'm back to my usual me, and feel no compunction at all in scribbling off a little note of apology, or phoning his secretary with a message. This is part of daily life, isn't it? Anyway, I've been doing this for six years now, and no harm has come of it. Ted adores me and is terribly trusting. And it's not really very wrong, is it? If Ted knew how far I go, it would be a different matter, but he is so faithful and reliable himself that it would never occur to him that I could be nursing this secret of the other me.

He really thinks he knows me very well, at least as well as men generally can know women. I know this for a fact. If he were anything of a playboy himself, of course, he might well be more suspicious of me, but he's not. Apart from the business conferences and seminars he has to attend, or the occasional weekend fishing, he is with me all the time.

In fact, Tuesday nights are the only nights we are apart. He encouraged me to take up this rapid-reading course, which was very sweet of him, I thought, as he always used to want me home every night. There's something heartening about the man who likes to see his wife doing something instead of vegetate at — wait a moment, there's the phone. Thank goodness I stayed at home.

"Hello, Dossbury 452," . . . (click) . . . Good grief, I could have sworn she said, "Ted, darling," before she hung up. She did indeed say, "Ted, darling."

What a beast he has turned out to be, and me trusting him implicitly, too. How could he do this behind my back? I'm entitled to an explanation, and if I have to sit up all night (perhaps he's with her now?) I'll do so. One thing I will not tolerate in my husband is deceit.

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THE LIFEGUARD

By WILLIAM HOFFMAN

TOWARD the end of the summer, Louise became aware of his watching her. She would leave her pink stucco beachhouse and cross the morning-cool sand to the ocean. She always carried a folding canvas chair, her metal tackle box, and a long, fibreglass fishing-rod, the cork butt of which she stuck into the sand so that she could precisely impale shrimp or peeler crab on the hooks.

She wasn't after fish, not really, but one had to have formality even to look at the sea.

She went out early, before the sun burned the haze away and the tourists—the procession of glistening women and sly-looking men—started their sweep of the beach. When she heard children's cries, she gathered her fishing equipment and returned to her house.

She shifted in her canvas chair to glance at the swooping flight of a gull. Up the beach was the hotel, frosted like a wedding cake, and on the pale, raked sand in front was a lifeguard's tower—a wooden structure painted white and colored at the base by stacks of umbrellas and floats. The lifeguard was jamming umbrellas into the sand and wagging them back and forth to work them down. He thrust them into blossom.

He looked in her direction. She turned back to the sea, tightened her line, and adjusted her straw hat against the warming sun. When she glanced up the beach minutes later, he was sitting on his tower watching her through binoculars. She flinched as if touched. She stared, her face severe, but he didn't put down the binoculars. She stopped fishing and went to her house.

The next morning she knew he was watching her, but she didn't once look toward the hotel. She stayed on the beach an hour or so, the usual time, and then she napped on the glider, fixed her own lunch, and finished a novel. In the late afternoon she tried to paint the sea, but the color jarred, and she put the canvas unfinished in the closet.

During the weekends, the beach was crowded. Fleets of swimmers and children, paddling colored floats, bobbed on the ocean. Often the lifeguard's whistle shrilled as he stood on his tower to wave guests in toward safer water.

Monday, while she fished, he walked down the beach to her. He was young, a junior or senior in college, she guessed, lean to the point of thinness, yet brown and wirily strong. His brown hair was sun-bleached. He wore faded jeans cut off above his knees and no belt. A silver whistle hung from a cord around his neck.

"You never seem to catch anything," he said. He smiled—a practised smile, she believed. He hooked his thumbs on to his hip pockets and lowered a shoulder, as a girl might to show off her body.



"Try to sit quietly," Louise said to him as he sat for the painting.

"Never's a long time," she answered. She turned away from him.

"I've never seen you," he said. He tried to hold his smile. "I hope you don't mind me watching. I'm a fisherman, too."

She felt him waiting for an answer. When she didn't speak, he became uncertain. He shifted from foot to foot and then squatted. He sighed, stood, and jogged back up the beach.

She was pleased with the way she had put him down. He was spoiled by the tourist girls who clustered at the foot of his white tower. He probably believed he could pick up anyone on the beach—older women as well, though she wasn't that ancient. She would be thirty-six her next birthday, in September, a fact that made her think of Alec, who always remembered birthdays.

Alec telephoned that night. "I want to come," he said. He sounded tired. "You know that."

She didn't fish for a few days. She slept late in the mornings, or at least made herself stay in bed, and she worked at her painting. Books came from Richmond each week, and she methodically read them. When she finished one, she dropped it on the floor by the glider. She heard the shrill of the whistle up the beach.

She went fishing on Thursday morning. She baited her hooks, walked out thigh-deep into the surf, and cast. She handled a fishing-rod well—Alec had taught her how. She stripped off line as she backed to her chair. She held the rod between her knees while she lit a cigarette. She tightened her scarf to keep her black hair from blowing.

Her rod bowed and almost leaped from her fingers. She slapped her

hand to the reel and stood quickly. She tested the fish, lifting the rod gently, ready to give line. She felt weight, but no fight.

She reeled in, and from the foaming, hissing water she drew not a fish, but a skate—brown, ugly, flapping awkwardly. She knelt and turned it over. The small mouth bled on to the shank of the hook. She hated to tear flesh and worked the barb carefully. The skate flapped against her. As she jerked back, she drove her left hand on to a second hook, which hung free.

Bent over, holding her wrist, she looked toward the house and called for Judy, the cook and maid she had brought from Richmond. The wind was blowing off the land, so Judy couldn't hear. Louise tried to reach her tackle box and the fish knife inside. The line pulled her. She wept.

She heard the slap of feet on wet sand. The young man from the hotel knelt in front of her. He had on a jungle helmet and the same blue-jean shorts. His nose was dabbed with zinc oxide.

"Don't move!" he ordered. Then he wrenched the top from an olive-colored first-aid kit. He took out a razor-blade, spilled alcohol over it, and reached for her hand. He held her wrist so tightly it hurt and sliced boldly into the palm. She gasped and tried to pull loose. He held her and cut at the hook. She was weeping, yet he wouldn't let go, and she beat at his bare back.

He cut out the hook, reached for the squat bottle, and poured alcohol over the wound. She cried out and yanked free. She ran to the house, wailing.

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Judy helped her wrap a towel around the hand and they drove to the doctor.

He unwrapped the towel and examined the palm under a bright light. "It's clean," he said. "I'll put in a stitch and give you a tetanus shot."

She was almost sick at her stomach. When she reached home she lay down in the dimness of her bedroom. She remembered her fishing equipment. The tide could have washed it away. She hurried out to the front of the house. Her rod, tackle box, and canvas chair were stacked at the foot of the wooden steps leading to the sand. She looked toward the hotel. She couldn't see the

young man among the tourists and colored umbrellas.

She was ashamed of the way she had acted and didn't go out for several days. She couldn't, however, hide for the rest of the summer. On Wednesday, she put on clean shorts, a white shirt, and her straw hat. She walked up the beach. It was early, and only a few people had come from the hotel. The young man was at the foot of the tower, patching a raft. When he saw her, he stood quickly.

"I want to thank you," she

said. She pushed a folded ten-dollar bill into his hand, which also held a tube of glue. He looked surprised and then frowned. She turned to walk back down the beach. He called to her, but she didn't stop.

She felt better. The ten dollars put the relationship in perspective. He was merely an employee of the hotel, while she was Mrs. Louise Guyan Ellender, wife, in name at least, of Alec Ellender, real-estate developer and vice-president of a mortgage investment trust. The fact that

Alec and she were in trouble didn't change who she was.

Or so she'd thought until that evening when she was having a solitary drink on the jalousied porch and listening to the lazy beat of the ocean. Judy came from the rear of the house, holding roses wrapped in waxed paper. At first Louise thought that Alec must have sent them.

"It was the boy," Judy said. She was a short, heavy woman in a green uniform. When there was no company — and there hadn't been all summer — she always walked around barefoot, her toes turned up.

"Boy?"

"The one at the hotel." Judy's pug face was set. She shook the

red roses. "He came to the back door. I asked him in, but he said he hadn't been invited."

Louise glanced toward the hotel, though he wouldn't now be on the beach. She imagined him drinking beer with tourist girls or on his way to the casino to dance. She felt Judy eyeing her and stood to take the flowers. She arranged them in a silver vase on the walnut sideboard in the dining-room.

She drank a little too much that night before dinner. When she went into the dining-room, she walked unsteadily and had to face Judy's disapproving solemnity.

She ate alone. Even when Alec came from Richmond it was the same as being alone. In a way it was worse, because she was reminded of how much they had lost. Love had not gone in a blaze. It had bled out slowly — so slowly they were hardly aware, at first, it had left.

In the morning she had a headache and was tired. She swam before breakfast. She stroked far out, until she was winded and the cottages, houses, and hotels looked small and tacky. She came in easily, letting the swells waft her up and forward. The water was warm with too much summer. It cooled the skin but didn't reach deeper.

WHEN she walked out of the ocean she pushed her wet hair back and flung water from her fingers. She hadn't planned to do a thing about the flowers, but she saw the young man on his white tower. He wore black sunglasses and his jungle helmet. She started toward her house and then curved up the beach, past people who had come from the hotel and were making camp under umbrellas. They spread out colored towels and rubbed themselves with oil from plastic tubes.

"Come for dinner and let me thank you properly," she said, her head back to look up at him. She couldn't see his eyes behind the black sunglasses. The silver whistle reflected sun against his bare brown chest.

"Why, thanks," he said and pushed at his glasses. He was smiling — not smugly, as she feared he might, but as if they'd known each other for years.

She turned and walked quickly down the beach to her house.

As she sat on her porch and caught her breath, she realised she hadn't even told him what time to come. Nor did she know that he would. Frankly, she hoped not. She washed up, got out her paints, and worked on a still life she hadn't been able to finish — an empty wine bottle posed behind an apple.

Yet, late in the afternoon she bathed and dressed. It wasn't until she had on her white linen dress that she was aware she was going to a great deal of trouble. She almost changed back to her shirt and shorts, except that to do so would have been ridiculous.

She waited on the front porch, feeling angry. If he were coming, he at least ought to be prompt. She drank a highball and twice gathered her feet under her to go inside. She had already told Judy to broil lobsters. Tourists had long ago left the beach. Judy came out to ask what time dinner was. She stared at Louise's white dress and silver bracelets.

Louise decided he had forgotten or had found something better to do. As she stood to go inside, she saw him up the beach. He walked by the water, not hurrying, not even seeming to be going

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THE LIFEGUARD

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anywhere. He had on khaki shorts and a grey sweatshirt with the sleeves cut off. He wore a red cap with a black bill. He looked as if he would stroll right past the house. He skimmed a shell across the water. He turned in only when she was about to push open the screen door and call to him.

"Am I late?" he asked. It wasn't an apology. Nor did he act surprised or embarrassed that she was dressed and he wasn't. As she held the screen door, he went in past her. His bare feet trailed sand. She still gripped her glass, and he eyed it.

"Do you drink?" she asked.

"Pop lets me snitch his scotch," he said.

"I'll fix it for you."

"Why, thanks."

She wished she had let him do it himself or called Judy, because crossing to the bamboo bar gave him a chance to look her over. She had pretty legs and had won a contest in college, where each girl stuck one leg through a hole cut in a piece of plasterboard, while judges on the other side tallied points. As she mixed his drink she kept the bar between them. He straddled a plastic chaise and watched her.

SHE gave him his drink. She swept her dress under her legs to sit on the glider, and she covered her knees. He nodded over the drink, narrowing his eyes slightly. He had presence, she would say that for him. She liked people who were certain—even the young—perhaps because she was so uncertain herself.

"You were very professional the other morning," she said. She raised her hand, the palm of which still had a strip of tape on it.

"I'm pre-med," he answered. He pushed his bleached hair back from his brow. "I'm always looking for somebody to cut on." He smiled and she wondered what he'd told his friends at the hotel. Maybe he had bragged he was going up the beach to make love to the rich woman whose husband was never around.

"Thank you for stacking my fishing equipment."

"A pleasure," he said.

After one drink she went inside to tell Judy to serve dinner. Louise didn't want him tight and amorous. They ate in the lighted dining-room. Ordinarily with a guest, she would have served wine, but not tonight.

As they talked she decided he wasn't what she suspected at all—not a poor, hungry young man attempting to get ahead, but the son of a prominent Norfolk lawyer. She had heard of his father, who was in politics. The father owned part of the hotel, and the young man had been working at the beach since he was a boy. He would have seen, she thought, a lot of tourists come and go, including, perhaps, not a few friendly middle-aged women.

When dinner was over, she feared she might have trouble getting rid of him, but as soon as

he finished his coffee, he said he had to leave.

Because it was so much sooner than she expected, she was piqued. "You probably have a date," she said.

"Well, yes," he answered, and shook her hand as if she were a dowager.

She watched him walk up the beach toward the glittering hotel—his steps unhurried, lazy, as if he might fall asleep on the way.

In the mornings, while she fished, he often left his umbrellas to sit by her on the sand until

the hotel guests started coming out on the beach. They talked, she about the blues running or the catch at the inlet, he about the absurdity of the hotel guests. She laughed at his story about a plump gentleman from New Jersey who lost his bathing trunks in the surf and stayed in the ocean until dark, by which time he was shrivelled, and then made a dash for the cabana, only to be caught in the act because at that instant a porter happened to switch on the floodlights.

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THE LIFEGUARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

During the heat of the day, Louise heard his whistle and often when she looked up the beach, she saw him standing on his tower shouting through a megaphone. Sometimes she saw him go out on his surfboard and speed in with a girl on his shoulders, the girl squealing and holding to his head.

Without being asked, he often stopped by the house. He might walk down on a stormy day while no one was on the beach. He never stayed long and was always polite, denying he wanted anything to eat, but having just a piece of this or that until he had eaten the equivalent of a meal.

She was amused at his appetite and his attempts to appear mature. It was, moreover, nice to have somebody to talk with other than Judy, who was frequently grumpy.

One afternoon, a Thursday, he came at five. The wind was up, and the ocean was so rough that swimmers had been driven in. Sand, carried by gusts, beat against the house. He had on a dark sailing jacket, corduroy pants, and dirty tennis shoes. His hair was mussed. Because of the wind, they sat inside.

"You drink quite a bit," he said to her. She'd had a glass in her hand when he'd knocked.

"That's none of your business," she answered, cracking the glass down on to a marble-top coffee table.

"I'm right or you wouldn't

be so upset," he said, grinning.

"I didn't invite you here," she told him, furious. She crossed to the door and opened it.

"I'm only thinking of your liver," he said, and walked past her.

He didn't come by for a few days. She heard his whistle up the beach, in the heat of the slow afternoons, when even the ocean seemed lifeless. She looked through the jealousies and saw him standing on his tower, his arm out as he pointed at someone, the sun yellow on his dark shoulders and jungle helmet.

When she believed he wouldn't come back at all, he knocked softly at the front door one evening before dinner. He stood outside, barefoot, waiting for her to ask him in. Though she was glad to see him, she didn't speak or smile.

"I miss Judy's cooking," he said.

She could have become angry, but he was smiling and boyish, and she realised it was an apology, the only kind he could give.

"I'll tell Judy to set another place," she said, and let him in. She went to the kitchen.

Judy listened with her mulish expression — a prelude to more muttering and disapproval.

After dinner, Louise and he sat on the porch. As Ike — a name given him by fraternity brothers — sprawled

on a chair and groaned in comfort from the meal, she decided she would like to paint him. It wasn't only that she was weary of unfinished still-lives and the ocean, but also that he made her remember the glory of being young.

She had difficulty believing she had ever been a care-free, sun-darkened animal; yet once she'd drifted on the bay with a boy, the two of them on floats, holding hands and just moving with the lazy current, their hands dangling in the bright water, their bodies golden in the piercing sun. They'd drifted all day, until they were weak and a little drunk from the sun and water, and that night he had asked her to marry him.

"I've never been painted before," Ike said.

He came to her house during his lunch hour, and Judy, disapproving, would have sandwiches and milk ready. Louise posed him on a rocky breakwater at the north boundary of her property. He sat with a leg up, his arms around it. The other leg, muscled and brown, hung so that the bare foot just touched the sand. He bent forward, as if looking for a ship.

"Try to sit quietly," she said, squinting at the canvas, which reflected the sun.

"Sorry I can't starve for you," he said, eating a sandwich.

She liked to hear him talk. He was intelligent and spoke with a protective cynicism that played down his accomplishments. She had to coax information from him, such as the facts that

he played in his college's tennis team and belonged to an honor society. He was a good model, too, though she found herself making him appear larger than he was. He was certainly no beach brute, yet he gave the impression of power restrained.

She was curious about his girls, the ones who rode the surfboard with him and camped around the bottom of his tower. As she painted she questioned him, being careful not to be too obvious.

"The management expects me to entertain the ladies," he said. "It's not a bad sort of job, except after a while I stop seeing faces."

"You never see faces?" she asked, pretending to be intent on the stroke of her brush.

"There's a girl in the dining-room. We've known each other a spell."

"Why don't you ever bring her around?"

He brought her on Sunday, late, after the dining-room closed. They had been swimming and she wore a black-and-white-striped bathing suit. She was a doll-like blonde with light green eyes. Her hair was wet and hung down her back. She had on his sweatshirt, the armless one, which was too large for her. She had tucked it up to keep it from falling low over her plump hips.

"He can have one beer," Leslie said. She was bossy and very possessive, yet obviously smitten. She kept touching him, as if to make certain he was real.

Ike rolled his eyes, moaned, and looked long-suffering.

Louise wasn't jealous at

seeing them together, laughing and joking. She wasn't about to lose her head over a college boy, in spite of glances she received from Judy. Rather, she was possessed by nostalgia and a yearning for innocence — a wish to be unscarred.

She and the girl did most of the talking, and Louise was aware of his watching, as if comparing and weighing them. He caused her to be more animated than she normally was. She strove to be entertaining and laughed too much and too quickly — as if she were competing.

WHEN he and the girl left, they walked up the beach hand in hand, the girl first reaching for his. Louise felt she had been a fool.

"You like her?" he asked the next day as he sat for the painting.

"She's lovely."

"You didn't like her."

"That's not true," Louise said, and frowned. She was really too nervous to paint. After they had left, and as she had been lying on her bed, Alec had telephoned to say he was coming for the weekend. The truth was she didn't want him. She didn't feel strong enough.

"Well, I won't bring her again," Ike said.

"Stop making out I don't like her," Louise said, exasperated. She didn't care what he did with the girl. He sometimes talked as if a relationship had been established — a fact certainly not true.

Occasionally she saw him at the shopping centre where

she went for groceries or to have her hair done. He would walk with her, his hands in his hip pockets, his stride long and lazy. At those times she worried about what people might think of her. She didn't really trust him, and she imagined him talking about the married woman down the beach who was painting him. He would undoubtedly exaggerate.

"Do you talk about me?" she asked him one afternoon as he posed in the hot yellow sunlight.

"Only now and then," he answered. He looked sleepy.

"I'm serious."

"I don't shoot down my friends," He spoke sarcastically, insultingly, yet she realised he was telling her as best he could how much he liked her. She smiled and felt tender toward him.

Alec did come for the weekend — or a part of it. He drove in late Saturday, hot and still wearing his glossy tan suit. She had already finished her dinner.

He ate at the kitchen table, a ponderous man slowly going to flesh. "Would you like milk?" she asked. They had become formal as they waited each other out.

"Just coffee," he answered. He bent over his plate.

"There's pie," she said. Half of the pie had been eaten by Ike at noon yesterday.

"Coffee's all I want."

Later they sat on the porch and talked around the pit between them. They had gone past blaming each other — whether it was her fault or his that misunderstanding

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It could be new Rosella spring vegetable soup



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - JULY

had festered until neither had been able to reach to the other without hypocrisy. They had been proud too long.

He saw his secretary after work, a good-looking brunette, taller than he. He would have asked for a divorce before now except for money invested in luxury apartments which weren't letting as he and the firm expected. He was fighting bankers.

He went upstairs and she sat on the porch and looked toward the ocean. With no moon, the water was black. Occasionally a crashing wave gleamed palely.

In the morning, she was up early. She pulled on a bathing suit and swam. The ocean was still rough, and she let the waves pummel her by positioning herself in the line of breaking water.

As she got out of the water, she saw Ike up the beach. Leslie was helping him set out umbrellas. They waved. Louise went inside to dress for church.

Alec slept until one. He showered, shaved, and came down in blue shorts for breakfast. He read the morning paper on the porch and strolled along the beach. When he came back, he started glancing at his watch. He always left at four. She knew he wanted it to be four now. Probably the brunette secretary was impatient for him.

He glanced at Louise's unfinished paintings, including the one of Ike. "Who's he?"

"He works at the hotel." "It's a good job," he said, and eyed her. "It has feeling."

He waited until one minute after four before he went to the bedroom to pack and dress. She sat on a metal stool in the kitchen. She thought maybe now, before he left this time, the words would start.

"I'll drive down next week if I can." He had put his bag in the car and come to the kitchen.

"Fine," she said, and she felt sorry for both of them. It wasn't easy for him, either. The brunette was pushing him to get a divorce, and there was the terrible need for money.

"Anything you want?" "What would I want?" she asked, and raised her palms.

He grimaced, lifted a hand and let it drop. He went out the back way. She sat on the metal stool, listening to him get into his car. As he drove off, the tyres crunched shells on the road.

Even though it was still early, she fixed herself a drink. Judy was visiting her daughter. The afternoon became so hot and still. Louise felt nobody lived except her.

When the tap came at the screen door she knew it was Ike.

"You there?" he called. "I'm here." She kept her eyes closed and listened to him move across the floor on his bare feet.

He sat in a wicker chair.

"What a day," he said. She opened her eyes. He was in his jeans and wore no shirt. "A fat lady almost drowned me."

"Do you want something to eat?" she asked him.

"I don't want you thinking I'm a sponge," he said. The white of his teeth reflected pale light from the hall. There was a strip of white around his waist where his jeans had pulled down over skin not touched by sun.

"I'd never think that."

He went to the kitchen. She listened to him switch on lights, open the refrigerator, and rattle dishes. He whistled—a tune she had heard the band play last night. He came back with a sandwich.

"What'd you do today?" he asked.

"I waited."

"Waited for what?"

"A word or two." The liquor was causing her to talk foolishly. She shook her head. "And I rested. I spent several hours resting."

"You must have been pretty tired," he said. "Didn't I see your husband here?"

"You may have," she said.

He finished his sandwich, took the plate to the kitchen, and helped himself to one of her cigarettes from a packet on the table.

"Where's Leslie?" Louise asked.

"She's mad at me," he said. "She's showing me by going out with some tourist guy." He laughed, but sounded unsure and restless. "You want to walk the beach?"

She pushed up, first to a sitting position and then to her feet. As she put down her glass and unfastened her

or new Rosella tomato and onion soup



tell us which you'd like

or new Rosella chicken soup with vegetables



sandals she was unsteady. She hoped the dark would keep him from noticing.

They strolled north, their feet splashing in warm, foaming water. To be walking with someone was nice. They went all the way to the pier, which had lights hazy with spray and piles stuck down into the dark water.

Going back, Ike reached for her hand—just as easily and naturally as if they were boy and girl. It was lovely to be walking along a beach and holding hands. It was like being eighteen again. She felt like crying.

In front of her house, they stood in the water, and it pulled at their feet. He closed his hands on her waist. Gently they kissed. Her hands touched his bare back, feeling the warmth of sun he'd soaked up during the day. She leaned to him and held to his neck as if she might fall. Then, remembering, she shook her head. She stepped away and around him to go to the house.

He followed and tried to come in. "Just a little while," he said. He wasn't pleading. His words were unhurried, conversational.

"No," she told him, and attempted to hold the screen door shut.

"Sure," he said. He pushed in—not roughly, not with any threat of force, but with a steady pressure. "Please don't," she backed away.

"You want me to," he said, and reached for her. He held her by the shoulders.

She felt herself going under. She would have, ex-

cept she thought not of herself, but of him. She didn't want to hurt him. "If you don't leave, I'll have you put out," she said. The words sounded false, theatrical, yet they stopped him.

He let his hands fall from her. He smiled and moved slowly to the door. He slapped his palms against his thighs, went out and furiously threw a handful of sand at the ocean. Slouched, he walked toward the hotel.

She wanted to go after him. She would have run to him had she not held to the door. She wanted to put her arms around that warm, young skin and lovingly lead him back. She clung to the door, bowed her head and closed her eyes. She heard his footsteps die away.

FINALLY, as if waking, she stood straighter, pushed her hair from her face and walked into the house with the care of a person moving along the edge of an abyss.

She saw him often, early in the mornings as she crossed the cool sand to fish, and he waved. Occasionally, when she went shopping, she met him and they talked a few minutes. He was relaxed, friendly, and carried her groceries to her car.

While she read or rested on the porch, she heard his silver whistle up the beach. She, however, no longer looked that way, and she put his painting in the closet. She told herself she would work on it later, when the heat wasn't so bad.

She stayed late that year.

Usually she drove home after Labor Day, but like a wounded person learning to walk again, she needed time. She remained until the beach was almost deserted. The wind became sharper, causing sea oats to rustle and gulls to fling through the air. She would go out into the wind, her hair tied with a scarf, and look up and down the beach. Often she saw other solitary figures, bent against the wind as they walked or stared at the sea.

Before at last leaving for Richmond, she got out the painting of Ike. She needed to know she could finish a picture—any picture. She worked on it for a week.

When she put down her brushes she was tired and pleased. She considered mailing the painting to Ike. It meant nothing to her in itself, though the experience with him was coming to mean a great deal. Through him she had faced loneliness and found she could manage without foolishness or destruction. She had discovered within herself a small strength that was enough to make an end and a beginning. And what, after all, was hope but a beginning?

Yet, if she mailed the picture to Ike, he might misunderstand. Instead, she stood on a stepladder and drove a nail into the paneling above the living-room fireplace to hang the portrait. Next summer, if she came here, she would see a pleasant painting of an amiable young man who, though he never knew it, had helped her take a step out of darkness.

(Copyright)



Daffodil
The Table Margarine
ONE OF THE GREAT
NATURAL FOODS OF AUSTRALIA

FLAVOR

● For coffee lovers there's nothing quite so tempting as the aroma and good taste of freshly brewed coffee. And coffee, in liquid or powder form, adds its special quality to biscuits, desserts, and other good things to eat.

RECIPES in this three-page feature produce wonderful dishes with a rich coffee flavor in every bite. In some of them, coffee is combined with chocolate or cocoa; this gives the delicious mocha flavor.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

MOCHA TORTE

6 eggs, separated
1 cup castor sugar
4oz. dark cooking chocolate
1 tablespoon plain flour
2 tablespoons water
1 teaspoon instant coffee powder

Beat egg-yolks and sugar until pale and creamy. Melt chopped chocolate over hot water, allow to cool slightly; add to egg-yolk mixture, mixing well. Stir coffee into water, add to chocolate mixture. Gently stir in sifted flour. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold carefully into chocolate mixture. Pour mixture into 3 greased and lined 8in.-sandwich tins, bake in moderately slow oven 30 to 35 minutes; cool on wire rack. When cold, join together with Coffee Cream. Cover top and sides of cake with remaining Coffee Cream, decorate with toasted almonds; drizzle a little melted chocolate over, if desired.

COFFEE CREAM

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream
1 dessertspoon instant coffee powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar

Combine all ingredients in mixing bowl, refrigerate at least 1 hour. When ready to use, beat until thick.

COFFEE PEPPERMINT SLICE

1 cup plain flour	1/2 cup sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder	1 cup crushed cornflakes
1 tablespoon cocoa	6oz. butter or substitute
1 teaspoon instant coffee powder	few drops peppermint essence
1 cup coconut	

Sift together flour, baking powder, cocoa, and coffee powder into mixing bowl, add remaining dry ingredients. Melt butter or substitute, add to dry ingredients with peppermint essence; mix well. Press mixture into the base of greased 8 in. square tin. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Allow to cool, top with Peppermint Icing. If desired, drizzle over 2oz. melted chocolate in attractive design. Cut into slices.

PEPPERMINT ICING

1 cup icing sugar	few drops peppermint
1 tablespoon butter or	essence
substitute	little water

Peppermint Icing: Melt butter in saucepan, add sifted icing sugar and peppermint essence. Stir in sufficient warm water to make a spreading consistency.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 4, 1969



Color picture by Kevin Brown

COFFEE MARSHMALLOW DESSERT

24 marshmallows	1 cup boiling water
1 dessertspoon instant coffee powder	1 cup cream pinch salt

Cut marshmallows into quarters with wet scissors, place into basin. Add coffee to the boiling water, pour over marshmallows, stir until dissolved; allow to cool. Whip cream and salt until very stiff, fold into cool coffee mixture. Pour into serving glasses.

For pretty effect, a crystallised violet can top each glass as shown in the picture on this page. Brush violet petals with lightly beaten egg-white, press lightly into sugar so each petal is sugar-coated. Set aside to dry.

Serves 4.

HOT MOCHA SOUFFLE

½ lb. cooking chocolate
 1-3rd cup sugar
 4 eggs
 1 tablespoon rum
 1 teaspoon instant coffee
 powder
 ½ teaspoon cinnamon
 icing sugar

Melt chopped chocolate and sugar in top part of double boiler. Remove from heat. Separate eggs, stir into chocolate mixture the egg-yolks, rum, coffee, and cinnamon; mix well. Return to heat and stir until smooth. Remove from heat, carefully fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour mixture into greased 1-pint soufflé dish, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Mixture should be soft in centre. Dust top thickly with sifted icing sugar. Serve immediately with whipped cream.

Serves 4.

COFFEE-FLAVORED desserts and cakes above are Coffee Marshmallow Dessert (top left), beside it, luscious Mocha Torte, Coffee Puffs (lower left), and Coffee Peppermint Slice (in foreground).

COFFEE—COCONUT BISCUITS

1 cup plain flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder	3oz. butter or substitute
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarb. soda	1-3rd cup castor sugar
$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons instant coffee powder	1-3rd cup brown sugar, firmly packed
pinch salt	1 egg
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup rolled oats	

Sift dry ingredients, stir in oats and coconut. Cream butter and sugars until light, add egg, beat well. Work in dry ingredients. Roll teaspoons of mixture into balls, place on lightly greased trays. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Cool a few minutes before removing from trays. Makes approx. 2 dozen.

COFFEE ICE-CREAM

1-3rd cup sugar	4 teaspoons instant coffee
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped unblanched almonds	powder
$\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream

Combine almonds and sugar in saucepan; stir constantly until sugar melts and turns caramel color. Blend coffee with a little of the milk, add with remainder of milk to caramel. Heat gently, stirring until caramel dissolves in the milk, then bring to the boil. Boil 2 minutes, cool. Fold in whipped cream, pour into freezer tray, and freeze.

Serves 4.

Serves 4

Continued overleaf

● RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

BLACK COFFEE CAKE

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons instant coffee powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cocoa
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cups castor sugar
- 4oz. butter or substitute
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, extra

Stir coffee into boiling water; stir this hot coffee gradually into cocoa. Cream butter until light, add sugar, egg-yolks, salt, vanilla, and half the coffee-cocoa mixture; beat until light and creamy. Mix soda into sour cream, combine with remaining coffee-cocoa mixture. Add coffee-sour cream mixture to creamed mixture alternately with sifted flour. Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry, gradually beat in castor sugar; continue beating until stiff peaks form. Fold into chocolate mixture. Pour into greased 10in. springform pan, bake in moderate oven 1 hour 10 minutes or until cooked when tested. When cold cut into 2 layers, join with sweetened whipped cream. Dust top of cake with icing sugar.

FRENCH CHOCOLATE

- 3oz. cooking chocolate
- 1 dessertspoon instant coffee powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- pinch salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pint cream
- milk

Chop chocolate roughly, place in top of double saucepan. Dissolve coffee powder in hot water, add to chocolate. Cook over hot water, stirring until blended; add sugar and salt. Stir continually over boiling water 4 minutes. Remove from heat; cool. This forms the chocolate base.

When ready to serve, whip cream, fold into chocolate mixture. Spoon 1 to 2 tablespoons chocolate mixture into each cup. Heat milk to scalding, pour over chocolate in cups. The whipped cream rises into a frothy topping.

Note: The base can be prepared in advance and stored in covered container in refrigerator for several days.

COFFEE RUM MOUSSE

- 4 eggs
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons rum
- 1 tablespoon strong black coffee
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pint cream
- 1 tablespoon gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons cold water

Separate eggs. Place egg-yolks and sugar in top of double saucepan. Beat over hot water until thick and creamy. Remove from heat, add vanilla, rum, and coffee, continue beating until cool. Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water, gradually pour into coffee mixture, beating well. Fold in whipped cream, then stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour mixture into serving dish or individual glasses; refrigerate until firm. Decorate with whipped cream before serving.

Serves 4.

COFFEE PUFFS

- $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter or substitute
- 1 cup water
- pinch salt
- 1 cup plain flour
- 1 teaspoon instant coffee powder
- 3 eggs

Place butter, water, and salt in saucepan; bring to the boil. Add

sifted flour and coffee all at once, stirring with wooden spoon over heat until mixture is thick and leaves sides of saucepan. Remove from heat, cool. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition.

Place teaspoonfuls of mixture on to trays which have been greased and sprinkled lightly with water. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 35 to 40 minutes. Remove from oven, cool. Before serving, fill with whipped cream,

top with Coffee Icing, and sprinkle over chopped walnuts.

COFFEE ICING

- 2 cups icing sugar
- 1 teaspoon instant coffee powder
- 1 dessertspoon butter
- milk to mix

Sift icing sugar and coffee powder into mixing bowl, add butter and enough milk to make icing of fairly thin consistency. Place over saucepan of boiling water, stir until mixture begins to shine and butter melts. Allow to remain over water while using.

COFFEE CRISPS

- 4oz. butter or substitute
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar
- 1 dessertspoon golden syrup
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cups rolled oats
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup plain flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup coconut
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder
- pinch salt
- 1 teaspoon instant coffee powder

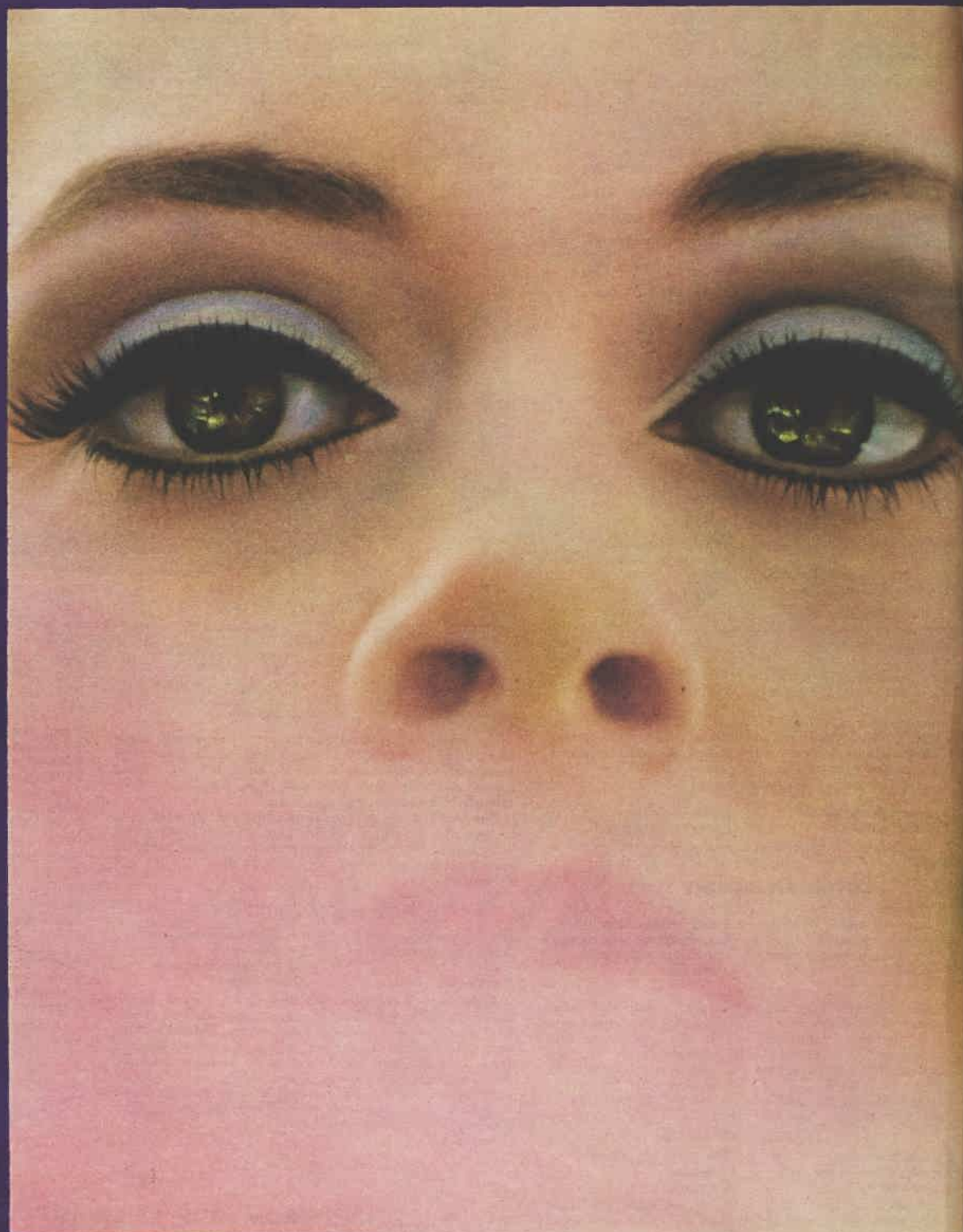
Cream together the butter, sugar, and golden syrup. Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, and coffee. Add to creamed mixture with remaining dry

ingredients, mix well. Press mixture into greased lamington tin, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes until golden brown. Remove from oven and ice with mocha icing while still warm. Cut into fingers when cool.

MOCHA ICING

- 3 tablespoons cocoa
 - 1 teaspoon instant coffee powder
 - $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons hot water
 - 1 teaspoon butter
 - 2 cups icing sugar
- Dissolve cocoa, coffee, and butter in hot water. Add sifted

MAX FACTOR DEVAMPS THE MADE-UP EYE:



icing sugar gradually, beating until smooth. If necessary, add a little more hot water.

COFFEE MUSHROOM CAKES

- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 tablespoon milk
- 1 egg
- 1½ cups self-raising flour
- 1 dessertspoon instant coffee powder
- raspberry jam

Combine butter, sugar, and milk in mixing bowl, add beaten egg, beat lightly. Sift together flour and coffee powder, add to liquid gradually, mixing to a firm dough. Turn out on to lightly floured board, knead lightly, roll out thinly. With floured cutter, cut into small rounds to line small patty tins. From leftover pastry form small round stems. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes (allow stems, on baking tray, only 7 minutes). Allow to cool. With teaspoon, hollow out

cakes a little in centre. Place a little jam in each small hollow, top with a swirl of Coffee Cream. Place a small stem in centre of each cake. Sprinkle lightly with cocoa.

COFFEE CREAM

- ½ pint cream
 - 1 dessertspoon sugar
 - 1 teaspoon instant coffee powder
- Beat cream until thick, add coffee powder and sugar, continue beating until stiff.

COFFEE CARAMELS

- 4oz. butter or substitute
- 1½ cups firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon instant coffee powder
- 1 can condensed milk
- 2 tablespoons golden syrup
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Place butter in saucepan, stir over low heat until melted. Stir in sifted sugar. Mix coffee with a little condensed milk, add with remaining milk to mixture in saucepan. Stir in golden syrup.

Bring slowly to the boil, stirring continuously until sugar is dissolved. Continue boiling slowly stirring occasionally until a little hardens when dropped into cold water (approximately 20 minutes). Remove from heat, stir in vanilla. Pour mixture quickly into greased 8in. square tin. Mark into small squares with greased knife when slightly cooled.

CREAMY MOCHA SAUCE

- 14oz. can evaporated milk
- ½ cup sugar
- 3oz. grated dark chocolate
- 1 teaspoon instant coffee powder
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Place milk, sugar, coffee, and chocolate in saucepan. Bring to boil, simmer gently 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add vanilla. Beat with rotary beater for 1 minute.

Serve hot or cold over ice-cream or steamed puddings.

Makes 1½ cups.

COFFEE RUM PIE

CRUMB CRUST

- 6oz. plain sweet biscuits
- 1 teaspoon instant coffee powder
- 3oz. butter or substitute

Crush biscuits finely. In mixing bowl, combine crumbs with instant coffee powder and melted butter; blend well. Press on to base and sides of greased 9in. pie dish. Refrigerate until firm.

FILLING

- 1-3rd cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon cornflour
- 3 teaspoons gelatine
- 1 dessertspoon instant coffee powder
- pinch salt
- 2 cups milk
- 2oz. cooking chocolate
- 3 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1-3rd cup extra sugar
- ½ pint whipped cream

Combine in saucepan the sugar, cornflour, gelatine, salt, and coffee powder. Place over low heat, add milk gradually, stirring until smooth. Add chopped chocolate, continue stirring until chocolate melts and mixture boils and thickens; remove from heat. Separate eggs, beat egg-yolks lightly, add gradually to hot mixture, beating well. Return to heat, bring to boil, stirring; cook, stirring, 1 minute. Remove from heat, cool.

Beat egg-whites until firm, add vanilla and extra sugar gradually, continue beating until stiff. Fold in cooled mixture, blending well. Pour mixture into prepared crumb crust, refrigerate until set. Before serving, whip cream and spread evenly over top of pie.

This pie is delicious served just as it is, but for extra flavor you might like to spoon a little Coffee Sauce over each serving.

COFFEE SAUCE

- 2oz. dark chocolate
- 1-3rd cup water
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon instant coffee powder
- pinch salt
- 3oz. butter or substitute
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

In small saucepan combine water and chopped chocolate. Stir over low heat until chocolate melts. Add sugar, coffee powder, and salt; cook slowly, stirring constantly until sugar dissolves and mixture thickens slightly. Remove from heat, stir in butter and vanilla; continue stirring until sauce is smooth. Makes approximately 1 cup.

This is an excellent sauce for ice-cream, too.

Eyes are huge again! Huge. Soft. Smoky. (Sssh!)

THE HUSSSHED EYE

New: ultra-pale pastels, sometimes silvered, always silky. Shadows, shades and shines. The softest ever eyeliners. And eyelashes: all silky and soft. It's the classic new thing in eyes: whispers of colour, loads of glorified you!

Husshed Shadow Fling (\$2.75)

Each little mirrored compact holds three Husshed shades in cakes: a fashion colour, a contour colour, a highlight colour.

1. Brush the lid of the eye with the fashion colour.
2. Shape the hollow of the crease just above the eyelid with the contour colour.
3. Accent the curve below the brow with the highlight colour.



When the lid and curve below the brow are Husshed prettily, brush on the eyeliners — cake or fluid. Cake Eye Liner (\$1.00) matte and wispy. Hi Fi Fluid Eyeliner (\$1.25) defined, unshiny.

Last: Eyelashes—two textures in the Husshed Eye collection. Glamour Lashes (\$3.75): Natural Lashes (\$3.50)

Fluid Creme Eye Shadow (\$1.50) If you prefer the liquid tints, the Husshed Eye collection has them all: Fluid Creme Eye Shadows, in five delicate shades, all moisturised. The look is: filmy, transparent.

HOLLYWOOD LONDON PARIS SYDNEY

MAX FACTOR

39,081



THE HEIRESS

By Pauline Yvette Buckby

IT had been a miserable day and was an even more miserable night. The rain came fitfully, in angry gusts and the wind moaned as if in agony. Margaret, curled up in a big lounge chair stared at the last few glowing embers. She must make an effort and go to bed, she thought.

A pool of light, from a tall standard lamp, shone down on the dark head of a young man reading a newspaper. Margaret stole a quick furtive glance at him. Without looking, she knew he'd be studying the stock-market report; money seemed his only interest.

This man, her husband of just three months. The man she had promised "to love, honor, and obey as long as they both shall live." The truth was stark and frightening, she just didn't love him anymore. Had she ever really loved him, she wondered. She lay her head back wearily against the chair and watched him, through half-closed eyes.

No, she didn't think so! That wonderful, exciting emotion she had felt for Charles had been what columnists called infatuation. A sudden quick flame, like the burning of a match, and then just nothing.

Yes, she still thought him the most handsome man she had ever met; with those deep grey eyes and curling lashes. Only now, did she notice that they were deep but expressionless, almost dead eyes, never changing. They were like Charles when the veneer of his charm wore thin, cold and calculating.

So much had happened since their meeting. Had it only been six months? Perhaps in time, but endless in memories. She hadn't wanted to go to the party, but being Cynthia's guest for a few days she could hardly refuse. Cynthia's parties were always crowded; she felt a country bumpkin among the elegant sophisticated women usually present.

Maybe she'd lived in the country too long, her clothes never seemed right. At home she didn't bother much about clothes, living practically in a sweater and jeans.

She'd been perched on the arm of a couch, wishing she could creep away to her room, when she noticed Cynthia literally dragging a man across the room toward her. He was tall and extremely good-looking, dressed in an immaculate dark grey suit. As they were introduced she remembered how her heart seemed to miss a beat.

How gauche she'd felt, trying desperately to think of something interesting to say. She had expected he would spend a few minutes in polite conversation, then make an excuse and wander off. But no, he had stayed beside her, chatting in his deep, beautifully cultured voice. They found a quiet window seat and she told him about her father and their property at Wendover Heights, and how she had lost her mother when a child.

She closed her eyes, remembering their conversation, as if it were only yesterday. The next ten days had passed in a whirl of excitement. Lunches, theatre, and dinner, always with Charles. It was so wonderful.

The phone call came like a bolt from the blue, knocking her world into tiny fragments. Her father was dying. It seemed from that moment she went almost into a trance . . . The funeral was over and yet she felt nothing but a dead numbness.

They were married quietly a month later. It had seemed the sensible thing to do. The estate was vast, and as Charles pointed out she was in no condition to deal with the numerous matters that cropped up. She loved him, what was the point in waiting. He was sure her father would have understood and approved.



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Margaret stretched, yawned, and rose slowly to her feet. "I'm going to bed, will you be long?"

Charles glanced up from his paper, "Run along, I'm coming shortly." He watched as she left the room, this slip of a girl he'd married. Was the money going to be worth it? He wondered. Certainly not, if it meant being cooped up way out here at the back of beyond. Cynthia had promised him an heir in one of her humorous moods, and as if by magic had produced Margaret.

But he hadn't bargained for a country life. Margaret was such a child in many ways, and generally most co-operative, but regarding the sale of Wendover she showed a strength of character which startled Charles.

He remembered her reaction when he first brought up the subject, she had looked at him with stunned amazement and was adamant in her refusal. Obviously, it would be necessary to use some other persuasion; but what? For weeks he had thought of little else. Apart from wanting to get back to Sydney, he considered he would have a better chance of controlling the finances; not that Margaret was ungenerous, but he had very definite plans for her money.

Perhaps he could use her love for him as a lever, try a little extra attention. After all, he had been a bit curt of late. With this thought in mind, he tossed aside the paper and went to bed.

The morning dawned, one of those beautiful dewy days with the promise of spring sunshine. Margaret and Charles were breakfasting at a large table in a typical farmhouse kitchen. "Margaret, it looks like being a lovely day, how about us taking the day off? We could take a picnic lunch and go up to Craigs Peak."

"Oh, I don't think I can today, Charles. I did tell Ben I'd ride with him to the western boundary and have a look at the cattle, they'll be calving any day," she replied doubtfully.

"What's the use of having a foreman if you can't take a day off when you feel like it? Can't he take one of the men?" Charles urged.

"I guess so, if you'd really like to go. Perhaps you'd tell Ben while I arrange lunch."

Margaret enjoyed the drive, she relaxed and watched the country as they sped along. It seemed to sparkle with color; the grass shimmered in the sun like a glorious deep green velvet carpet. Leaving the plains behind they started the long winding road up to the top of the Peak. Both deep in their own thoughts, there was little conversation.

Craigs Peak was a delightful spot, used extensively in the summer months as a picnic reserve, but today they had it to themselves. After lunch they lit cigarettes and relaxed under a shady tree. They talked companionably, Charles could be charming and entertaining when he thought it necessary, and today he excelled himself.

"Come on, let's take a walk down the path to the waterfall," Charles held out his hand to pull Margaret to her feet.

"Yes, it might be a good idea. If I sit here much longer I'll fall asleep," Margaret said, taking his hand.

Perhaps things could work out, she thought, as they strolled leisurely down the path. If only Charles could be more like this

every day, settle down a little, then there may be a chance for their marriage. Although she didn't love him, to her marriage was a permanent thing, not something to be cast aside at the first hint of trouble.

They stood on the edge of the cliff looking down at the torrents of water crashing on to the rocks below. Charles stood a little behind her, watching the water tumbling down hundreds of feet. The pounding beat into his brain like the monotonous strum of a tom-tom... it seemed to repeat... "push her... push her..."

Was this the answer he'd been looking for? He was her only

living relative and natural heir. The water continued to boom as his hands rose slowly. Margaret turned to shout to him above the uproar and saw the madness in his face.

"No, Charles. Oh, no!" she whimpered in terror.

Her scream, as she fell, was muffled by the thundering fall of water. Charles stood, temporarily mesmerised. With the realisation of what he'd done, he became petrified. With a wild dash to the car he revved the engine furiously, backed, turned the car, and drove off down the road as if by sheer speed he could free himself of guilt.

The car raced madly down the mountain road. It rocked and swayed as he took each bend faster than the last. He was almost halfway down when he realised he wouldn't make the next bend unless he slowed down. His foot, as it jammed on the brake, touched the floorboard; he had no brakes. In those few seconds panic rose like vomit in his mouth. The car hurtled into space, somersaulting as it crashed down the side of the gully.

Margaret spent several days under heavy sedation before the doctor allowed her visitors. She

told her story, the version she'd created.

Now Charles was dead, what good would come out of telling the truth? It was a miracle that she was not dead, too. The ledge on to which she had fallen broke her fall, and although she was bruised she was not badly injured. Too frightened to move, she had lain in this perilous position for twenty-four hours before being rescued.

It was generally accepted that Charles was killed racing for help when Margaret had accidentally fallen over the cliff. And who was to say different?

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Beef Casserole



COUNTRY CASSEROLE.

2 lb. best-end neck chops; ½ tsp. salt; 5 small onions; 1 clove garlic, crushed (optional); 3 tbsp. butter; 3 tbsp. flour; 1 pint warm water; 3 MAGGI BEEF STOCK CUBES; ¼ cup tomato sauce; 4 medium potatoes, cut into ¾" slices; 2 carrots, sliced; 2 sticks celery, chopped; 1 bayleaf; finely chopped parsley.

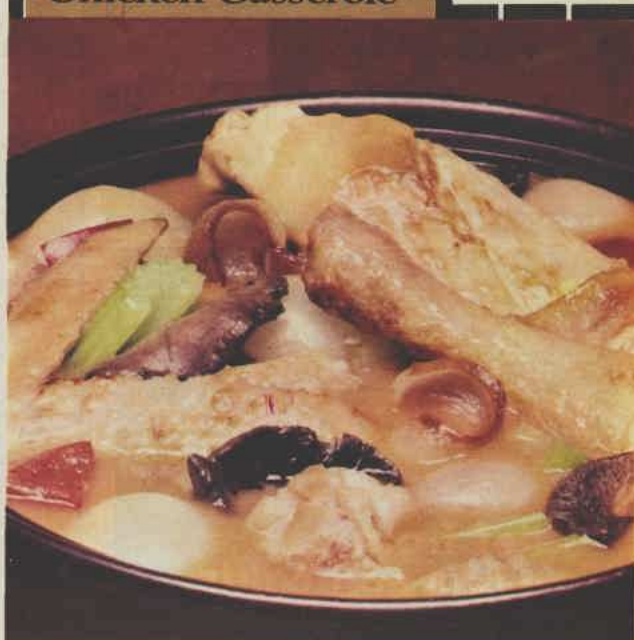
METHOD:—Season chops with salt and fry with 1 sliced onion and crushed

garlic until browned on both sides. Drain. Place meat into casserole. Add butter to pan, melt, then stir in flour. Cook for 1 minute. Gradually add water, stirring continuously. Crumble in Maggi Beef Stock Cubes and add tomato sauce. Place potatoes, carrots, celery, remaining onions and bayleaf into casserole. Pour gravy over casserole. Cover and cook in moderate oven for 2 hours. Garnish with finely chopped parsley. SERVES 6.

MAGGI BEEF STOCK CUBES



Chicken Casserole



CHICKEN 'N WINE CASSEROLE.

1 oz. butter; 1 tbsp. oil; 1 x 2½ lb. chicken, cut into serving pieces; 4 rashers bacon, diced; 8 small white onions; ¼ lb. mushrooms, halved; 1 clove garlic, crushed; 1 red capsicum, diced; 1 bayleaf; 2 tbsp. flour; ½ tsp. salt; ¼ tsp. pepper—combined; ¼ pint dry white wine; 1 MAGGI CHICKEN STOCK CUBES, ½ pint water—combined.

METHOD:—Heat butter and oil in pan. Add chicken and bacon. Brown well. Transfer to casserole. Add onion, mushrooms, garlic and capsicum to pan, fry until tender. Drain, add to casserole. Add bayleaf. Blend flour and seasonings into combined liquids, pour over casserole. Cover and cook in a moderate oven until chicken is tender—approx. 1½-2 hrs. SERVES 4-5.

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"Drop it!" cried Vorolokov, as Boris struggled vainly to draw his hand out from inside the frozen turkey.

AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT I LEAVE THE ISLAND WHAT I WON OFF FATTY HAGAN IN A POKER GAME

WHEN he inherited Foul Rock, one of the Scilly Islands, from his uncle, ALBERT QUINLAN was at first dismayed to find that his inheritance was only a small stretch of arid, rocky ground.

However, it proved to be the favorite sun-baking spot of attractive young blonde VICTORIA RHODES, who lived on the neighboring island of St. Mary's with her solicitor father, JAMES RHODES. But their blossoming romance was rudely interrupted when a Russian ship crashed into the island in a fog and was stranded there.

The ship, the *Dmitri Kirov*, was ostensibly a trawler skippered by TRAWLER-CAPTAIN VOROLOKOV, whose fishermen crew included MISCHA, the bosun; his nephew, VASHI; BORIS, the cook; dog-lover LEV with his mute aboriginal RASPUTIN; and young Cossack ICOR.

Actually it was a spy ship carrying highly technical armaments and other devices in charge of PROFESSOR USHAKOV and two other scientists; with pretty young TANYA SUVOROVA as radio operator.

Seizing a golden opportunity, Rhodes, on Albert's behalf, insists that the Russians must pay heavy compensation before they can remove any equipment from the disabled ship.

Their supreme command, delighted at the chance of obtaining a base that commands the English Channel and the Atlantic Ocean, authorises payment to Albert of over a million pounds for a ninety-nine year lease of the half of the island containing the *Dmitri Kirov*.

Promptly an American representative buys the other half for the same sum. American Marines occupy it and Foul Rock is converted into two armed encampments, separated by a "Berlin Wall" erected by the Russians.

Albert, bewildered by his sudden fortune, occupies an elaborate, sub-divided orange tent on the highest part of the island, sharing it with Rhodes, his clerk, COLLINS, and Victoria. NOW READ ON:

THE Foul Rock crisis jolted the world's Press. It was the day after the American landing. The teletype machine at the London "Daily Express" stuttered, and stopped in the middle of a sentence. The bell signalled an important message. It hammered back to life.

It was midnight. A taproom messenger shoved his well-fingered "Lady Chatterley" into his pocket and tore the paper from the teleprinter. He carried it to a telephone-desk, where the night foreign editor sat. The NFE rushed to the night editor.

"Good one from New York. Russians and Americans have each got half an island off the Scillies. Russians accusing the Yanks in the United Nations of aggression. I'll ask New York for more."

The "Express" immediately front-paged its new crusade. It called for a referendum of the Island's inhabitants. Let them choose, it shouted, by free vote whether they want British, Russian, or American rule. As usual, it called on the British Prime Minister to resign.

The reactions of other London newspapers were also characteristic.

The "Daily Mail" launched a win-a-car competition, asking entrants to place, in order of preference, ten most unlikely items it said would be essential for life on an island.

The "Sun," in an editorial backing the housewives' plight, slammed the American occupation of Foul Rock, for the effect it would have on the cost of living in the U.S. half.

The "Sketch" headlines read: "They're protecting an island like this." The entire front page, below the type, was a photograph of a bikini-clad girl sitting on a rock.

The "Daily Mirror" banner declared: Missile threat to Island's wildlife.

The "Telegraph" dug into its files and produced the report of an ornithologist who visited the Island in 1889. It published the fact that marsh gas seeped through the rocks. "Mineral bonanza," reasoned the newspaper.

"The Times" filled its inside pages with interpretive assessments by its various experts. It also carried other news that morning. But not very much.

"The Guardian," on the other hand, just published other news. They'd make up for it the following day.

The newspapers went to war.

By 1 a.m. the beagles of Fleet Street, the foreign newsmen, and television and radio teams were on their way. Telephones rang in late-night restaurants, homes, and the Press Club. Halves of bitter, gins and tonic, wives and girlfriends were abandoned. Reporters, on and off duty, were dragged back, some happy, some protesting, to their offices. They were briefed, and dispatched.

Now, for everyone, the target was — be first there, and get the news back. Half an hour after the alert, there were no charter planes available south of Manchester.

Big money changed ownership. Photographers, pregnant with camera-gear, lumbered into aircraft. Reporters who had broken off their story-swopping in the Press Club, resumed it at the airport and railway-station buffets. Police patrol cars had a busy time pursuing fast cars speeding westward.

By dawn; most of the journalists were in Cornwall. Some had arrived from France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. It was like market day in Penzance. The

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 4, 1969

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helicopter service to St. Mary's in the Scillies had already been doubled and the first machine left at dawn.

Fishing boats, loaded with reporters and cameramen, were already at sea. Exhausted from lack of sleep, hungry, and now sea sick, they heaved their way toward Foul Rock.

It was raining, miserable, and windy. As the boats left the shelter of the Cornish coast, they were hit by a squall. They dipped and corkscrewed into a south-westerly.

The passengers flipped coins for spare oilskins and for the shelter of the smelly forward cabins. Many of those whose stomachs survived the waves couldn't withstand the smell of fish, sweat, and diesel fumes.

The Cornish fishermen in the wheelhouse laughed. They chewed on their pipes and swigged at bottles of brown ale. By their standards, this was mild weather.

The first journalists reached Foul Rock at 9 a.m. They were French, a team from "Paris-Match," on board a large offshore racing launch, straight from Cherbourg. The powerboat arrived unnoticed and dropped anchor. A rubber dinghy was lowered over the side, and poled to the rocks. The first of the journalists stepped on to the Island.

"Halt, stand-where-you-are." The Marine guard whirled into a fighting crouch, his carbine at his hip. He spat out his chewing gum. "What d'ya want?"

"We'd like to speak to the Commandant. We're from 'Paris-Match'."

The Marine wrenched at his lanyard and produced a whistle. He blew three short blasts. The mess emptied as men ran to their posts.

The visitors weren't made welcome. The Marine commander, red-faced Major Corrigan, grudgingly spoke to them. He said "no comment." He didn't object to photographs. No, he wouldn't pose with a Russian guard, nor on his own.

The Marines went back to their mess, leaving the five Frenchmen standing on the shore in the rain. They tried a similar approach to the Russians at the gate, but were ignored.

The cameramen photographed all they could see on the Island. They were reloading when they spotted the half-dressed Victoria standing at the door of the orange tent. Within seconds the tent was swarming with Frenchmen.

The flotilla of Press then hit Foul Rock. The guard's whistle shrilled again as the boats appeared through the drizzle.

The Russians reacted firmly. Storm-clad armed guards slid down the rope ladder from the trawler and stationed themselves on the rocks. There was a loud bang, and a red flare hung above the trawler. The robot tones of a loudhailer reached the journalists over the sounds of their boats' engines.

"Attention. Keep away. Keep away. You cannot land here. You are in Soviet territorial waters. Move out."

The Cockney voice of a cameraman shouted an obscene reply. There was loud, coarse laughter.

Obediently, however, the

AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

boats turned to the American end of the island. They nudged each other for moorings. Cautious fishermen were bribed into getting their boats closer. There was a scramble to get ashore.

The next few minutes were profitable for the German and Japanese camera industries. In the scuffle, a cameraman slipped on wet fish scales in one of the boats and pitched face forward on to the rocks. The lens was punched into his camera's body.

A journalist jumped from boat to boat to reach shore. He clutched at a camera-festooned photographer. Both men disappeared into the sea. They were gaffed crew on board by the skilled back of a shark-fishing boat.

A television cameraman, hand-holding a £1,700 camera, leapt ashore, tripped over a mooring rope, and took three uncontrolled strides up the rocks. The camera tore itself from the battery lead, trajected fifteen feet into the air, and landed with a crash.

Boats continued to arrive. It was still raining.

"Collins, hide the gin." Rhodes sat inside the tent door, watching the advancing Pressmen.

The "Paris-Match" crew were photographing Victoria and Albert against the background of the trawler. Suddenly, they were avalanched by shoving, elbowing, shutter-clicking rivals. Albert found himself behind the mass.

"A bit more leg, love." "Take a deep breath." "Look up." "Stretch." "Say 'moon'."

People were almost falling off the edge of the island, and more were arriving every minute. Newsmen milled against the barbed wire as they tried to interview the Russians. The Soviet seamen were getting jittery.

Major Corrigan tried to find his Lieutenant in the crowd. It was impossible. He couldn't even find a Marine to ask him to find the Lieutenant. He tried shouting. He was ignored. He tried pushing, but there were too many—and they pushed back.

The journalists hadn't eaten or drunk for several hours. Then someone found the drink machines. A black-market rapidly developed in American dimes.

But the evacuation of the journalists was even quicker than their arrival. It was instantaneous. Two minutes after the exodus began, only the lame and the sick were left, crawling in the direction of their boats. Scars of foamed water radiated from the Island like the spokes of

a wheel, as the journalists raced to get their stories back.

The Prime Minister stood by the window of his office in Downing Street, trying out his new electric razor. He was shaving one of the cactus plants in the tray on the sill. He didn't hear the red telephone buzz.

He blew the cactus bristles out of the razor and examined his morning's work. Eleven green sausages stood nude in the dry sand.

The telephone rang again. This time he picked it up.

"Washington," a voice said. "Prime Minister here."

"Like you to keep your newsmen off the Island. Strict news embargo. We're trying to de-escalate. Pulling out the fleet today. The Russians are doing the same."

"Be a pleasure to help."

There was an agonised gasp. "Please don't help—just stay out of it."

The Prime Minister tensed himself for the inevitable question about his wife's well-being. It didn't come. The White House phone was already down.

Victoria was having the time of her life. She was constantly surrounded by a retinue of Marines. They were her slaves. She was not allowed to do anything for herself, or for anyone else.

Zeke, the Marine's Kentucky chef, watched her with big-brother interest. He forbade her to cook.

"Ain't no need. Four extra's no difference to me."

He was her protector. It took the young Marines only a few days to find that the degree of their friendship with Victoria governed the size of their meals. If they stepped beyond Zeke's very rigid limits, their food portions shrank. His method never failed. A man can starve for so long.

Albert was frantic. He knew Victoria was as eager for him as ever. She wanted to be alone with him. But in the daytime, eyes followed them everywhere. In the evening, the eyes' owners did the trailing. In the tent, there was Rhodes, Collins—and the canvas wall. Albert's sleep was ruined by nightmares.

Meanwhile, another individual well pleased with the whole set-up was Rasputin, Lev's mute alsatian. Actually, the laziest and friendliest of dogs, Rasputin now had dual nationality.

As the days passed, he got fatter. He'd learnt the meal timetable on both sides of the wire. Now that his true harmlessness was recognised, he was no longer regarded as a watchdog. He had the freedom of the Island.

His day began with a bis-

cuit with Vorolokov, then breakfast with the Russian crew. This was followed by ketchup and cornflakes in the American sector. Mid-morning would find him back on the trawler, where he knew Boris would be clearing the galley scraps. An hour later, he would help Zeke sort the American cookhouse garbage.

This usually took him until lunch began on the Dmitri Kirov. He would sleep for an hour in the sun on the rocks below the trawler, and would wake refreshed and hungry for the tibits now available in the American mess.

His afternoon was divided between the two cooks, Zeke and Boris. By six in the evening, he was so crammed he had little room for the Russian evening meal. Supper with the Americans was an effort. His only exercise was his walk from one meal to another.

The Americans also were now enjoying the Island. It was obvious they'd have no trouble from the Russian seamen. The Marines knew the Russians' crash-damaged equipment was still inoperative, and would remain unworkable for the time being.

CORRIGAN's orders were to hold the Island and establish a base. In the meantime, discipline was slightly relaxed. Parades and arms-drills were minimal. There were still guard duties, but the men carried batons instead of rifles.

The only tension, now, came from the loudspeaker which Major Corrigan set up near the wire. It wasn't his idea, and it annoyed him as much as it deafened the Russians. For an hour every morning and afternoon, it blared out tape-recorded propaganda in "Russian."

None of the Marines could understand a word. To the Russians, the loudspeaker was just noise. Someone back on the U.S. Fleet had blundered. The tapes were in Albanian.

The Russians countered by bolting a speaker on the bow of the trawler. This was switched on at the same time as the U.S. speaker. To the Americans, the Russians' broadcast was even more incomprehensible. It was tuned into the British Broadcasting Corporation's cricket commentaries.

For an hour in the morning, and an hour in the evening, everyone had headaches.

Corrigan's men had so much time on their hands that every item of their equipment was kept in textbook order. Footdrill was out of the question: they couldn't march over the rough rocks. Corrigan thought of ways of keeping them occupied.

He arranged a shooting match. The men unenthusi-

astically took part. They knew that Zeke would win. He tried unarmed combat. The men were just as disinterested. There wasn't much fun in being smashed against rocks by Joe Suki, the Navy judo champion.

Swimming was the most popular contest. Corrigan allowed Victoria and Albert to compete. The Marines usually let her win, but there was always a scramble for second place, as the man got a consolation kiss. Albert, a good swimmer, invariably found himself hemmed in by three or four water-polo playing Grunts. He never finished higher than fourth.

In the Russian sector, Vorolokov found no problem keeping his seamen occupied. All they wanted to do was to fish. The Russian Navy didn't provide fishing gear because it never expected the Dmitri Kirov to be used for that purpose. So the men made their own.

They forged hooks and filched nylon lines from aerial kites and weather balloons. Bronze brazing rods were converted into lobster pots, which they laid off the rocks.

Now a date vitally important for both halves of the Island was approaching. July 4 was near and Corrigan had been notified by radio that supplies to include special Independence Day food would be dropped on the Island.

July 4th was also Vorolokov's birthday. His crew planned a celebration, a fish barbecue. Tanya sewed together the white sweater she had knitted him.

It was July 1st. Albert and Victoria had been on the Island for three weeks. They weren't allowed off it. They couldn't even visit neighboring islands. Albert worried about the cinema where he worked and especially about his boss, the kindly Manny. Corrigan had let him cable Manny for extended leave. He knew the manager would look after the old-age pensioners, but who would look after Manny?

He hadn't imagined that being a millionaire could be so limiting.

"Don't worry," Collins told him. "Think of the interest your money's earning in the bank."

"I've already got my interests, here," said Albert, thinking of Victoria. "But I can't get my hands on that either."

Rhodes had cause to worry. His gin stock was disturbingly low. He was rationing himself to half-tumblers, and even considered stretching it out with the help of the Americans' soda. But he decided to postpone this emergency.

Victoria bubbled. She owned a male harem, fifteen tough, bronzed sea-soldiers, who wooed her continuously. She was a goddess, with a millionaire in tow.

"Gee, honey, we'll soon be alone," she told Albert when he complained. "I dig you the most."

But this only made matters worse. Her growing American vocabulary only reinforced his protests that she was seeing too much of the Marines.

An aircraft droned nearer. It glinted in the sunlight as it homed on the Island. It

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Open to all entrants. (Final Bake-Off to be carried out by top male chefs.) Use Butter, White Wings Flour and feature other typical Australian ingredients. Budget limit, \$1.00 per serve. State number of serves. PRIZE: \$200 cash plus a \$350 Whirlpool Premier Range—The Champion (Gas or Electric).

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NEW! Men only. (Final Bake-Off to be carried out by top male chefs.) Use Butter, White Wings Flour and feature other typical Australian ingredients. Budget limit, \$1.00 per serve. State number of serves. PRIZE: \$250 cash.

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CHARITY SECTION

YOUNG MODERNS

Decision of the judges will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.



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PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

circled them. A smoking orange parachute flare dropped beneath it and swung slowly toward them.

"Supplies," shouted Luigi Morelli, the American sentry. "Launch the dinghy," Corrigan called.

The plane made a run upwind, diagonally across the Island. The pilot narrowly avoided violating Soviet air space. The Russians on the deck of the trawler stood, faces upward. They saw three bundles drop. White parachutes umbrellaeled open and drifted toward the Island.

It was a good drop. The bundles splashed into the sea, thirty feet offshore, and were collected almost immediately by the waiting Marines.

The aircraft made a second run. The door between the twin fuselages opened. It gave birth . . .

"Holy cow!" The startled exclamation came from Ace Ellsmore, the young Lieutenant who had led the "attack" on the Island. "Just what we needed—a jeep."

Clusters of parachutes burst open above each end of the falling vehicle.

"A dollar gets you five it lands on the mess," offered Elliot Hennessey, the colored Top Sergeant.

"I'll take that," said Ellsmore.

Two final bundles were thrown from the aircraft.

"They'll never make the Island," said Morelli.

A gust of wind caught the jeep. It hit the flagpole at an angle of forty-five degrees. There was a splintering. The top of the flagpole jack-knifed. The flag was snatched by the jeep and carried away.

The spinning vehicle just cleared the barbed wire barrier and the ducked heads of the Soviet guards, and slewed to a halt on the flat ground in front of the trawler. The parachutes died, sinking to the rocks. The Stars and Stripes looked back at the Americans from its new home in the Soviet sector.

"Thanks for nothing," Morelli shouted at the retreating aircraft.

"What happened to the rest of the stuff?" someone asked.

Eyes scanned the sea and the surrounding rocks.

"That plane musta been flown by a Russian—look!"

A plastic drum was hanging by its parachute from the stern radio mast of the *Dmitri Kirov*. It was unnoticed by the Russians, who were more interested in the jeep. They stood around it in a group.

The radio operator called Corrigan over. He picked up the headset. "Have you received the supplies?" asked a voice.

"The three first bundles. The jeep's gone to the Russians. And the black drum. What was in it?"

"Your turkeys," said the voice. "Tough luck. Out."

Zeke appeared through the doorway of the radio tent.

"They ain't sent mah turkeys, sir," he said.

"They have," replied Corrigan. "That's them hanging on the trawler."

Hennessey called from out-

side. "Major, a Russian to see you, sir."

Corrigan went out and walked over to the wire where the scientist Ushakov was standing.

"Is this yours?" he grinned, handing Corrigan the carefully folded Stars and Stripes.

Corrigan took it. "What about the jeep?" he asked.

The scientist grinned again. "It has violated Soviet airspace, and is forfeit," he said firmly. He bowed to the Major, turned and walked back.

THE jeep didn't matter. The Russians were welcome to it. There was nowhere to drive it, anyway. But Independence Day turkeys were another matter. "Ah got the cranberry sauce orl ready," grumbled Zeke.

"How much if I get the turkeys?" asked Joe Suki.

"No chance," said Zeke.

"Sure I can," said Joe.

"I'll give a five spot," said Morelli.

"Me, too," said Ace Ellsmore.

Other Marines agreed.

"I don't want to know," said the Major. "But I'll chip in another five if I get turkey on July 4th."

"Leave it to me, kids," Suki's slight Oriental features beamed. He flexed his massive shoulders. "We'll be

"Help me play it, you fool. It'll break the line."

The two men hauled on the fish. It dragged yards of line into the water, but they gradually drew it back. It surged forward again.

"Easy," coaxed Boris.

"My harpoon," panted Igor.

"Get it—fast."

The monster fish was now only a few yards out in the thick seaweed.

Igor ran up the rocks.

"We've got a shark," he shouted. "My harpoon."

It was dropped to him from the trawler. The fishermen ran back with him to Boris. Many hands grabbed the line from the panting cook. The fishermen could just make out the glint of the fish as it thrashed in the leathery kelp.

Igor drew back his arm and launched his harpoon. The fish stood up on two feet and charged at the Russians. Boris fell backward into the water.

The black sea monster seized Igor and threw him after his harpoon. "Kecaiy . . ." it screamed, charging the other stupefied Russians.

"Frogman," Boris cried belatedly as the figure shook the air bottles from its shoulders and kicked off its fins. "Hold him."

But Suki stood, his feet balanced lightly on a rock, picking the Russians off as they attacked him. He was calm and enjoying himself. He might have been back on the dojo mats, instructing the Navy judo team. He called out the names of the

The bearded Russian officer saw Suki move and came over. At his side stood the young dark-haired woman whom Suki had often seen from the other side of the wire. She was cradling the sub-machine-gun in her arms.

"This is spying," said the officer. "For this you can be shot. You have invaded our territory. You have injured my men. Twice in one day your people have violated our land. This is great provocation."

Suki swallowed. He decided the most sensible course of action would be to tell the Russians the truth.

"I came for our turkeys." Even to him the excuse sounded unreal.

The frown didn't leave Vorolokov's face. "What stupid story is this?"

"Our turkeys landed on your ship, on the stern radio mast," He pointed. The turkeys weren't visible from the deck. He realised that he would have to convince Vorolokov quickly.

"Can I show you?" he asked. He hoped they were still there.

"No," Vorolokov spat a command at one of the seamen in Russian. The man clambered over the side of the ship, dropped down the ladder and walked away. He looked up to the stern of the trawler. "Da," he shouted.

Vorolokov spoke again in Russian. Two other seamen disappeared toward the rear of the ship and returned, carrying the heavy black container. They lowered it care-

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



defrosting those turkeys tonight. Help me dress."

Suki, a Filipino, was one of the Marines' Beach Reconnaissance Team—a frogman. He was hustled into the mess. The men collected his gear.

Corrigan presently saw them making for the shore, Suki in his frogman's outfit. He immediately turned away on some make-believe mission . . .

Boris the Russian cook had barely given the jeep a glance. To him it was just a hunk of dull machinery. It wasn't as interesting as his new bait. He was trying the limpets he'd chiselled off the rocks.

The bite, when it came, whipped the cord through his fingers. It cut deep into the flesh. This was a sea monster.

"Igor," shouted Boris. "Come quick."

The young Cossack leapt from rock to rock to the cook's side.

"Pull," shouted Boris. Igor grabbed the line and put a turn round his wrist.

He was almost dragged into the water.

throws as he disposed of his attackers.

He had just executed a spectacular Utsui-goshi on one man, dropping him heavily on his back on the rocks, when Ushakov stepped up with a sub-machine-gun. Reluctantly, Suki put up his arms. The Russian prodded his captive with the barrel.

It was painful—for Ushakov. For Suki used one of the defences unarmed Samurai warriors developed. He swept his left arm down in an arc, trapped Ushakov's left hand against the front grip of the machine-gun, lifted the muzzle, and stepped underneath.

Ushakov had time to become interested in the technique even before he left the ground. He was surprised to find that he was in the air long enough to get a clear upside-down picture of Igor crashing the shaft of the harpoon on to the frogman's head.

Ushakov and Suki recovered consciousness at the same time. They were both lying on the deck of the trawler where they had been carried by the bruised Russian seamen.

fully to the deck in front of their officer.

"Open it," he said. "No. You open it." He pointed at Suki.

The Russians stepped back. Suki lumbered to his feet and bent over the plastic drum.

"Remember the gun. Please move slowly."

With exaggerated care, Suki unlatched the fasteners. The insulated lid came off smoothly. He laid it on the deck. Small blocks of ice shattered as they tumbled out.

"Enough," said Vorolokov. He said something else in Russian.

Boris, dry again and in his chef's clothes, stepped to the container, brushed aside the ice splinters and lifted out a polythene packet. Five similar parcels followed it. The Russians stared in utter astonishment at a neat row of turkeys on their deck.

Suki had stepped back. Tanya, completely intrigued, had forgotten about him and was aiming the sub-machine-gun—if at all—at the birds. Boris unwrapped one. His

To page 73

The garden in June... with a special word on caring for cyclamens



● Cyclamens are one of winter's highlights. In the right position, they'll flower well for months.

By ALLAN SEALE

CYCLAMENS like a well-lighted position, with broken or diffused rather than direct sunlight, but it must also be cool and airy.

So don't leave them where sunny windows are closed, or the important relative humidity may drop below the tolerance limit. Foliage then becomes weak and droopy, and flower buds cease to form.

One way to rejuvenate a flagging cyclamen is to suspend it over a bowl of hot water. The steam and rising vapor usually revitalises the plant.

But in most cases it is enough to group several cyclamens together, so moisture rising from the soil creates a humid pocket of air around them.

Or do the same as suggested for other house plants: Stand them on a shallow dish or tray of pebbles with water in the base. The pebbles keep the pot clear of the water and help evaporate moisture from the water below.

Avoid draughty positions. These keep air dry and cause undue evaporation from foliage.

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Unlike most other house plants, cyclamens are fed in winter, as this is their main growing season. Use complete soluble preparations, such as Thrive, Zest, and Aquasol, once a fortnight.

As a safeguard, immerse the pot in a bucket of water for a few minutes before feeding to wash out any residue of unused fertiliser and to stop it from building up to dangerous levels. Splash or sponge over foliage to remove dust.

Cyclamens make delightful garden plants, especially in temperate, not too frosty, districts. Choose a sheltered position, lightly shaded by deciduous trees such as maple, birch, or prunus. Partly shaded rockery pockets are ideal, for although cyclamens need a constantly moist soil drainage is also essential.

In otherwise flat areas where soil is heavy or drainage doubtful, raise the level of the soil for them. A few rocks set to retain a mound a foot or two across, and 4 to 6 in. higher than the surrounding soil, would be large enough to take several plants. Complete the setting by adding clumps of ferns, primulas, or both.

The soil. Cyclamens are best in a good, crumbly soil. Garden loam can be brought to their liking by adding well-rotted leafmould or peatmoss. They like a slightly limy soil, so when using peatmoss, which is acid, give a light dusting of lime.

A more specific soil mixture for cyclamens is the John Innes formula. This is 7 parts by volume medium loam (a good garden soil that has had compost, lime, etc., added occasionally), 2 parts sand, and 3 of moistened peatmoss. To each 2 gallon bucketful add a heaped teaspoon of good, complete fertiliser and one of garden lime.

When planting or repotting, keep the soil at the previous level. The dome of the fleshy corm should be just above soil level.

Cyclamens give their best performance during the first year of flowering. New plants, raised from seed sown summer to early autumn, will flower the following year.

THE FLOWER GARDEN

In the flower garden, most sowings and plantings for spring are over, but patching may be needed. Unless the surviving seedlings are still small, it will be hard to find replacements to match them. To avoid an uneven effect, condense the "thinnest" part of the bed, and fill the gap with a drift or border of a quicker-flowering annual.

Seedlings of *nemesias* would be attractive, quick-flowering replacements. *Lobelia* are also worth considering — they may not flower until late October, but they are compact and attractive.

Violas will tide over into summer, remaining to give color while summer phlox or petite marigolds establish.

There are also several quick-flowering, easy replacements to start from seed sown direct into the garden — *Fairy Bouquet* *Eschschia* (15 to 18 in. high), like a host of tiny snapdragons; *virginian stock* (to 9 in.), covered with tiny pink-to-mauve single flowers; dwarf stocks, like the taller types in miniature (to 10 in.); double, very fragrant. *Alyssum* is also a useful fill in for a carpeting effect.

Daphne should be soon peeping out and wafting its sweet perfume on night air. In some areas it is already flowering. The best treatment now or any other time is to leave it undisturbed. So

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often at flowering time, overindulgent owners hasten it to an untimely end by overfertilising, heavy mulching, and, worst of all, cultivation round the root area.

A light sprinkling of, say, *camellia* and *azalea* or *daphne* fertiliser is beneficial. Use only about a handful to a medium-sized plant, and scatter in mainly under the outer foliage rather than close to the stem. Subsequent watering will take this down to the roots.

Leafmould is a good mulch for *daphne*, as it keeps down weed growth and stops soil caking, doing away with the need for cultivation. Don't mulch with rich compost, fresh grass clippings, or animal manures.

If buds of *daphne* drop prematurely, suspect mealy bug, a flattened, downy, grey-white infestation found in bud clusters, junctions of stem and leaves, or underneath leaves, usually along the midrib.

Control: About 2 tablespoons of white oil per gallon of water, preferably with a teaspoon of malathion or nicotine sulphate. Mix the white oil with a little water before adding to the remainder. Spray to wet the underside of foliage as much as possible.

Feed *polyanthus* to encourage stronger growth and more flowers. Use complete soluble preparations as suggested for cyclamens.

Dull, mottled foliage suggests minute red spider or aphid behind foliage. Control by watering plants over with rogor, lebaycid, metasytox.

Metasytox is the most toxic, but gives longest control, and runoff is usually absorbed through roots. Avoid skin contact and excessive inhalation — easier to accomplish when watering the chemical over the plant, rather than spraying.

It is still too early for pruning of most ornamentals. Next month is time for roses, even later in cold districts; similarly for crepe myrtles.

Spring-flowering shrubs and blossoms are pruned immediately after flowering.

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Biscuit Crust 2 cups crushed sweet biscuits, 1 tablespoon sugar, 4-6 ozs. shortening — melted.

Filling 1½ tablespoons gelatine, ½ cup water, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup evaporated milk, ½ cup Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, two 4-oz. packets cream cheese — softened, ½ cup sugar, 1½ teaspoons vanilla essence, one 14½ oz. can evaporated milk — chilled icy cold.

Method: Combine the biscuit crumbs, sugar and shortening. Press into the bottom and sides of an 8" or 9" spring form pan or a 13" x 9" x 2" baking pan. Chill. Place gelatine and water in a saucepan, heat until gelatine dissolves. Stir in ½ cup of sugar, ½ cup of evaporated milk and the cocoa. Cool until the mixture begins to thicken. Beat the cream cheese, ½ cup sugar and vanilla together. Add the gelatine mixture. Beat the chilled evaporated milk to stiff peaks, fold in cream cheese mixture. Pour into the biscuit crust. Chill 8 hours or overnight. Decorate with tinned mandarin oranges. Serves 8-10.

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As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting May 28

ARIES: March 21-April 20

* Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.
* Your vitality is still high—your ruling star is nicely placed—but although the week is mostly favorable there could be snags at weekend. Be more than usually wary—your judgment could be out of kilter—and romance could suffer a little.

TAURUS: April 21-May 20

* Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Thursday, Tuesday.
* The week is like a sandwich with nice bread but a nasty filling. Weekend is upsetting. Don't get financially involved with a friend—you could lose out. However, May 29 assists finance—and the dolce vita.

GEMINI: May 21-June 21

* Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, blue, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
* You're still in your swinging cycle and there's a clear-way until June 11, except for the weekend, which could spell a spot of brouhaha in the personal life. For the rest, cash in on the good conditions; go-go and get places.

CANCER: June 22-July 22

* Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
* Cancerians are the protectivest sign of the zodiac—and they'll need that inbuilt radar at weekend—the only hurdle in a good run of stars. June 1 is particularly hostile—bad for judgment, legal concerns, and travel. Also Lady Luck herself is in a pettish and petulant mood.

LEO: July 23-August 22

* Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
* Romance lies beneath smiling stars, and nice things happen with loved ones and on the home front. It's fine for real-estate deals, too—and removals. However, rate the weekend as unco-operative, and beware of emotional spat.

VIRGO: August 23-September 23

* Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
* With the exception of the weekend, there's a good span until June 11—29th being especially favoring. Play it cool, which comes easily to Virgoans. Many—particularly the end-of-sign segment—will have to be extra careful travelling.

LIBRA: September 24-October 23

* Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
* Thinking of improving your work conditions or of going on a short trip? Well, 20th is favorable, but weekend is not. You'll have to play it safe on the road—rat race, especially 1st. Otherwise, there's a good run of stars until 11th. A mini-muddle spot on Monday night.

SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

* Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.
* May 29 is the best day—fine for speculating (if you have any lazy money), good for beginning a cruise or for just plain planning. Weekend, especially Sunday, is tense and nervy. Curb the urge to splurge, and hang on to your money. A spat with a friend?

SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

* Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
* If you except the weekend, there's a good stretch until 11th, when you can push your ambitions and escalate career- and status-wise. However, weekend could prove nervy and tense. Hold your horses and avoid a lover's quarrel.

CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

* Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, red, silver. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
* The tempo of life has quickened for many Capricornians—they're definitely in the picture. Excluding the weekend, the stars are favoring, especially for legal matters. May 29 is more than usually lottery-lucky, but 1st is unfortunate.

AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

* Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Monday.
* There could be strained relations with the opposite sex at weekend, and Cupid is in cantankerous humor. Otherwise good stars until June 11. Romance looms life-size, and the unattached could form happy friendships, especially 29th.

PISCES: February 20-March 20

* Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.
* Fortunate focus on matters matrimonial and marital—except weekend, when there could be misunderstanding with the soul-mate. Otherwise it's fine for orange blossoms, particularly 29th. Stick to routine 1st, make no new moves—and watch finances.

AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

eyes glistened with professional interest as he examined it. It was huge. To him it was more exciting than any woman. He licked his lips. His breast was white, full and voluptuous. Its legs shapely, with not too much sinew. Its unblemished back was smooth and delicately proportioned. Enraptured, he caressed it.

He was dragged from his culinary ecstasy by a command. "Put your hand inside," said Vorolokov. "Make sure it's empty."

Boris stuffed his fat hand through the poulterer's opening.

"There's something there," he said. "It's hard."

"Aaahhhh," said Vorolokov. "Get it out. Take care."

Boris gingerly closed his fingers over the package inside and tried to withdraw his hand. It was impossible. The frozen narrow opening gripped his clenched fist.

"I can't get my hand out," he said simply.

"Drop it," cried Vorolokov impatiently. "Let go of the thing inside. We'll shake it out."

Boris did as he was told. The turkey dropped to the deck with a thump. The package fell out. A transparent envelope of frozen giblets skated to Vorolokov's feet.

They searched the remaining five turkeys. Vorolokov turned to Suki. "You Americans have no food?"

"Sure we've got food."

"Then why you risk your life to get this birds?"

"It's Independence Day food," he said.

"Independence Day?" "Uhuh." He thought quickly. "Like your May Day. It's the day we got our freedom. It's the day after tomorrow."

"The day after tomorrow is mine birthday." The Russian officer smiled. "You are very foolish man. But very strong. You fight my whole crew for six birds. They must be much importance to you."

Suki felt the pendulum swing in his favor, and kept quiet.

"I have never eaten such gross turkey," grinned Vorolokov. "I give you your freedom for two birds. But don't be so stupid again."

Suki nodded agreement. He bundled four turkeys and the giblet pack's into the container, clamped the lid back on, and hoisted the drum easily on to his shoulder. He was in a hurry. He didn't want the Russian to change his mind.

"I'll send you some cranberry sauce," he said.

His air bottles and diving gear were lying on the rocks at the bottom of the rope ladder. He balanced the equipment on the other shoulder, grinned at the row of heads watching him from the rail of the trawler, and swaggered toward the barrier.

The guard saw him and pulled open the gate. Suki cheerfully nodded to him and walked jauntily through, whistling Yankee Doodle.

On the American side he was immediately surrounded by cheering Grunts.

"We thought you were a gonner."

"Whatjado?"

"Howja do it?"

Suki lowered his air bottles to the ground. Then he handed the big black drum to Zeke. "You guys owe me eighty dollars," he said.

"This is the White House," said the voice.

"I'm glad you rang," said the PM. "I want some advice."

"Sure." There was an unguarded note of surprise.

"What do you do with a droopy cactus?"

There was the sound of slow breathing over the Hot Line.

"What happened to it?" The words were clipped with fatherly enunciation.

"It got shaved."

"Shaved?" There was silence. "No wonder it's sagging, it's spineless," the voice chortled at its own joke. "Try propping it up with a politician. Now, about the Island . . ."

The PM interrupted. "But my cactus . . ."

The Texan voice stopped him. "Don't worry, I'll send you another. Now, about the Island . . ."

THE incident of the turkeys had a surprising sequel the next day. A big softball had turned up among the Marines' paraphernalia, and games with it were a popular diversion. "Catch!" called Morelli, slinging the ball to the bikini-clad Victoria.

She caught it, half turned toward Albert, and threw it. It missed him by five yards and was caught by Rasputin—on the other side of the wire. He tried eating it, ignoring Morelli's calls. It was retrieved after a tug-of-war by Lev, who tossed it back to the girl.

Corrigan raised an eyebrow. This was the first open gesture of friendliness that he had seen coming from the Russians. He elbowed himself up from the rock where he'd been lying and strolled over to the wire. He dragged a packet of cigarettes from his breast pocket, and offered one to Lev.

The Russian seaman hesitated, then took one. Corrigan reached over the barrier and gave him a light.

"Hot," said Corrigan.

"Da," said Lev.

"Corrigan," said Corrigan, pointing at himself.

"Russian," said Lev.

"American," said Corrigan, again pointing at himself.

"Lcv," said the Russian.

"Alsatian," said Corrigan, waving his hand at Rasputin.

"Russian," said Lev.

Corrigan found himself trapped in a one-word conversation, but he felt he might offend the Russian if he ended the conversation too quickly.

He pointed at Lev. "Sailor," he said.

Lev shook his head.

"Fisherman." He pointed at Corrigan. "Soldier."

This time the Major shook his head. "Marine."

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FAMILY ADDITIONS



Lev's eyes brightened. "Ah, sailor," he said, pleased. Corrigan mentally winced. "No," he said. "Half sailor, half soldier."

"Ah," Lev laughed. He searched for the right word. "Mermaid?" he asked.

Corrigan laughed. "Kinda."

He was rescued by Victoria.

"Catch," she shouted. This time she threw the ball deliberately to the Russian who caught it deftly. His rifle sling slid from his shoulder into the crook of his arm. He propped the weapon against a rock.

"Oi."

Lev looked over his shoulder. Igor was standing twenty yards away, cupping his hands above his head. He caught Lev's throw, and hurled the ball high over the wire. Morelli ran back several paces to catch it. He launched it even higher into the Russian sector.

This time Mischa leapt forward to catch it. The softball soared into the American sector. Corrigan caught it, and threw it toward the trawler.

The teams grew. Soon, almost all the off-duty fishermen and Marines were playing. The GIs picked up the Russians' Christian names and yelled them as they threw them the ball. The Russians shouted back — the Americans' surnames.

The men were sweating. They shed clothing as they dashed about.

"Eee, 'Ennessee," Igor lobbed a large plastic marker buoy out into the sea and ran after it. The half-dressed teams from both sides of the wire followed him.

The noisy ball game continued in the water. It was an undisciplined water-polo match. There were no sides. The current carried the men down past the trawler. They played their way back to the shallows of the American sector.

The invisible demarcation line separating the territorial waters was forgotten. But when they staggered ashore, they instinctively splashed to their own sides of the barrier, then relaxed in a chattering group on the rocky beach, separated only by the barbed wire.

Victoria sat among them. Suki raided the drink machine, and came back with an armful of chilled cans. He passed them round. The cans popped and hissed as the Russians and Americans opened them.

Watching from a distance, Major Corrigan smiled to himself. The confrontation was over.

It was July 4. For days, the Soviet fishermen had been busy collecting driftwood. It now stood in a pyramid a few yards in front of the trawler's bow, causing speculation among the Americans.

Now they watched as long scrubbed tables and benches were passed down from the trawler and set up in a horseshoe around the piled driftwood.

"Igor, watcha doin'?" asked Hennessey.

"We make feast this night," the Cossack explained. "Captain, he born day."

"Barbecue?"

"Da. Lobster . . . fish . . . vodka. Very much vodka. Very much singing."

AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

"We're having a party tonight, too," said Suki. "Very much nothing."

Igor looked surprised. "You no drink?"

"Sure. But we got no drink."

"No drink!" Igor grimaced ruefully.

By early evening the Russian fire was lit. As the flames died down and the fire became a glowing bed of charcoal the smell of cooking and spiced sauces reached the American camp.

The Americans sat in their mess awaiting their turkey. At the head of the table sat Corrigan. At the other end, in a small group, the Britons. The Kentucky cook traditionally served this special meal. He'd worked hard all day. It was perfect. Victoria, with one of Zeke's huge aprons reaching to her ankles, helped him to wait at table.

Rhodes, his wig neatly brushed, watched the Americans quietly stirring the meal with their forks. It was broody and thoughtful, not the lively celebration he'd expected.

In contrast, they could hear the sound of merry-making from the Soviet sector.

"They've got vodka," said Suki, gnawing a turkey leg. "Pass the soda-pop."

Rhodes felt guilty. Hidden away under his sleeping bag was the remains of a bottle of gin. He fought a

FROM THE BIBLE

• And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold, it was very good.

— Gen. 1: 31.

mental battle. His conscience won. He excused himself, went out and returned with an unlabelled bottle. He stood it in front of Corrigan.

"Sorry, that's all there is."

Corrigan stared at the bottle. It'd been a long, dry spell. He uncorked it and sniffed. "Gin," he said.

He looked at the eyes watching him expectantly. "Okay, let's kill it." He passed it to Ace. With great ceremony, and with meticulous care, the young Lieutenant measured a tablespoonful of gin into each man's mug.

Albert stared at the thin puddle of liquid at the bottom of his tin cup. This, and the expectancy of the men, reminded him of filmed lifeboat scenes when they were doling out the last of the precious water.

Corrigan stood up. "Here's to us."

They drank. The American sector of the Island was now truly dry.

The Russians meanwhile continued to celebrate noisily. It was dark. The fire had been revived and its flames lit the tables and the sitting men. There were already empty vodka bottles standing like sentinels on the rocks.

The fishermen and scientists chatted, drank, and laughed. The tables were

littered with the remains of the meal. Vorolokov used part of a lobster shell to stub out his cigarette. Glasses clinked. Rasputin lay singing himself in front of the fire, too fat, too lazy to move.

There was a rattle of crockery as Igor leapt on to a table and stood, legs apart, in the firelight, his right arm raised theatrically, holding a glass. It was one of the few occasions when he could legitimately wear his Cossack dress. He loved it. He was a splendid figure in full black trousers and polished boots. An embroidered shirt, with its bloused sleeves, reflected the red firelight. Tucked in the sash was his long silver knife. His wavy black hair was dishevelled. He shook it back out of his eyes.

"To our Captain," he shouted.

He drank and hurled the empty glass into the fire in the traditional Russian manner.

The others automatically followed suit.

"Igor," bellowed Boris. "They were our only glasses."

Ushakov led the laughter. He reached up and pulled the young Cossack down by his sash. "Then we will drink out of the bottles, eh, Igor?"

Tanya looked in the direction of the silent American camp. "They drink quietly, like gentlemen. Not like mad Cossacks," she told Igor.

"They're not drinking at all," he said. "They have no drink."

Vorolokov butted in. "No drink?"

"They told me today they have no liquor."

"Then how do they celebrate their freedom?"

"Soda-pop," said Igor.

"Soda - pop," Vorolokov looked outraged. "Everyone should drink on my birthday. Real drink. We could give them . . ."

"We could ask them . . ."

interrupted Tanya.

"Over here . . ." said Ushakov.

"I'll go," shouted Igor in mid-air as he vaulted the gate.

The Americans looked in surprise as the mess door exploded open. Corrigan leaped to his feet as a wild figure of a Cossack appeared framed in the doorway. It raised its hand. "Peace," said Igor. "Peace."

"Peace," said Corrigan raising his own right hand.

"Captain Vorolokov wants all come drink his born day," said Igor. Rhodes was already on his feet, but was dragged back into his seat by Victoria, his wig jerked over his forehead.

All eyes swung toward Corrigan.

"Hummm," he said.

"Hummm, why not?"

"Indeed, why not?" asked Rhodes, straightening his hairpiece.

"Thank the Captain. Tell him we will come in five minutes," said Corrigan. There was a cheer. "Have a soda-pop?" But Igor was gone.

Corrigan put on his stern face. "Now hear this . . . I don't want any trouble. Remember we're their

guests. And act like Marines."

"Sure will, sir. We'll drink 'em dry."

Corrigan was alone in the mess. By the time he'd passed through the now unguarded gate, the friendly and thirsty Americans were already integrated with their hosts. Hennessey, Igor, Suki, and Boris were sitting in a bantering group. Boris' big arm was around Suki's shoulder.

Ushakov got to his feet and walked over to the U.S. major. "Please join us." He led Corrigan over to Vorolokov. "The officer has come," he said.

Vorolokov stood up. He didn't know whether to bow or offer his hand. He did both.

"Thanks for the invitation," said Corrigan.

VOROLOKOV put his hand up, lightly dismissing the Major's thanks. "Please drink with us. My birthday today."

"Happy birthday," said the Major, raising the bottle Ushakov had pressed into his hand. He wondered briefly whether the party was a put-up job to lure the Americans over. But the friendliness was obviously genuine. He dismissed the thought.

"How are you together?" Tanya asked Victoria and Albert.

"We've yet to find out," said Albert. He smiled at Victoria.

The three of them sat on a rock by the fire. They shared a bottle.

"You have much men now and many sporting games," Tanya was trying to make small-talk.

"Too much of some, not enough of the other," Victoria smiled back at Albert.

Mischa began to play his balalaika. The fishermen sang. The Americans hummed. Zeke went back for his harmonica and the Marines harmonised "Shenandoah."

"Beautiful," sobbed Boris, his eyes streaming.

They sang for an hour, every interval and verse punctuated by the shurping of lips on bottles. The harmony became more venturesome, the tunes more raucous.

The balalaika came back to life. A slow, sad start, it built pictures of the vast loneliness of the Russian Steppes. Even the Americans found themselves trapped by the haunting notes.

By now the vodka was taking its toll. Boris had succeeded in his self-imposed mission to pour a full bottle into Suki. He was now working his way through a second bottle. Hennessey was keeping pace.

Ace Ellsmore had excused himself and was now collapsed in a heap just inside the American sector. Only the promise to his father, never to get drunk on foreign soil, had got him that far. He had crawled the last two yards.

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All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Ushakov and Zeke formed a neat cross where they had fallen together a little way from the fire. Zeke still clutched a near-empty bottle.

Corrigan and Vorolokov, arms around each other's shoulders, were singing two different songs in two different languages. They thought it sounded harmonious. To Tanya and Victoria, the only two sober ones left, it sounded like two people singing two different songs in two languages.

Rhodes dedicatedly struggled through a fresh bottle. This was where the experienced drinker came out on top. He staggered to his feet, clasped the bottle by its neck, and lurched toward the orange tent. He'd finish his vodka in bed.

Albert was swaying on his rock seat. He looked at Victoria and felt an alcoholic wave of desire.

"There's no one else about. Let's get away. Let's go to the cave."

Victoria pulled him to his feet. He immediately regretted his invitation. The Island spun. He felt he was walking on a gigantic air-mattress.

She helped him down across the rocks into the cavern. It was damp and dark, but it was private.

"Phew," said Albert. His stomach heaved. Victoria pulled him down next to her.

"It always smells here, you'll get used to it. It's probably rotting seaweed."

She kissed him. Unsteadily, Albert reached out and drew her into his arms.

"Make love to me," she breathed. "Darling!"

There was a pause. "Darling?" Albert's reply was a drunken snore.

NEXT morning, the two camps looked like a battlefield. Victoria wandered out from the orange tent, where she had spent a lonely night. Bodies sprawled everywhere, the still-smouldering fire looked like the centre of the holocaust. Men seemed to have staggered away from it in every direction, and then collapsed. They had drunk until daybreak. Empty bottles lay scattered between the bodies.

A few of the Americans had almost made it to their tents. The Russians had met the obstacle of their rope ladder and now made an untidy heap below.

Tanya shouted from the deck of the trawler. "Coffee! Come up!"

The two girls leaned against the rail of the Dmitri Kirov and looked at the devastation below.

"All not living down there," said Tanya.

"Shouldn't we do something?"

"Not do anything. Always like us. Russians drink. Russians fall down. Just leave. Like try on my uniform?"

Victoria realised the reason behind Tanya's invitation. It was a gentle hint she'd like to see Victoria's dresses.

"Come back to my tent," invited Victoria. "You can try some of my clothes, as well."

Tanya liked the short skirts and the feminine colors. When she had put on one of Victoria's bright summer dresses, she pointed questioningly at the make-up case.

The two girls sat together inside the tent while Victoria helped Tanya make up.

"Can I go see in my big mirror?" asked Tanya.

They walked back to the trawler. The dead men were coming slowly back to life. Vorolokov was standing, supporting himself with the rope ladder. He watched the two girls approach. He shook himself and rubbed his eyes with

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AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT . . .

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the back of his hand. The girls had exchanged heads.

"Much too much vodka," he muttered, and passed out again.

It was evening again before the last of the human debris had made its way back to its quarters. No one spoke. No one ate. The only sounds came from the waves, the occasional calls of the three sea birds, and the gentle creaking of the unguarded gate.

When Albert eventually awoke, the camp was astir again. There were cries from the sea where the Marines and fishermen were having an early-morning swim. The

thought that a dip might do him good drove Albert outside. The camp had been cleared. With the exception of a blackened piece of rock, there was no indication that the party had even taken place.

"Oh, so you're alive," said Victoria coolly. "How's lover boy today?"

"Just give me the chance." "Don't you remember after the party?" she asked. "If you can't, then I won't tell you."

Albert sat in the cooling water

To page 79

THE BOYFRIEND



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and solemnly vowed that never again would he get so drunk.

"Ici Paris," said the caller. "What's the latest situation?" "They're dying," said the Prime Minister.

"Dying?" "Like flies." "Like flies?" "Yes," said the PM.

"Ze Americans, or ze Russians?" asked the horrified French President.

"Mostly South Americans and one Algerian," replied the PM.

"Algerian?"

"Yes, it's sagging over the side of the tray. It's the only Aporocactus I've got. Know anything about cactus?"

Bewilderment hushed the line.

"Zey prickles," The Gallic voice was patronising.

"Not mine," said the PM smugly, toying with his electric razor.

The lethal-looking American missile-launcher was a harsh reminder of the former crisis, a possible provocation.

"Cover it up," ordered Corrigan. "It spoils the view."

Ten minutes later, the missile-launcher was hidden under its olive-green cover.

AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

All the Island's boats were commandeered. No sooner was a boat beached and its crew and catch unloaded, than it was filled again with a fresh batch of enthusiastic tyros itching to get to the virgin fishing ground. The catches were phenomenal. The lobster keep-tank built by the Russians now needed to be enlarged. The doors of Boris' ice-boxes couldn't be closed on the haul.

It seemed logical that the cooks should share the catches, the same cookhouse, and the work. After all, it was only a little more

difficult to cater for everyone on the Island in one batch than it was to cook for the two sectors separately.

With a little planning, said Zeke, it would be possible for Boris and himself to act as duty cook on alternate days. Boris agreed. It meant that he would be able to get away from the Island with the other fishermen.

They decided that on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, Zeke would feed the Islanders in two sittings. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays it would be Boris' turn. Sundays, they would share

the work. They put their suggestions to their officers.

"OK by me," said Corrigan. "Check with the men."

Zeke didn't like the exaggerated enthusiasm with which the Marines greeted the idea.

"Sure, suits me," said Suki. "By the way, what d'you call them Russian fish eggs?"

"Caviar," said Zeke.

"D'you boil 'em for two or four minutes?" asked the Filipino.

The idea worked. The two cooks' ingenuity seemed as unlimited as the fish supply. They competed to prepare the most exotic meals. The Islanders became sun-bronzed, well-fed, and fitter than they had been in their

lives. There was only one thing missing to complete their regal banquets—drink. Even the soft-drink supply was getting low.

Rhodes didn't have a hangover. He missed it. The lack of it made him feel ill.

A worried group met behind the cookhouse tent.

"I could go to England to get something," offered Albert.

"No good," said Ace. "We've specific orders not to go to the other islands or to Britain. You can bet by now the coast is crawling with Limey troops."

"What about France?" asked Victoria.

To page 80

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"Yeah." The Lieutenant was silent for a moment. "Yeah," he said again. "No one's actually said we can't go to there. Maybe we could bend the rules a little. What about money?"

"The Frenchie must eat feesh," said Boris. "We haff very much feesh. We maybe make exchange feesh wis dreenk."

"Yeah," Ace said a third time.

"We could use your dad's powerboat," said Albert. "It's a fair distance. But we could tow one of the cutters at about twenty knots. I reckon it would take us about five hours."

"I know ze speerits and dreenks good," said Boris.

Albert looked at the Lieutenant. "We could pretend we're just going off fishing. No one'll miss us. We could be back before dark."

"Okay, but if the Major ever found out, he'd break us. Don't say anything to the others. Don't ask anybody for dollars, or they'll get suspicious."

"Count me in. No one can break me," said Albert.

"We haff plenty feesh now," said Boris. "We put plenty feesh and plenty lobster in box and put in cutter. Tomorrow dawn, you breeng powerboat behind trawler. I put plenty gasoline in cutter for powerboat engine."

It was still dark when Ace Ellsmore, Albert, and Victoria crept down the rocks on to the powerboat. The Island was silent. They huddled together by the side of the boat. The Lieutenant shone a torch carefully into a valise.

"Think I've got everything I need," he said. "Chart, compass, and a bit of money. Did you bring any food?"

"I just raided the cook-house," said Victoria. "Albert's got some in a plastic bag. Take care. I'll see you tonight. Good luck." She kissed Albert.

"Gee, ma'am," said Ace.

"All right, you as well."

"Just a minute," said a tall voice. Major Corrigan stood close behind them. "Running out on us, uh?"

"N-n-no. No, SIR," said the Lieutenant. "Just going fishing, sir. Er . . . Fishing with Albert."

"What are you hoping to catch this early, Lieutenant?"

"Er, fish, sir . . . dawn fish."

"Dawn fish?"

"The Russians said they're fresher in the morning, sir," stammered Ace.

"They'd have been fresher still yesterday, wouldn't they, Lieutenant? Why didn't you go yesterday?"

"Yesterday I was crab fishing, sir."

"But the crabs would have been bigger if you'd left them until today, wouldn't they, Lieutenant?"

Victoria interrupted. "You two had better make a move or we won't be getting any dawn fish."

"Yes, you'd better get along," said the Major. "Here, read this when it gets light." He handed Ace a small envelope. "Can't wait to see these dawn fish."

"Yessir," Ace thankfully snapped him a salute.

They slid the powerboat into the water. Ace steered round until they were heading

AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT . . .

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toward the trawler. He hoped the Major wouldn't notice. A torch flashed. Ace cut the engine and they coasted on to the beach below the Russian ship. Igor stood in the water next to the cutter. It was heavily loaded. Even in the half light, Albert could see the boxes neatly piled inside.

"Tie it on," said Albert.

Igor and Boris made the cutter fast to the stern of the powerboat.

"Be goink," said Boris.

"We come, too. Want help."

Albert watched as the dark bulk of the Island gradually diminished. Within twenty minutes it had disappeared and the rim of the sun fired the horizon ahead of them.

Ace pulled out his compass and compared the reading with the small instrument mounted on the powerboat's dashboard.

"Thought you might be in trouble with the Major," said Albert. "What was the envelope?"

Ace pulled out the crumpled letter. He opened it.

"What was it?"

"A ten-dollar bill and a message."

"What's it say?"

"It says . . ." Ace gulped.

"And get me a bottle of brandy at the same time!"

The sun rose, a dull red tomato on the horizon away to their left. The two boats made good time toward their destination. There was no land in sight, in any direction.

Albert untied the plastic bag given to him by Victoria. He pulled out a handful of thick sandwiches and passed some back to Boris and Igor in the cutter.

While Boris steered, Igor watched, he began pulling in a long line he was trailing behind the cutter. As it drew nearer the boat, Albert could see the flash of a mackerel.

Igor unhooked the fish and dropped it into the top of the nearest box. It took him three hours to top up all the boxes. There were even a few fish sliding around his feet.

"Franchee!" shouted Boris. He was standing up behind Albert, supporting himself by holding Albert's shoulders. "Franchee! Look."

Ahead showed a low dark streak misting above the water. Albert could just make out the low coastline.

"We're almost there."

Ace smiled. "Trust the Marines."

"With everything except women," replied Albert.

The land mass grew until they could distinguish sand dunes and wooden breakwaters. Away to the right were the terracotta roofs of a small fishing town.

Ace consulted his chart. "That's the Ville de Roche, near Argenton. How's that for navigation?"

"I thought you were aiming for Brest," said Albert.

Ace flushed. "This is nearer," he said. "Head for the beach. We don't want to go through the port, or we'll be caught by Customs."

The water was shallowing. Ace slowed the engine and trickled the boat toward the beach. They nosed it in gently. The cutter caught up with them and rammed the powerboat firmly into the sand.

The four men landed and walked along the sandy track toward the town. It was bigger than it had appeared from the sea. Boris and Igor looked with professional eyes at the moored fishing boats, but Ace pulled them away.

"Don't do anything that will attract attention," he warned. "Let's just find somewhere to sell the fish and then buy the wine."

They found the markets and, thanks to skilful bargaining by Boris, they sold the fish very profitably. Buying the wine wasn't so easy. The small general stores didn't carry large stocks. "A hundred bottles? Sorry, we have only twenty, but plenty of draught wine if you have your own bottle."

"We'll have to establish a collecting point," said Ace. "If we keep together it's going to take us a day to get all we want. Boris, tell Igor to wait on the crossroad near the entrance of the town and to guard the wine we bring him."

They divided the money between them and headed in different directions into the narrow streets. Working this way, the pile of crates and miscellaneous bottles grew around Igor. It was quite a formidable collection by the time all the money was spent.

"Did you get the brandy?"

Albert asked Ace.

"Could I ever forget that? Got a bottle in my pocket."

Between them, they carried the crates, in stages, back down the sandy road to the beach. It seemed twice as far as they remembered.

However, they were all in high spirits as they loaded the wine into the cutter and pulled away from the beach. Soon, the shore merged into the land mass and France was well behind them. The boats of the French fishing fleet were scattered ahead now.

The hardest part of the expedition was over. The men were jubilant as they discussed the day's masquerade.

Soon they were level with the French fishing boats. Boris waved to the men working on a drifter. They waved back. The outboard engine coughed, spluttered, and died.

"Gasoline," said Ace.

"Igor, pass the spare can."

"Spare cans?" repeated Igor. He looked embarrassed.

"Igor," said Boris threateningly. He said something in Russian.

The Cossack stammered and blushed. "Gasoline, I, er. I take out cans to put in more fresh. I sorry."

"You what?" bawled Ace.

"I forgot put back," said Igor.

Boris leaped to his feet with a roar. If Albert and Ace hadn't restrained him he would have tossed the unfortunate Cossack into the sea and left him. Igor was a picture of utter misery.

"I row. I row," he offered, trying feebly to make amends. "I row good."

"No use," said Ace. "We don't stand an earthly chance of getting back by rowing. We've got to get gasoline. Maybe we can get some off the fishing boats."

"I go," said Igor.

"No!" said three voices simultaneously.

"This time I'm doing it myself," said Ace. He climbed over into the cutter and untied the painter. With Igor rowing, he headed for the nearest fishing boat.

The French fishermen had seemed friendly when they had waved to them from the powerboat. They weren't so friendly when it came to giving fuel away.

Albert couldn't see the cutter, it was hidden behind a fishing boat. Half an hour later it reappeared.

"How did you get on?" he shouted to Ace.

"We got the gas. But we had to trade the wine."

Eight bottles of wine and Corrigan's bottle of brandy was all that was brought back by the Igor-fated expeditionary force. It lasted the Islanders exactly 27 minutes. And the Island was dry again.

"Say, Kentucky," shouted Morelli across the table to Zeke. "Bet your ol' pappy wouldn't stay short of liquor. We'd be bathin' in moonshine if you was a real hill-billy."

There was a sudden silence around the long table.

"A still," said Suki. "Could you do it, Zeke?"

"Guess so," said Zeke. He suddenly looked more interested. "Sure I could. Boy, could I! We could build us a beaut. And not an excise man in sight."

To be concluded

The book "And To My Nephew Albert I Leave The Island What I Was On Fatty Hagen In A Peter Game," by David Forrest, is published by Hodder and Stoughton. Copyright David Ellades and Robert Forrest Webb, 1969.



Saved by the bells!

• A few weeks ago I was bridesmaid for my cousin. Running late, we finally arrived at the church a quarter of an hour late. Later, at the reception, the bridegroom told us that he and the groomsmen had arrived at the church only a few minutes before us. Imagine our horror if we had arrived at the church on time!

—“EX BRIDESMAID,” Ayr, Qld.



LETTERS

Line of action

STUDENT protests are a waste of time, money, and energy. By damaging public and private property, and by using violence and abusive language, we are not showing the public that we are civilised and intelligent people, but rather the opposite. If protesting against violence (war), why use violence? If against lack of funds in certain establishments, why waste money on flour bombs and placards that only build up hostile feelings between us, the Government, and the public? Riots won't solve problems nor get anyone to respect our views. — Elizabeth Vaughan, Camberwell, Vic.

Give a hearing

YOUTH is far more outspoken than it was yesterday. For this we are criticised. But does the older generation realise that in a few years we will be the voters of this country, and what we say will be? We have an interest in this coun-

try, and could help it, if you adults would only stop and listen to us instead of thrusting us before children's courts and magistrates. And, I ask you, can the people of yesterday run the country of today? — “Youth,” Horsham, Vic.

Below the surface

A TELEVISION speaker said that even if the Aborigines did have a proper education they would not know how to put it to use. This made me mad. How can any person say this when the Aborigines have never had a chance? They should have the same rights as white people. To those who say that the Aborigines are not the same as whites, I say why don't you carry out a post-mortem on a white and a dark person and tell me the difference between them? — Isa Pelizzari, Mile End, S.A.

Make allowances

A SIXTH-FORM student, I believe that the Department of Education should help both the student and the student's parents by giving fifth- and sixth-form students a weekly allowance. This allowance need not be large. Two dollars would

ILL-TREATED

■ Until recently I had always wanted to be a nurse, but a short stay in hospital has made me dubious as to whether this is the right career for me — or any other girl. Some of the work nurses have to do would be a fair task for any man, let alone a girl of 17 or so. These girls have to put up with the hectic hospital routine and continual changes in working hours, leaving little time for a proper social life, besides performing all the distasteful duties. I strongly doubt if the salary of approximately \$12 a week is an attraction. I am appalled that people who do such a wonderful job should be so grossly underpaid. — Jenny Mason, Lithgow, N.S.W.

make all the difference to myself and fellow pupils. I am told that certain college and university students receive help in this way. This idea would not only assist our parents but it would attract more students to higher education. — N. J. Usher, Bourville, N.S.W.

Easy money

MY little sister was just four years old and wanted to know why Dad wanted to work every day. Mother told her that it was to get money to pay for all the things we needed, to which my little sister promptly replied: “Well, isn't that silly. Why doesn't he just go on pay day and get it?” — Lynda Priddy, Sunnybank, Qld.

Ugly publicity

JOHN LENNON and Yoko are surely the most unattractive couple to emerge on the pop scene. I appreciate the fact that people are entitled to live and act as they wish, but it is not really necessary to have everything they do publicised. They are entitled to have a “sit-in” honeymoon, and anything else they want, but we do not have to read about it. Also, it is up to those who take drugs to take the consequences, but it is wrong to tell the world they are harmless. Even so, I am still a great fan of Beatle music. — “Ex-Lennon Fan,” Risdon Park, S.A.

Work wonders

AS a student I found it difficult to stretch my weekly pocket-money to meet my needs and never had any spare cash. But with a lot of spare time, I decided to get a job that would provide the necessary few dollars. I now, much to my pleasure, have a large bank account and more clothes and accessories — due to baby-sitting two nights a week, a Saturday morning store job, and caring for a working-mother's children on a weekday afternoon. School-work does not present a problem, as homework is done as I baby-sit. — “Maggie,” North Balwyn, Vic.

Youth in need

I AM a teenager and not ashamed of it. But I am fed up with hearing how bad the younger generation is and what they did when they were our age. Times have changed, and we may be a little different in our ways and dress, but we are still human. Don't you older people think we have any feelings? Don't you think we know what it is like to be lonely and sad and greatly in need of someone to love and understand us, even though we hide it behind jokes and happy faces? — Lynette Thiele, Loxton, S.A.

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I SEE that some Hungarian villagers claim that an elderly woman turned into a cat and put the evil eye on a young bloke who was courting her granddaughter.

The villagers said the woman appeared as a cat when the bloke was riding his bicycle and made him fall off and lose consciousness.

This story could have quite an unsettling effect on superstitious swains everywhere.

ROUND
ROBIN



ADAIR

DID C-A-T SPELL GRANDMA?

Heaven knows, romance is fraught with enough dangers already.

There is that other dangerous animal — the fierce father who stalks late at night, roaring in a blood-curdling manner.

But a grandmother who turns into a cat! Really!

I can picture a nervous boy looking warily around the girl's veranda as he picks her up and saying: “Is your ca — I mean, your Grandmother around?”

“She's sleeping by the fire,” replies the girl.

He dare not look to see if she is curled up in a ball on the floor, purring.

And imagine the dread as he walks the girl through a deserted street.

Is it really deserted? Or is that furry figure on the fence over there Grandma?

Even that big tom-cat — Granddad?

Slowly he feels himself slipping into unconsciousness as he realises the sinister, hidden meaning to what was once his favorite old song . . . “When I look at you I get that old feline . . .”

It might be wise for any young man who suspects that his girl's Grannie turns into a cat to start romancing another lass.

If he pressed on and married the other girl, he must remember that the grandmother would still be around.

He could lead quite a dog's life.

GO-MANGO

My Dearest Sweetest Sugarplum — have you missed me?



HI, MANGO. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M WRITING A LETTER TO MY GIRLFRIEND, STUPID!



I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A GIRLFRIEND!

WELL... I DON'T REALLY. BUT...



... THAT DOESN'T STOP GREAT LOVERS LIKE ME FROM KEEPING IN PRACTICE!





FRED BASSET

by ALEX GRAHAM

SEE FRED IN THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, TOO



Sensitive skin-that's what this night cream's for.

Ardena Sensitive Skin Cream.



Elizabeth Arden

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE convinces the warring generals to make peace so he can get the next red ball on Hill 182, the middle of the battlefield. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Storming spirit in a tatter (6).
4. Firmly fixed building for a horse (6).
8. Skilful about a small chopper (7).
10. Tear off a long narrow piece (5).
11. Announce a familiar friend (8).
12. Fifty dry in a den (4).
14. Inexpensive flag from a travelling hawk (5, 4).
17. Separate a portion (4).
18. Near to the road, incidentally (2, 3, 3).
21. Feature a country (5).
22. Indisposed back in rent, but dependable (7).
23. Vegetables from Europe (6).
24. A dealer in backward red cut (6).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Car is upset on his spine who settles local taxes (9).
2. Gun around about chief (5).
3. No piece of live coal about five for month (8).
5. Throw up to ship (4).
6. Jeer and cheer ironically at a building for soldiers (7).
7. Breathe out to pass out (6).
9. Year pater altered for one (4).
13. A single fellow composer with an upset role (8).
14. The color of a vehicle pit (7).
15. Step in the ship for intervals (6).
16. Toys altered the shellfish (6).
19. Join two metals around a wooded country (5).
20. Mum about a horse (4).

4990.—High-waisted dress features double-breasted button trim. Sizes 28, 29, 30½, 32, 33½ in. bust. Price 80 cents includes postage.

4898.—Smart A-line coatdress designed for Butterick by young designer Norma Tullo. Sizes: Jun., 31, 32, 33½; Misses, 31½, 32½, 34, 36 in. bust. Price 90 cents includes postage.



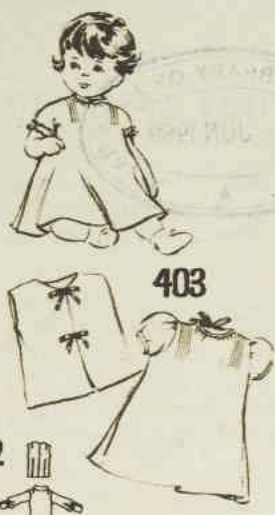
5050.—A-line dress with standing neckline features unusual front and back seaming detail. Sizes: Jun., 31, 32, 33½; Misses, 31½, 32½, 34, 36 in. bust. Price 80 cents includes postage.

5182.—A-line skirt with blouse. Waistcoat is lined edge to edge. Sizes 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38 in. bust. Price 97 cents includes postage.

403.—Layette pattern has nightgown, coat, dress, jacket, rompers, pichers, and bonnet. One size only. Price 50 cents includes postage.



5048.—Semi-fitted A-line wrapped dress has three-quarter sleeves and patch pocket. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 in. bust. Price 80 cents includes postage.



BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			



"Would you believe it.....
Only yesterday I was coughing my head off!"

"All day long it was cough . . . cough . . . cough! I just dreaded the thought of night coming on. So, I had a talk to my family chemist and he suggested I try Nyal 'Decongestant'."

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(plus 16-page lift-out)



SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 4, 1969

● This issue gives pointers to all the top winter fashion trends — in styles, fabrics, trims, and colors and their combinations.

Two contrast designs in gay and newsy top-overs of bonded orlon with stripe trim. A-line style, left, with waisted look in cream, navy. 12, 14, 16. About \$29. Cardigan-style coatdress, right, with stripe trim running down button-through front in cream, red. 12, 14, 16. About \$27. (All Grace Bros. Coat Departments, from early June.)

The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion News

● THIS SEASON'S TOP THEMES, AT A GLANCE: PANTSUITS

TAILORED CLASSICS

● FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

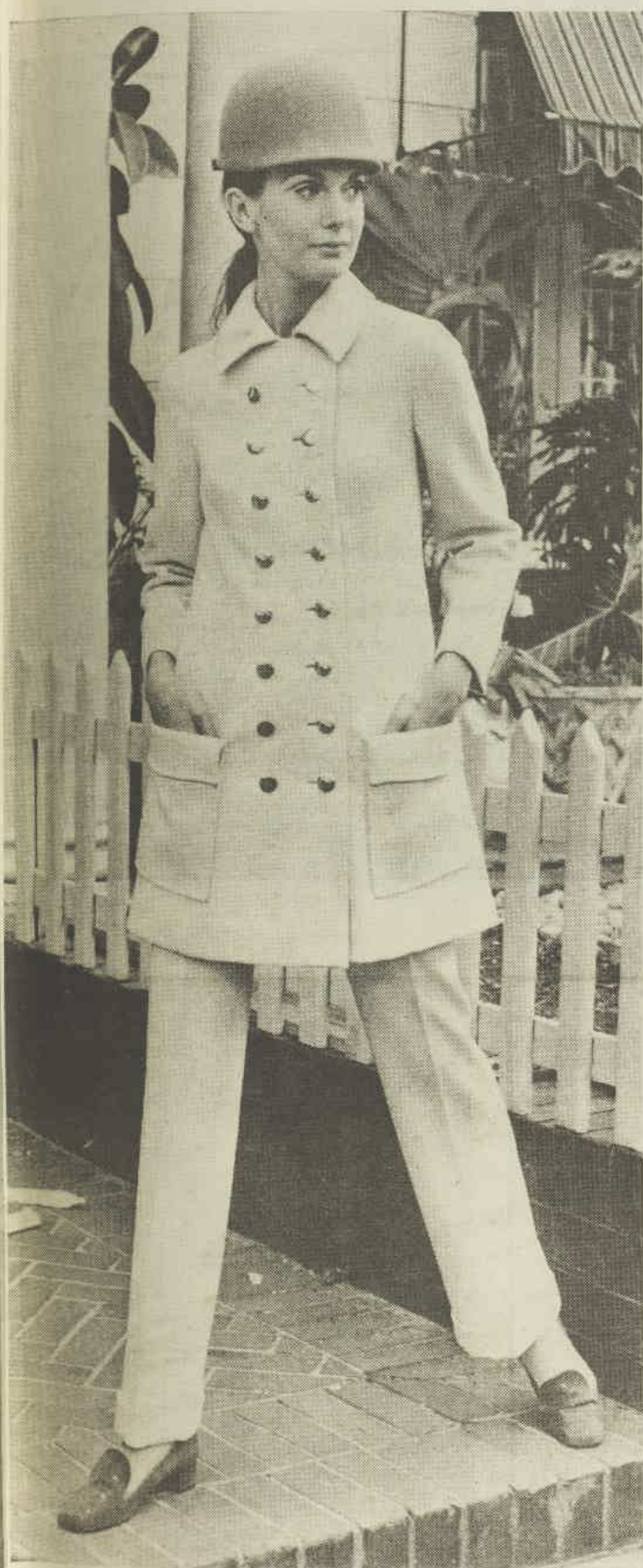


Above: Ever-popular buttonthrough detail is shown in this wool jersey dress with contrast button and stitch trim. In green/red, red/black, camel/black. By Prue Acton. XXSSW-SW. About \$25. (Curzons, 2nd Floor, Miss Curzon Shop.)

At left: Super styling in a wool walking suit striped in red, grey, and blue. The long-line coat has two huge patch pockets and a false back belt. SSW-XW. About \$48. (Grace Bros., Suit Depts., Broadway, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands, Parramatta.)



WALKING SUITS, TRICOLORS, MOST WANTED FABRICS



Tops with keen shoppers everywhere is the city pantsuit that can be worn as separates. The design shown above has cuffed pants and a double-breasted jacket which doubles as an overcoat. Pale blue only. 12-14. About \$69. (Farmer's, 2nd Floor, In Focus Shop.)



Above: Easy-to-wear double-breasted wool coatdress has a red bodice, yellow hipline panel, and navy skirt. XXSSW-SSW. About \$24. (Curzons, 2nd Floor, Miss Curzon Shop.)



Above: Simply styled city pantsuit with flag-leg pants and A-line top with a plain round collar. Red only. 12-14. About \$22. (David Jones', 2nd Floor, Young Idea Shop.)



Above: Nifty wool dress and short double-breasted jacket by Joy Nilsson is available in red and black. 10-16. About \$66.99. (David Jones', 6th Floor, Young Elite Shop.)



Shapely little wool coatdress is a winter winner in red checks on a beige background. In grey checks also. 10-16. About \$16. (Mark Foy's, Liverpool St., Fashion Dress Dept., Ground Floor, and suburban branches.)

GLAMOR FABRICS

• FASHIONS
in the SHOPS



Above: Luxurious velvet is the fabric, chocolate-brown the color of this full-length, kaftan-style evening dress with contrast cream silk cuffs and flyaway collar caught in richly encrusted jewellery. SSW. Other sizes and colors to order. About \$125. (Wilson's Fashions, 180 Pitt Street.)

At left: Gaily striped silk culotte skirt, worn here with a black chantilly lace and sheer blouse; is wonderful for hostess and at home entertaining. Culotte, XSSW-SW. About \$35. (Prevue Fashions, Chatswood.)

At right: Pantsuit in embossed gold brocade with wide flared legs, sashed waistline, collar and cuff detail. XSSW-W. About \$40. (Grace Bros. Fashion Depts., Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands, Parramatta.)



FOR THE OLDER WOMAN



Above: Smart wool ensemble by Leon Cutler in black-and-white and camel-and-grey checks. The double-breasted coat with narrow tie belt and two square pockets below waist level tops a plain short-sleeved shift-dress with a high polo neck. 12-14. About \$61. (David Jones', 2nd floor Ensembles.)

At left: For evening, a black jersey dress sparkled with silver lurex stripes is V-necked, has welted hip pockets, silver buttons, and buckle trim at waist. XSSW-XW. About \$24. (Grace Bros., Fashion Depts., Broadway, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands, Parramatta.)



Above: Single-breasted charcoal-grey coat slightly fitted at the waist is worn over a matching grey shift in this Leon Cutler ensemble. 32-36. About \$61. (David Jones', 2nd floor Ensembles.)

At left: Simple, smart, and widely wearable for after-five, the silver princess-line dress, left, is in gold or blue. About \$14.99. A-line dress, right, has a beaded neck-line, is in silver, gold, aqua, or pink. About \$38. Both in sizes XSSW, SSW, SW, W (Waltons, Park Street, Bankstown, Newcastle, Wollongong, Liverpool, Canberra.)



Above: "Daktari" star Yale Summers, an early trendsetter in the wearing of turtleneck sweaters, is pictured with his wife at the premiere. His white turtleneck sweater offset a braided cutaway tuxedo; his wife wore a lush fur coat with broad cuffs, standup collar, and self-tie belt.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING OVERSEAS



Above: His-and-hers suits were worn by Jim Backus, of "The Jim Backus Show," and his wife, who are pictured with an interviewer. Jim's impeccable off-white suit had a Nehru collar and was trimmed with a neck chain; his wife's suit, also beautifully cut, had a coachman jacket offset by a white lace blouse and large brooch.



At left: Adam West, of "Batman," appeared in a dark blue double-breasted tuxedo with ruffled dark blue shirt. His date wore an embossed-print silk cheongsam with long slim sleeves; a fur stole; and an impressive array of exotic rings.

● Television stars are the new sartorial aristocracy of Hollywood. They outshine movie stars at gala occasions. These TV stars are seen in their finery at the Hollywood premiere of the film "K3."



Above: Alejandro Rey, of "The Flying Nun," wore a dark silk bolero jacket, black satin cummerbund, white pintucked dress shirt and jabot, and necklet medallion. His companion, Cheryl Miller, of "Daktari," wore a white Empire-line chiffon gown with flowing sleeves.



At left: Micky Dolenz, of the Monkees, cut a striking figure at the premiere in a light blue silk lapelless jacket, ruffled silk shirt, and extravagant hairstyle; his companion wore a black moire taffeta gown finished with a white lace bib, and a large pendant ornament.

Above: Tony Young, a regular performer in Western series, and his wife, television actress Madlyn Rhue, wore his-and-hers brocade outfits. His Nehru-look jacket was teamed with black shadow-striped trousers; her mini-dress had a crossover front, outlined with self-banding.



WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING IN SYDNEY



At left: Striking full-length gown in heavy black-and-white crepe was worn by Robyn Daskein, accompanied by Paul Franklin, to the Crystal Ball at the Wentworth Hotel. Robyn's predominantly white gown featured a deep inverted V of black from the neck to the hemline; Paul offset his dinner suit with a frilled and embroidered shirt.



Above: Cream crepe evening pyjamas, with voluminous pants topped with a full-sleeved blouson bodice and finished at the waist with ornate gold braid, were the choice of Mrs. David Watson when she attended the Crystal Ball at the Wentworth Hotel with her husband, Dr. David Watson. The ball was held by the Crystal Ball Committee, which works for the Spinal Injuries Unit of Prince Henry Hospital.



At left: Navy-and-white striped voile combining a horizontally striped skirt with a vertically striped top made the full-length gown worn by Kerry-Ann McQueen, pictured with Trevor Sapwell, to the Crystal Ball. Kerry-Ann's dress, outlined with a white voile ruffle, was worn with a pink velvet belt.

At right: Full gold cotton chiffon dress falling from a halter neckline and topped with a swansdown wrap was worn by Rosalind Seagreave to the opening of the opera "The Rake's Progress," presented by the Pro Musica Society at the Union Theatre, Sydney University. Pictured with her is Brian Syron in a grey-and-white checked double-breasted suit by Pierre Cardin.

